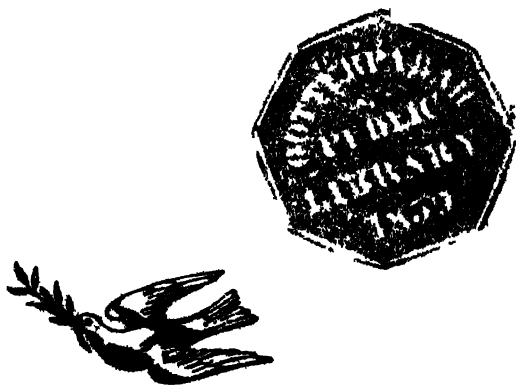




THE COVENANTERS SABBATH. [1844 217]. Reduced from a painting by G. Harvey, Esq.

SUNDAY IN MANY LANDS.



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SUNDAY IN MANY LANDS.

A SUNDAY AT CAWNPORE.

ONE beautiful November evening, about eight o'clock, I left the city of Benares for Allahabad, on my way to Cawnpore. I travelled what is called "horse-dāk"—that is in a small palanquin carriage drawn by one horse, which gets over the ground, night and day, till the journey is ended, at the rate of about seven miles an hour. The "garrie," or carriage, is so constructed that you can turn it into a couch at night, and the horse is changed every seven or eight miles. My carriage was anything but inviting, very shabby, dirty, and frail; my friends rather pitied my comfortless plight when I was about to start; but there is little or no choice in such circumstances, so one has to submit as best he may. I tried to compose myself for the night, but the door on one side of my conveyance would not keep shut; the windows were loose and open; the noise and jolting were rather above the average on these journeys; and altogether the night was sufficiently uncomfortable. The cold was piercing. When I could not sleep, I could think on what was good, and take refuge in prayer. I revisited, in thought, my own loved, hallowed house of God, where my happy sabbaths were spent in my far-distant native land, and felt it good to draw near to God. By-and-by, the moon rose in her eastern glory; the stars shone with intense brilliancy; the clear, deep, azure expanse stretched over us, without mist or the shadow of a cloud. One loves "that night which brings rest to so many

fatigued bodies and weary spirits; which suspends, in so many wretches, the feeling of grief; that night, during which orphans, slaves, and criminals cease to be, because over all their misfortunes and sufferings it spreads, with the opiate of sleep, the thick veil of oblivion; that night which, peopling the deserts of the heavens with ten thousand stars, not known to the day, reveals the Infinite to our enraptured imagination." With thoughts like these the tedium of my waking hours that night was beguiled.

For the last stage of my journey, ere we reached Allahabad, no horse was forthcoming; but instead, some twelve or fourteen coolies came forward to drag and push me along. This change I did not much relish; however, as I could not mend matters, on I went as I best was able. About seven in the morning, the magnificent fort of Allahabad came in sight. It is a bold, massy, commanding structure. We crossed the Ganges over a bridge erected every year after the rains have ceased. It was being built at this time, and many natives were busy there at work. Here the Ganges and the Jumna meet, and the place is, therefore, deemed most sacred by the Hindoos. We saw many devotees, frightful-looking creatures, in a dhurma-sallah, or religious edifice, near the place where we crossed the river. This spot is resorted to by pilgrims at all seasons of the year, but from December till February the concourse becomes enormous. Formerly, whenever a pilgrim arrived, before he dare pass the barrier—for a sufficient military force was in waiting—a tax must be paid, varying from one rupee, to twenty, (from 2s. up to 2L.) according as he came on foot, on horseback, on a camel, or on an elephant. The Hindoos in the East India Company's army, and the Hindoo inhabitants of Allahabad and its suburbs, were the only persons exempted; and for this exemption, each person had to obtain a licence from the collector. When a pilgrim arrives, and has paid his tax, he first sits down on the banks of the river, and has his head shaved,

so that each hair may fall into the water, the shasters promising him one million of years' residence in heaven for every hair thus deposited! He then bathes, and that day or the next performs the obsequies of his deceased ancestors! Persons attempting to evade the tax by crossing over in boats, were liable to a fine of three times the prescribed sum; and any barber contravening the law was to pay a fine of fifty rupees (5*l.*) for every pilgrim shaved; and if not able to pay, was to be committed to prison for three months. The net receipts to the Company at Allahabad, for one year, have been 10,000*l.* But the death, the disease, the immorality, and the misery resulting from this horrid system of making gain of idolatry, no one can calculate or imagine. Yet this is only one of seventeen celebrated places visited by pilgrims, where similar scenes were going on, year after year, under the Company's sway. One could not but think of what is written, "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

I found Allahabad a large and beautiful station. In the centre of the fort there is a singular Hindoo temple, of very great antiquity. Its top is level with the ground; you descend by a long passage, and find yourself at length in a large, square subterranean temple, supported by pillars. The Brahmins pretend there is a passage under-ground from thence to Delhi, 212 miles. The gardens round the European residencies were particularly beautiful. All was then peace and security. Alas! what crime and cruelty have since desolated those happy homes! I remained for some time that day at the American Presbyterian Mission House. They had excellent premises; a large printing establishment; and excellent chapel and schools; a native village containing about 100 native converts; and the work all prosperous. Alas! the whole of this was destroyed during the Indian rebellion.

* About three in the afternoon, I set off again on my long journey.

rode all day till about eight in the evening; stopped at a dâk bungalow to dine; then spent all night travelling in my garrie, the cold intense especially towards early morning. Next day the road became extremely lively and exciting. I was then on the line of march along which Havelock hastened with his handful of heroes to the relief of Cawnpore, and where his splendid victories began. We passed many Mussulman villages; fine topes of trees; groups of travellers of every caste, colour, and costume; horses, camels, elephants; long trains of bullock hackeries, laden with the riches of the East; all was vivacity and change. We met the advance guard of a native regiment proceeding with the baggage of the corps; soon we came up to the regiment itself, encamped near the road—a scene full of life and bustle. Armed Sepoys at that time awakened no alarm. The day passed pleasantly; and at length I found myself at Cawnpore, right glad that my tedious trying journey had reached its termination.

The station was at that time crowded with troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery, both European and native. It was a long time driving through the immense lines and streets of the place, ere I reached my abode. Hearty greetings, from warm Christian hearts, welcomed me when I did arrive; at once I was at home. My friend whose guest I was, had been ordained to the missionary work in Cawnpore many years ago. When proceeding from Bengal to this station, four young men accompanied him in his boat up the Ganges. At Dinapore, on the voyage, he and all his party were attacked by fever; and, one after the other, all his four companions, one of them his own brother, sunk in death! Weak with disease, worn out with weeping and watching, he pursued his mournful solitary pilgrimage; and on reaching Cawnpore, devoted himself at once to his work, especially among the European soldiers at the station and the heathen around. His field of missionary work was large, and soon became extremely inter-

esting. An excellent native preacher belonging to the Church Missionary Society was for a time his companion and fellow-labourer in preaching to the heathen. Among the European soldiers my honoured friend was particularly useful. Providing for his own support, preaching the word, “instant in season, out of season,” for a long period he shone as a bright light in that dark land, guiding many to the only and all sufficient Saviour.

In his missionary excursions, my friend was accustomed to visit Bithoor, since become infamous as the abode of Nana Sahib. He often crossed to the opposite side of the Ganges, and preached and distributed tracts and Gospels to the people of Lucknow. On one of these journeys he gave a New Testament to a young Brahmin. That Testament was blessed of God to awaken his mind; he became a serious inquirer after truth; threw off his *poita*, the badge of his brahminical faith and dignity; and, after a time, made an open profession of his faith in Christ as his only Saviour. This converted Brahmin, after being a preacher of the Gospel for upwards of twenty years, was one of the first to call and give me a cordial Christian welcome. Three pious soldiers, in her Majesty’s 96th Foot, good soldiers of Jesus Christ, also called to pay their Christian respects. But, having been travelling continuously for two nights and nearly two days, I was right glad to retire to rest, to recruit both body and mind for the sabbath that was now at hand.

Let not the sons of toil murmur at the days of fatigue that precede the Lord’s-day—that most precious boon to the hard-working man. The turmoil of the week makes the Sabbath, by contrast, all the more sweet and refreshing. The poet’s witness is true when he sings:—

“How welcome to the saints, when prest
With six days’ noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile !

Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air;
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear."

Like Pilgrim in the Beautiful Temple, I was laid "to rest in a chamber of peace;" and certainly the toil and turmoil of my long fatiguing journey gave a peculiar sacredness and sweetness to my sabbath in Cawnpore.

I was up by early dawn. The morning was lovely. All was as still and peaceful as a sabbath morn in a retired rural village in happy England. In the closet, and around the family altar, the hallowed engagements of the day began. As the hour for public worship drew near, the sounds of martial music were heard; the European troops were marching to church, to hear from the lips of the excellent chaplain then stationed at Cawnpore the glad tidings of great joy. I went to the mission chapel, built especially for the pious soldiers, and fitted up for their comfort and improvement during the week, as well as for the services of the Lord's day. Here I found an excellent reading-room, well supplied with useful books; there were also several small apartments which the soldiers used for their private devotions; and here, at all times, they could be free from the noise and ribaldry of the barracks. It was, indeed, a Bethel to these men of God, for which they again and again expressed their gratitude. A cheering work of grace was going on among the soldiers at that time. Several had recently been awakened, and joined "the saints." The service was peculiarly striking. Attention, seriousness, and devotion characterized the meeting. The prayers offered were evidently the breathings of devout souls; the praises sung were manifestly the expressions of the gratitude that burned within them; and they listened to the declaration of God's truth as those who were to live upon it, and be judged by it at the last day. Evidence met you all round, that

these worshippers loved "the habitation of God's house and the place where his honour dwelleth." It was a solemn scene, such as Hedley Vicars and General Havelock often witnessed and enjoyed. Indeed, here Havelock had long and faithfully laboured for the good of his men and the glory of his God. When my friend the missionary was absent from this station, Havelock, then a captain in her Majesty's 16th Foot, supplied his place. Even then his name was conspicuous for greatness and goodness at Cawnpore; how much more so now!

Sitting in the verandah, after our return from the morning service, I heard a strange voice every now and then striking up a simple well-known melody. I was puzzled to find out what it possibly could be. On inquiry, I found it was a hill *minah*, rather a pretty bird, and a great mimic. This hymn-tune it had heard the dear children singing till it mastered it almost as well as they. It seemed quite a favourite with the bird, that sabbath especially. Again and again, after a short cessation, it sung out, so that any one could have joined in the song—

•
 "There is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day."

The effect was singular; but it clearly showed what kind of songs was prevalent in that pious, happy home; and it wafted my thoughts and affections to loved ones "far, far away," to whom that hymn was specially dear.

In the afternoon I attended the Hindostanee worship. About thirty were present, most of them natives. Gunput, a converted Brahmin, preached with much earnestness, and I was struck with the attention of the people. • A fine field full of promise was here open in missionary work among the heathen, which invited, and would doubtless well repay, zealous cultivation.

The English service in the mission chapel in the evening was better attended than the morning service. Several pious officers and their ladies were present. One was a Cabool lady, of superior manners and attainments, and well inclined to divine things. I was told of a careless English officer of one of the regiments who was brought to be a decidedly godly man by means of his Cabool wife. She was amazed to find after their marriage that her husband had *no religion at all*. She expressed her amazement at this strange fact. To her, a heathen, it seemed marvellous. Her talking in this strain to him led him to serious thought, and both became decided followers of the Lord Christ.

Several of the pious soldiers came and spent a portion of the evening with us, after the public services of the day were over. They were warm-hearted brethren. The record of their past life, how they had been brought to Christ, and how they were progressing in the Christian pilgrimage, was deeply interesting. Some of them had been in their youth at sabbath schools in different parts of old England; they became wicked lads, a grief to their parents and their teachers, enlisted, and were lost sight of by those who cared for their souls. But, they told me, the seed sown, though buried, was not lost. On the mighty deep, or when a solitary sentinel at midnight in a far distant foreign land, they have remembered their teachers' instructions, their mothers' tears, and their fathers' prayers. God's Spirit convinced them of sin, drew them to Christ, and brought the prodigals home. Many inquiries were made about honoured ministers of Christ in their native land, whose warnings and invitations they remembered well. We united in social worship, and sung with deep emotion, ere we parted, the well-known hymn—

“Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

"Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again."

These dear brethren were just about to leave Cawnpore with their regiment for Lahore. They felt much at being removed from a station where they had enjoyed so many precious and much-prized Christian privileges. Their good missionary was deeply interested in their present and future spiritual welfare. He had bought for them a large tent, which was to be their movable chapel; so that wherever their lot might be cast, they might everywhere erect their altar for God. Great was their gratitude, and earnest their prayers, that this preaching tent might be a birth-place to many of their comrades, and a Bethel to their own souls.

The following note I received from one of these dear brethren, a private soldier, who was on duty that sabbath, and could not join us in the hallowed engagements of that sacred day:—

"Cawnpore."

"Dear and Rev. Sir,

"I am very sorry to say, that duty prevents my attendance on your ministry on this day. Although I am not with you in body, yet I trust I am in spirit; and I do this day enjoy His favour which is better than life. I write this because I shall not be at liberty to see you face to face to bid you 'farewell.' May the Lord bless and preserve you; abundantly bless your labours, and crown your efforts with success. And when we meet again, I hope that it will be on the plains of glory, to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever. I remain yours in Christ.

"—, 96th Regiment."

This letter I preserve as a precious memento of my happy sabbath at Cawnpore.

SUNDAY AMONG THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA."

It was a gorgeous sabbath day. The dew-drops early in the morning hung on the leaves like diamonds, and as the sun grew higher, everything was bathed in radiance. Humming-birds, with their many-coloured wings and long slender bills, darted about among the honeysuckle blossoms on the verandah; scarlet flamingoes and bright blue cranes peeped here and there among the water-lilies; and then the sedges would move, and from them emerge a huge alligator, with his ill-omened visage, his knotted hide, and his monstrous mouth, oaring his way along to sun himself on the slimy mud. But in that vast forest solitude, no sound of "church-going bell" denoted the sabbath morning. Its silence, as in earlier days, was broken only by the shrill, grating sound of the flying grasshopper and the sweet notes of the mocking-bird—a silence vocal with the declaration, "This is the sabbath of the Lord thy God."

At nine we started in a mule waggon to drive for two hours through the forests to the place where the negroes worshipped. With some difficulty we avoided being overturned by the long straight stems of gigantic pines and oak trees of distorted forms, and at eleven we reached the "forest sanctuary." It was an opening in the forest, from which the undergrowth had been cleared, and it was completely shaded from the sun by the spreading foliage of live oaks, with stems from twenty-seven to forty feet in circumference. From their branches, the strange funeral-looking parasite of the South was hanging in festoons six feet long, shading still more effectually twenty low wooden cabins, each for the sake of dryness supported on four posts a foot high. The warmth of the

climate is so great that glass is not required for the windows. These cabins were inhabited by the negroes of an adjacent plantation, and most of them lay asleep, basking in the sun, wherever his rays penetrated the thick trees. In the darkest part of the shade there was a large cabin, used on Sundays for worship according to the episcopalian form, and during the week for a chicken-house. We took our seats near the desk; and when it was buzzed about among the cabins that whites had arrived, a larger congregation than usual soon assembled. The minister was one of those missionary servants of Christ whose names are little known here, but whose reward is great in heaven. He walks twenty miles every Sunday to his three services, and during the week visits the sick and dying, toiling in poverty and weariness through the long sultry days, never pausing even at a season of the year when all other white men have left the then deadly rice plantations.

Some time was occupied by him in catechizing the children in "the Belief," and then the ringing of a bell among the trees summoned the remainder of the people. Some of the children were very beautiful, but they were scarcely clothed; and the adults were, with one exception, in deplorable rags. I did not see a single pair of shoes. The usual liturgy was varied by the singing of six hymns, the only part of the service in which the negroes appeared to take any interest. The lessons were varied by "Give attention; you are asleep; you are all sitting listlessly," etc.; remarks which I was sorry to see produced but little effect on the audience, who maintained a dogged ease and a careless posture, in order to show their aversion to a read service and a white minister. The sermon was plain and excellent, telling in tones of certainty of the better life, and of the glorious liberty wherewith Christ makes all his people free. The interruptions continually upset the gravity of all but the preacher. Babies, whose mothers had fallen asleep, crawled over the floor with laughter of baby glee; fowls came in fluttering

and cackling ; and six dogs in the middle of a fight rushed in, and continued their warfare in the room. After the sermon, there was some very beautiful singing got up among the negroes. The minister, who, besides having no ear, has a cracked voice, sang grotesquely out of tune two bars of an air which they had sung so sweetly, saying, " You will do very well if you will follow me," which touched their sense of the ludicrous so keenly, that the whole congregation burst into uncontrollable laughter of a most contagious description, which lasted for fully five minutes. I had heard so much of negro churches, that I was disappointed with the apathy and irreverence of this congregation ; but it is accounted for by the fact that their favourite coloured preachers had been withdrawn from them, and they had been compelled to listen to novel forms, which their inability to read rendered it impossible for them to follow.

A distance of a thousand miles intervened between that forest church and a large African Baptist church at Richmond, which was the next I attended. This church has three thousand members ; and on the last Sunday in 1859, when I visited it, was crowded to overflowing. Not only were the seats and aisles crowded, but the stage on which the pulpit stands was clustered over with black children with ivory teeth and large whites to their eyes. The floor and galleries were one sea of heads. Not a crevice was open to admit air. A stove heated nearly to redness produced a suffocating atmosphere, and nearly all the adults were chewing tobacco. The men and women occupied different sides of the building. There were black men shining like polished leather, brown men, and yellow men ; old men, whose white grizzly wool contrasted strangely with their black skin, and young men wearing showy jewellery. There were beautiful girls, clear brunettes, and huge fat " aunties," with large shining faces, and old wrinkled crones, who sat swaying to and fro, their jaws moving ceaselessly. The bonnets of the

younger women were blue, pink, and primrose, smaller if possible than the fashion, and bedizened inside and out with flowers. Some wore delicate pink and white opera cloaks, and most had large brooches and light kid gloves. Many of the older women wore turbans of scarlet silk bandanas, which suit the complexions of these children of the sun.

Before the minister arrived, the people employed their time in singing. One man would "raise a tune," and others join in singing two stanzas of a well-known hymn, and then change to another, beating heavily with their feet, swaying to and fro, opening their mouths wide, and singing with might and main. It was a full and harmonious burst of song, a harmony on earth, and perhaps a sweeter harmony in the courts of heaven than the whole volume of the gorgeous church music of many lands. The entrance of the much-loved minister was reflected in the beam that came on every face, and the gratulatory hum that pervaded the edifice. After the hymn, "How did my heart rejoice to hear," he called on an elder to pray. The prayer was simple and earnest, and carried the congregation along with it. After a hymn, another elder was called on to pray. This service was rendered peculiarly affecting to the negroes by the fact that before another Sunday the annual "hiring" would have occurred, by which about three thousand would change hands, besides about a thousand who were to be sold; consequently many separations would take place, and it was the last time on which many would worship within these walls.

This second prayer, considered in all respects—appropriateness, language, voice, manner, matter—was perfect. Long before it was over, tears were rolling down the cheeks of some slaveholders who were present, and few faces in the church were altogether dry. There was a continual accompaniment of groans, moans, cries of "Oh dear! oh Jesus! oh grant it!" which were far too earnest and heartfelt to sound grotesque. The elder was quite black, with

woolly hair and the distinctive negro features; but his forehead was good, and his expression told that "old things had passed away." His prayer began with a deep confession of sin, showing a large and enlightened Christian experience; then followed a sublime expression of adoration, especially of the wisdom of God in the scheme of redemption; next thanksgiving for temporal and spiritual blessings. Then succeeded petitions which seemed to embody all the needs of the soul, so simple, so scriptural, so earnest, and so filial as to show that to the speaker the blood of Jesus had opened a new and living way even into the very holiest. In allusion to the swiftly coming changes over which they had no control, he used these beautiful words: "Guide us in all our changes; take us not far from thy house; or if we are far from Zion's assemblies, may thy presence be better to us than an earthly temple. Oh! lead us not where we shall be tempted above that we are able, but in our weakness make perfect thy strength. Make us lowly, meek, and consistent, so like Christ that we may win others to love him. We have met through one year as brethren; may we all meet where time is neither measured by years nor marked by changes, in the holier temple above, where sin is done with, where cold hearts are laid aside, and where God himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."

The beauty of the sentiments would not surprise any one acquainted with negro Christianity; but it is rare even in white assemblies to meet with the very best English, with the purest articulation and pronunciation as used by this slave. The language, though rich, was simple, varied, and purely grammatical; not one word could have been substituted with advantage for any that he used; his voice was exquisitely modulated, and, apart from the beauty of the prayer itself, the diction and manner would have pleased the ear and taste of a highly cultivated person. The minister preached on, "The Lord delighteth in them that fear

him," and the sermon accorded well with the rest of the service, being cordial, earnest, practical, the translation of truth into action. Then followed a short and simple prayer, and the singing of "Jerusalem, my happy home," during which a collection for missions was made, and most of the negroes contributed sums varying from sixpence to two shillings.

The blessing was pronounced; but as the crowd began to disperse, some of the men struck up a sacred air, and hymn followed hymn until the shadows of evening warned all to their homes. This concluding singing was the true negro music—a short stanza and a long chorus, and related chiefly to the Lord Jesus and the prospect of being for ever with him. The minds of the strangers who attended the service were by it disposed to a heartier reception of the grand truth, that there is but one universal Father and one Saviour, there is but one family, there is but one brotherhood, and among all the races and colours of men there is not an alien or stranger: we are in Christ all brethren, and members one of another.

SUNDAY AMONG THE HIGH ALPS.

THE following extracts from the Journal and Letters of Felix Neff describe the hardships endured in ministering to the poor peasants of the High Alps. The narrative may serve to enhance, both to ministers and people, the grateful sense of the sabbath privileges enjoyed in our own favoured land.

"I preached," says Neff, "on the sabbath at Dormilleuse, and early next morning took my departure, in order to cross the Col d'Orsiere, a mountain which separates the valley of Fressiniere from that of Champsaur; through which the river Drac runs. I had two guides to direct me in crossing this mountain, which is one of the highest in France; and at this season of the year the passage is seldom practicable. Having left the village of Dormilleuse, we proceeded onwards towards the Col, along the foot of the glaciers, walking for three hours through snows, some of which had recently fallen, but the greater part probably had lain for centuries. The sky was clear and beautiful, and, notwithstanding our great elevation, the cold was not unusually severe. In many places the snow was firm, but in others quite soft, and we often sank in it up to our knees. The peasants had, however, been considerate enough to envelope my shoes with wool; and we had furnished ourselves with a plentiful supply of provisions for our journey. Since the fall of snow in September, only two persons had effected this passage, and we followed in their track, which was crossed at intervals by the footmarks of wolves and chamois, and traces of marmot-hunters. After we had gained the summit of the Col, we had still the prospect of a dreary walk of two hours before we could reach the first hamlet of the Val d'Orsiere, lying

at the foot of the snows near the sources of the Drac. Here my guides left me, and I proceeded alone towards Mens."

In the month of January (1824), Neff writes: "Last sabbath I preached twice at Violin, after which I retired to a cottage, where I read a portion of Scripture and commented upon it, until ten at night, when my congregation withdrew. Many of them had come from remote distances, and as the night was dark, they provided themselves with torches to guide them through the snow. The next morning I began my ascent towards Dormilleuse, the last and most elevated of all the hamlets in the valley of Fressiniere. Its inhabitants, descended in an unbroken line from the ancient Vaudois, have rendered it celebrated by their resistance, during six hundred years, to the efforts of the church of Rome. Their brethren in some of the adjacent communes, whose habitations were not so guarded by rugged ramparts and precipices, were often surprised by their foes, and compelled either to dissemble their faith, or become the victims of cruel persecution. Many of them fled to Dormilleuse, where they found an impregnable refuge. This place stands upon the brink of a rock, which is almost perpendicular; it is completely surrounded by glaciers; and a dark forest stretches along the flank of the mountain, presenting a striking contrast to the snow which covers its summit. The only place where the ascent is practicable is a steep and slippery foot-path. A mere handful of men stationed here could with ease repel the attacks of a numerous army, and hurl their assailants into the frightful abyss beneath. For six hundred years, Dormilleuse was the city of refuge for the Christians of these valleys, who had successfully resisted both violence and seduction, and, during this long period, had never crouched before the idols of the church of Rome, or suffered their religion to be tainted by any of its corruptions. There are yet visible the ruins of the walls and fortresses which they erected, to preserve themselves from surprise, and to

repel the frequent assaults of their oppressors. The sublime yet frightful aspect of this mountain desert, which served as a retreat for the truth when nearly the whole world was shrouded in darkness; the remembrance of so many martyrs whose blood once bedewed its rocks; the deep caverns to which they resorted for the purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures, and worshipping the eternal God in Spirit and in truth—the sight of all these tends to elevate the soul, and to inspire one with feelings which are difficult to be expressed. But with what grief does the eye survey the actual state of the descendants of these ancient confessors! Degenerated fearfully, both as it regards their moral and natural condition, their present situation forcibly reminds the Christian that sin and death are the only things truly hereditary amongst the children of Adam. For some time past, an experimental knowledge of the Saviour has been totally unknown amongst them; yet there is scarcely a person to be met with, who does not manifest great reverence for the Scriptures. May the Lord speedily cause the beams of his mercy to shine again upon these benighted places, which he formerly chose for his sanctuary!

“Since my arrival, there have been some pleasing manifestations of a more anxious concern about spiritual things; several persons feel deeply the misery and degradation of their state, and bless God for sending me to rekindle the expiring embers of their piety. A few months ago, Henry Laget visited them. Although they did not understand the doctrines he preached, yet they rejoiced to witness his ardent zeal; and when, at the close of his last visit, he told them that they would see his face no more, his words chilled their very souls. ‘When he was gone,’ said they, ‘it seemed as if a gust of wind had suddenly extinguished the torch which enlightened our darkness among these precipices.’ Of late years, several of the neighbouring pastors have at intervals visited these valleys, but none of them have admitted the young people to the Lord’s



supper, or even taken the trouble to ascertain their degree of preparation for this ordinance. Owing to this negligence, my labours are much increased, as I have thus a far greater number to instruct than I should otherwise have had. For this purpose, I have visited all the cottages in the valley, and taken down the names of all the young people between the ages of fifteen and thirty. By this means I have ascertained that my catechumens here are about two hundred.

“During the summer months, the narrow pathway leading to the chapel is watered by beautiful cascades; so that in the winter it is often covered with the ice which borders the rocks. One Lord’s day morning, I took with me a few young men, and having procured hatchets, we proceeded to cut steps in the ice in some of the most dangerous passes, so that our friends from the lower hamlets might be able to ascend without accident. My morning congregation was numerous. The whole of the afternoon I was employed with my catechumens. Many persons from the lower parts of the valley remained all night at Dormilleuse, and the evening was spent in a very edifying manner. Having remained here several days, thus engaged in instructing the young people, I went down to Minsas, accompanied by twelve of the eldest catechumens.”

On this occasion, Neff visited every hamlet between Vars and La Grave, the two extremities of his parish, notwithstanding the severity of the season, and the toils and perils he had to encounter in forcing his passage across the mountains. From Minsas he proceeded to the remaining hamlets in Val Frassiniere, and then traversed the whole of the valleys of Queyras and Champsaur, calling at every cottage, and, having gathered the family together, reading the Scriptures to them, conversing with them, and advising them as to the means which might prove most conducive both to their temporal and their eternal welfare.

A SUNDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

NEVER can we be sufficiently grateful to God that, among all his other blessings, he has bestowed upon us the sabbath—that blessed seventh day, when man rests from his six days' labour, and draws near with prayer and thanksgiving to the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth. Wherever the gospel is preached, there is the promised rest to be found, not merely for the tired body, but also for the wearied spirit. Wherever the children of God are, whether in the city or in the wilderness, on that day will the voice of prayer and praise be lifted up to the Lord of their salvation.

It is now many years since we passed our first Sunday in the wilderness; but we have never forgotten that day nor its events. It showed to us how often God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and how brightly he sometimes causes the light to shine on those who sit in darkness, and makes the desert heart to blossom as the rose.

We had not been long at the Cape of Good Hope when circumstances called us to the extreme frontier. The first part of our journey was performed by sea; but from Algoa Bay we were to continue it, according to colonial custom, in bullock waggons, drawn by teams of fourteen oxen, and in them we were to travel over barren plateaus, through rugged defiles, and among rocky fastnesses, where any other conveyances would have been broken in pieces.

But though the waggons were our only home, and though we rarely passed a house, it was a pleasant journey. At no time did we proceed faster than three miles an hour, so that we were able to notice every thing around us; and at short intervals we stopped,

that the oxen might rest and feed, and also that we might prepare our own food and eat it. We were never weary of those stoppages; it was pleasant to sit beneath the shadow of the trees, and look on the fair face of nature, fresh from the hand of its Almighty Creator, with his bright sunshine beaming down upon it, revealing the wondrous beauty and variety of the works of God.

Every thing the sun shone upon was strange to us. Among the countless trees, and flowers, and birds which surrounded us, there was scarcely one that we had ever seen before; and as we examined each tiny leaf and flower, and saw in how many ways it was especially fitted to grow and flourish, and be useful in the spot in which it was placed, our hearts were filled with admiration of the wonderful works of God, and of his infinite goodness and loving-kindness manifested in his care for even the smallest of his creatures.

We rested on the sabbath day, we, and our servants, and our cattle; and not we only, but many other waggons containing travellers, or else laden with merchandize, collected near the spot where we had "outspanned," because it afforded abundance of water—frequently a scarce article with South African travellers. We arrived late on Saturday evening, and, like other travellers, we slept in our waggons. Rising on Sunday morning, we were surprised to see how many were assembled around us in the wilderness. Beside most of the waggons their owners were cooking, and loud talking and laughter were echoing on the clear morning air. We were thankful that our station was a little apart, at the opening of a recess in the bush, so that we were enabled to give our minds and thoughts, without interruption, to the sacred duties of the day: and truly we had much cause for thanksgiving when we remembered that the woods which surrounded us sheltered numberless beasts of prey and venomous serpents; but by the loving-kindness of our heavenly Father we were enabled to pass our time of rest

in peace and safety, and were preserved from the many dangers threatening the traveller in the wilds.

In quiet devotion the earlier part of the day was passed, after which we resolved to walk through the encampment, and see how the day of holy rest was kept by our fellow travellers. There were some twenty-five waggon^s scattered over the grassy plain, spreading up from the bank of the little river which supplied us with water. To each belonged at least two or three persons, and to many twice that number. It was sad to see the way in which the greater part of them were spending that Sunday in the wilderness. Englishmen, Dutchmen, and Hottentots—men brought up in a Christian land, and poor ignorant heathens—were all alike passing the day in a godless manner ; some sleeping in the shade of their waggon^s, some joking and laughing rudely, some mending their clothes and waggon implements, others fishing in the shallow stream, while, saddest of all, some few, chiefly Hottentots, were gambling and swearing. Save a few travellers, who were engaged in reading, one might have believed them all ignorant of the Divine command to keep holy the sabbath day ; yet most of them would have been offended had we denied their claim to the name of Christians, or doubted their interest in the redemption of our blessed Lord.

Passing on to the other side of the encampment, our ears were attracted by the sound of several sweet clear voices, singing what appeared to be a hymn. Following the sound, we went on, and turning round a clump of laurels, found ourselves in a sheltered forest glade, in which were congregated some fifteen or eighteen Hottentots, singing hymns, in the Dutch language, with peculiar sweetness and great earnestness. After the scene we had just witnessed, it was, indeed, pleasant to see these poor people thus worshipping God in that forest sanctuary : lowly and degraded in the world's eye, they had yet discovered the unsearchable riches, and entered on the way that leadeth to everlasting life. While we

stood there they sang two or three hymns, which were given out by one of their number, a grave, intelligent looking man of respectable appearance. At the conclusion of the hymns the same individual addressed his countrymen in Dutch, in a most earnest and energetic manner, as if his whole heart was in the words he spoke to them. We were then too ignorant of Dutch to be able to comprehend his address, but a Cape friend, who was travelling with us, translated it to us; and it appeared to us one of the most interesting instances we had ever met with of how completely the grace of God can change the heart of man, causing the blessed plant of holiness to take root and flourish, and bear much fruit, in what was before a waste desert.

"My friends," said the poor man, lifting up his brown face, and uncovering the head, whose only hair was a few minute specks of wool—"my friends, let us thank the Lord that he has given us the grace to praise him in hymns this day; I always do, for I remember the time when I neither knew nor cared anything about the great God Almighty. At that time, all I thought of was how to live as comfortably as I could, to get enough to eat and plenty of brandy to drink. When I died, I thought there would be an end of all, for I knew nothing about having an immortal soul to be saved or lost; but I had firm faith in all sorts of witchcraft and evil eyes, and believed in the power of lizards and innocent creeping things to do us harm.

"I often heard about the missionaries, and many Hottentots told me of the wonderful things they had heard from them, about an everlasting God and a blessed and merciful Saviour; but I laughed, and told them I would never believe such idle stories. However, one day passing through a missionary station, I heard them singing in the chapel, and I went in to hear. After awhile the hymn was ended, and the missionary began to talk to them. He told them of one who was higher than the sun, and more glorious than the

stars, who was so great that the sun and stars were the work of his hands, as also were the hills and rivers, the trees and flowers, the white man and the black, and who would live for ever and ever, to reign over all that he had made. And yet, he said, this great and glorious Lord loved all men, even poor Hottentots; and he had promised that if they would only put their trust in him, he would watch over them as a shepherd doth over his sheep. He was the Good Shepherd, for he had laid down his life for his sheep; and even now, from his heavenly throne, he called unto those who were sorrowful, and whose hearts were heavy laden, to come unto him, and he would give rest unto their souls; for his yoke was easy and his burden light. And then the missionary begged us to lose no time in repenting of our sins, and bowing ourselves down before this Almighty Saviour, who was so much the friend of sinners.

"Again they sang a hymn, and then I went back to my waggon, and continued my journey; but as I sat by my fire, my thoughts would go back to the missionary's words, and I would wonder who was this glorious One who would be a friend even to a poor Hottentot, if he would but seek him; but I knew not where to find him. I could not forget him: when I looked at the sun, I remembered that he was brighter than the sun; when I looked at the stars, I remembered that he was more glorious than the stars, and that he had made them all; and I longed to find Him who, with all his greatness, could yet care for me; but I knew not the way to this Good Shepherd.

"At length, one day when I was inspanning my oxen, one of them kicked me, and I lay a long while ill with a bad leg. My friends tried in vain to cure me; and then they sent for a witch doctor, and he passed his hands over the wound, and muttered charms over it, and he told me it was the malice of an enemy that had made the ox kick me, and he bade me curse my enemies, and said that that would mend me. So I cursed my enemies; for

though I knew not God, I had learned sin and wickedness ; but when that was done, my wound was no better, and my heart was sad and sorrowful. Again I longed to find that mighty One whose burden was light, and who would give rest unto my soul ; but when I asked those around me if they knew him, they laughed and mocked me.

“ One day, an Englishman passed through the village, and they asked him to come and look at my leg. When he came, I told him of all my sufferings, and of how I had cursed my enemies, and that no good had come of it.

“ ‘ And could you hope it ? ’ he replied. ‘ Do you not know who has said, ‘ Bless, and curse not ? ’

“ ‘ No, who was it ? ’

“ ‘ He who died for our sins—Jesus Christ, the friend of sinners.’

“ My heart seemed to leap within me. Here was one who knew Him I sought, and I entreated him to tell me about him.

“ ‘ I am only a sinful man,’ he said, ‘ not fit to speak of him who is the King of kings and Lord of lords ; yet even I know how to love and praise the Lord Jesus ;’ and then he began to tell me about the Son of God, and all his love and kindness to poor sinners, and how he suffered and died to save those that were lost, and would never desert those who put their trust in him.

“ Again my heart seemed to leap at the good tidings, and then the Englishman asked me if he should pray for me.

“ ‘ What is praying ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ I will show you ;’ and he knelt down, and begged God that he would shed light on my darkness, that I might no longer dwell in ignorance and sin, but that he would mercifully call me out from among the heathen, and teach my feet to tread the path that leads to everlasting life ; and he asked it all for Jesus Christ’s sake.

“ I never knew what prayer was before ; and when I heard this new

friend speaking to the great God for me, I trembled and felt afraid. If thunder and lightning had burst upon us and killed us, I should not have been surprised. But the sun still shone on, and God seemed not angry with our boldness. After that I took courage, and used often to pray to him, in my ignorant fashion, that he would make me soon well enough to go to some missionary station that I might learn his commandments.

“And it pleased God to hear that first prayer, for I was soon well enough to go down to a missionary station. There I first heard the word of God preached, and learned to know the wickedness of my own heart, as well as how much I needed a Redeemer ; and I found him in that great and glorious Friend of sinners whom I had so longed to discover.

“It was a happy day for me, my brethren, when the scales fell from my eyes, and I first saw these great truths. I no longer minded that I was poor and humble, or that people looked down on me. I had the Lord Jesus for my friend, and that was enough for me.

“While I was with them, the good missionaries cured my wound, and also taught me to read ; and when I was well enough to travel about again with my master's waggon, they gave me a Bible, so that, wherever I went, I had the word of God with me to be my guide ; and though often my own wicked heart leads me astray, the words of that book ever show me my sin, and lead me back to the foot of the cross of Christ.

“Often as I sat beside my waggon, reading my Bible, I saw other Hottentots round me as ignorant of God as I had been ; and I felt that it was as much my duty as that of every other Christian, when he has the opportunity, to proclaim among the heathen that the Lord is King ; and to many among my poor countrymen did I tell the good tidings, and read pieces of my book ; and though many laughed and jeered as I used to do, others listened to me

attentively, and I had always the comfort of feeling that I had done my duty."

When this interesting account was ended, the assembly again raised one of their beautiful hymns, in which their correct ear for music and sweet clear voices cause them to excel; and as the sounds rang in long-drawn cadences through the arches of the woods, we turned our steps homewards, our friend translating to us as we went the history we have already given. So much were we interested in it, that we afterwards made inquiry concerning it, and found that in every respect we had heard the exact truth.

As we walked back through the camp, the same disregard of the day was still visible, and the gambling Hottentots were beginning to wrangle over their sinful employment. At length we reached our own peaceful and secluded outspan place, and there, seated on a rush-mat beneath the shelter of a tree, with the cool night wind fluttering around us, and lighted by the bright rays of the watch-fire, we passed the Sunday evening in pleasant and profitable converse, though every now and then a loud burst of laughter from the camp told that, with some of our fellow-travellers, the evening was given up to merriment. At last, when the evening prayer was said, and we were about to separate, we heard a wild shriek, followed by fierce cries and the rushing of many feet. Enraged by losses at play, and probably inflamed by smoking the maddening dakka, one of the gamblers had drawn his knife upon another and stabbed him, and believing his victim dead, had fled from the justice he had offended.

But our heavenly Father is ever more merciful to us than we deserve, and he had compassion even on this transgressor, and gave him further space for repentance; for the man was only wounded, and that not dangerously. This discovery was received by the other Hottentots with many exclamations of astonishment and satisfaction; but a few minutes after they seemed to have totally

forgotten the late painful scene, for their jests and laughter were again ringing through the air. We soon discovered that quarrels, in which the knife is resorted to, are of such frequent occurrence among the unconverted Hottentots that they produce no impression beyond the moment; for among the Hottentot race, as among every other, Christianity totally changes their moral perceptions. Yet these poor benighted beings passed by unperceived the patience and long-suffering of their Creator, nor considered how nearly one of their number had been sent, unfitted and unprepared, to meet his Judge.

At length the excited camp was hushed in silence, and that Sunday in the wilderness came to a close; but amid the painful recollection of all the scenes we had witnessed, and the appalling event with which the day had terminated, we remembered with pleasure and thankfulness that, even among these godless ones, we had found a small remnant worshipping the Lord in spirit and in truth; and we blessed him for the labourers he had sent forth into the desert, through whose ministry it was that these strayed sheep had been brought home to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. They had forsaken home and country, and the happiness of civilized and Christian communion; but how rich is their reward even in this world, for they possess the unspeakable joy of having brought many to Christ, and in the world to come they will be welcomed as "good and faithful servants."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

A SUNDAY in the land of Knox and presbytery! This was to us both a novelty and a treat. The day and the worship both have features that were strange to us with only our southern experiences, and we intend exhibiting some of these in the present paper. Let it be understood that, by some means or other which require no mention, we are in the commercial capital of Scotland on the Saturday evening. The city is then busy, bustling, and alive, yea, teeming with life under its manifold developments. We leave this apparently unallayable ferment, and retreat to a pleasant suburb of the city, to pass the night. We sleep through the Saturday night, and awake on the morning of a Scotch sabbath.

Being the guest of a worthy elder of one of the Presbyterian churches, we had a good opportunity of observing the sabbath at home as well as in church. The first exercise this morning in the social circle was worship; and in this it was evident that each of us was expected to take a personal share, as a Bible and psalm-book were put into the hands of every one present—a custom which (thanks to the wide diffusion of at least the rudiments of education in Scotland) scarcely the humblest servant is ever disqualified from complying with. Our host read, in broad and strongly marked Scotch accent, the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;" which we all cordially joined him in singing, unmoved by its somewhat rough metre. We were then bidden to turn to the Scripture for the morning portion, which we reverently followed the householder in reading; his prayer followed, most fervent and affectionate throughout, though somewhat longer and more doctrinal than we had been accustomed to in English families. . . . Worship being over, we breakfasted. We then left our suburban

abode, and leisurely sauntered into Glasgow itself. We left the city on the previous evening abounding in noise and crowds, in buying and selling, in hurrying to and fro—in fact, in all the hubbub, noise, and heat that a great city usually generates; but how has the scene changed this morning! What a magic influence has been rung down upon those fermenting masses by the strokes of the twelfth hour of the night! what a mighty spell seems to hold firmly bound all the energies of commercial life! how irresistible a charm has softened down the roar and turbulence of the last night into the quietude and silence of this morning! It is now scarcely ten o'clock, and the thoroughfares of last night seem almost deserted of human beings; only at intervals can a solitary creature be seen. The rumble of a solitary cab on the stones far behind us, strikes the senses as in melancholy contrast both with the stillness of to-day and the confusion of yesterday. The advance of some steamer or other craft quietly up the river, and the belching forth of occasional volleys of smoke from some of the tall chimneys around us, are about the only remaining indications of that active, eager industry of Glasgow which on other days suffers no shadow of a check. The whole city seems to be holding its breath, life is suspended, business is sleeping. It is the sabbath, and that explains the sacred phenomena; and never to our minds did the sabbath seem so “touching in its majesty,” as when it had arrested the surgings of human life, and had calmed down such impetuous labour into such perfect rest. The true words to express the feelings then within us are those of Wordsworth:—

“Ne’er saw I, ne’er felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
The very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still.”

We had now some half hour’s walk to take before reaching church, and during this interval the symptoms of life began gra-

dually to increase. As we walked through street after street, we observed men with their families continually issuing from their houses, evidently bound for the house of the Lord ; and here and there a vehicle quietly outstripped us, bearing the wealthy or the weak to their respective churches. But, however much these symptoms multiplied, they did not seem to disturb the quiet, or to mar the peaceful order of the day. It wanted about a quarter of an hour to service time when we reached our church, and we determined to go in and sit in peace till worship commenced ; but as we were entering, we had to pass by two grave and respectable gentlemen at the door, who had between them and under their care a small table, surmounted by a plate, over which was drawn a clean white cloth, on which were lying a few coins of different metal, and one or two notes which had been placed there by the few persons already in the church ; and judging that something was expected of us also, we somewhat confusedly sought for a small offering, which having deposited in the plate, we walked in. After having seated ourselves not far from the door, we for the next fifteen minutes observed persons continually coming in, whose numbers became all the greater, and their succession all the quicker, as the hour of worship drew nigh. We observed also that at every entrance there was a rattle amongst the contents of the plate at the door, and for the last few minutes before eleven o'clock there was an incessant chink, chink, chink, which gradually diminished as service commenced, and soon after altogether ceased. We afterwards learned that this is a custom invariably observed by all the churches in Scotland, and that no one, not even the poorest worshipper, is expected to enter his church on the sabbath without dropping his contribution into this receptacle,

To return to the service, however. Being comfortably seated in the church, we watched its rapid filling up with great interest, and then directed our gaze to the spot whence we expected the chief

edification of the morning. A minute or two before eleven o'clock, a man wearing a thick black Geneva cloak entered the desk beneath the pulpit, the seat of the precentor : punctually at eleven, the minister emerged from his vestry and ascended the pulpit, attired in a neat black silk preaching robe, and the cuffs of his coat surmounted with "weepers : " these latter peculiarities consist of an arrangement of white crape drawn over the cuffs of the coat, and we were told that this was because he was going to preach a funeral sermon that afternoon.

The service was now began by the minister reading the 100th Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," etc. Meantime the precentor was arranging some signal boards on either side of his desk : on these the name of the tune to be sung was exhibited, so as to be read by the whole assembly ; and for the psalm announced the tune could be no other than the "Old Hundredth." As soon as the psalm was read through, the singing commenced : we now expected, by the immense congregation, a noble hymn of praise would be raised ; but how great was our disappointment to hear none but the precentor's voice to the end of the first line ! The second, however, somewhat reassured us, as by that time many of the congregation had joined in the service, and before the first verse was completed the bulk of the assembly had added their voices to the sacred concert ; then truly could we feel and say—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee."

After the psalm had been sung, the minister offered prayer, reverently approaching the throne of grace, and speaking to Him who sits thereon, with lively gratitude offering thanks for all God's mercies, making solemn confession of sin, and earnestly supplicating all the blessings of the Divine new covenant upon the assembly. The vast multitude, all standing, seemed to be solemnly endorsing the address of their representative to heaven ;

their attentive posture appeared to give the pledge of their hearty consent to the utterance of the prayer; it was their standing Amen to every passage of the earnest address. Towards the close of the prayer our sensibilities, however, were more than a little hurt by an apparently hasty eagerness on the part of the assembly to have it over. They seemed to have some instinctive apprehension of the approaching conclusion, and then there commenced a shuffling of feet, a rustling of ladies' dresses, a creaking of seats, and that miscellaneous whirring which a large assembly shifting their posture always produce. This unexpected move on the part of the congregation completely lost us the last sentence of the prayer; and we noticed that by the time the Amen was spoken, every person present seemed to have resumed his seat. After the service, we expressed to the minister our sense of the great discomfort he must feel in such an irregularity, as well as of its great discordancy with the otherwise devout demeanour of the assembly; but he assured us that it was customary, and that custom had made it regular, as well as taken away the reproach of irreverence which we had been ready to impute to its practisers. After the prayer, we observed the elders enter the church who had hitherto had charge of the aforementioned plate at the door. The gatherings of to-day were for no special purpose, but, being now secured, would be consigned to the treasurer, for the ordinary purposes of the church.

The reading of the Scriptures came next, in which exercise we observed no mere listeners, as all present seemed to turn to their Bible and follow the minister with the eye as well as the ear. We were now again called on to sing. A psalm was read as before, and the precentor exhibited his signal for the tune.

The sermon came next—no, not the sermon! Sermons are not common in Scotland on the sabbath morning; the teaching of the morning is presented in the shape of an exposition. The minister

announced as his subject a part of some chapter in one of the Epistles, which the congregation were already finding in their Bibles. After having read the verses through, he just indicated their position in the chapter, and cleared away any difficulties the context might suggest, and then expounded the verses seriatim, with great luminousness and vigour. Nor had he completed his labours when he had evolved the several doctrines of the passage, and indicated their place in the great Christian system. He was not merely going through the cold processes of demonstrating problems, or of proving propositions by the rigid axioms of science; he had a warm, fresh, and Christian heart himself, and out of this he spoke words that failed not to go gently and impressively to the hearts around him. His own seemed to beat in unvarying unison with the hearts to which he was appealing; he knew their wants, and strove to supply them; their perplexities, and sought to resolve them; their temptations, and laboured to meet them; their weariness, and he spoke words in season to them; he "prayed men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God," and Christians "to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called."

The discourse occupied nearly an hour in delivery, yet the congregation gave no sign of weariness; in fact that could not be, under a discourse so intelligent, so informing, and so earnest. More than once while listening to the exposition, we breathed the fervent wish that out of every one of England's thirty thousand pulpits, there came sounds as certain, clear, and refreshing as we were then hearing; and our thoughts turned with sadness to many a pulpit which we knew at that hour to be the scene of solemn trifling and semi-popish charlatanry, pregnant with mischief and woe to many of our fellow immortals. Such kinds of religious farces, however, will not do in Scotland. The people know their Bibles too well to be satisfied with, or even to tolerate them; and this biblical knowledge is owing to their good training in child-

hood, followed up and advanced by such masculine and effective pulpit teaching as we have been mentioning. Religious Scotchmen refer with a just and glowing satisfaction to the quality of their sabbath instructions, and rank among the strongest inducements to a careful home study of the Scriptures, these morning expositions with which they are blessed.

But to return from this further digression. When the exposition was over, prayer was again offered; another psalm was sung, some notices of meetings in the week were read, and the benediction pronounced. Now again a scene was presented that an Englishman could not fail to notice. Almost as soon as the service was over, most of the male part of the assembly rose, put on their hats, and began to leave the church, with the same gait and air as they would the exchange; this is, we believe, altogether Scottish, yet it is not a want of reverence for the Lord of the house. It is a habit first originating in protest against the old popish arrangements, which used to exact so much knee-bending and other personal distortion from the worshippers on entering or leaving the church. In this matter, however, we think there is room for improvement.

Morning worship being now over, there was an interval of very little more than an hour before the afternoon service. The public sabbath services in Scotland, to an Englishman's thinking, follow too closely upon one another; persons living at any considerable distance from the church must feel the inconvenience. It is impossible to dine between the services, hence it is no unusual thing to see persons remaining in their pews after the morning service, and there eating the luncheon their prudence had prepared; indeed it is useless for many to think of going home to dine and then coming back to the afternoon service.

We had a long walk to take to the church where we intended to hear a sermon in the afternoon, and as we went along it was interesting to mark the difference the complexion of the street

presented now from what it did early in the morning. Multitudes were afoot, clad in their best attire; their countenances looked cheerful, as though unoppressed with the ordinary haste of life; toil did not drive them along, but they were calmly enjoying their day of rest, and a good proportion of them were keeping holiday. If any string of these people be observed, it will be found, most likely, to terminate or to break at the door of some church or another. We found ourselves gradually drawn into a crowd of people which seemed to have one point in view, and at last most of us defiled into the same building.

We have consumed so much space in our remarks upon the morning service, that a line must suffice for our afternoon experiences. The worship was conducted precisely as in the morning, with the substitution of the sermon for the exposition; in all other respects the description of the one is applicable to the other. By four o'clock the public worship of the day had closed.

Our paper, too, must now be brought to a close: we have only further to say that after service we made our way home through streets now much more lively than we found them in the morning, though none the less orderly; and having refreshed ourselves, composed ourselves for a quiet evening of reading and reflection. While we were thus occupied, our host was worthily employed in instructing his children and the servant; a method of spending the sabbath evening very usual among pious householders in Scotland. General biblical reading and explanations, questions upon the sermons of the day, and examination in the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism," are, we believe, the chief elements in this engagement. To this day, with its most delightful experiences, we had now to say adieu; and as we did so, we heartily desired for every land a sabbath with as much rest, quiet, and excellent teaching as Scotland is pre-eminently favoured with.

SUNDAY IN A NEW ZEALAND SETTLEMENT.

THE calm, tranquil, happy, sabbath of rest dawns upon New Zealand. The vast bush is ringing with the glad anthems of birds, the bright sun is just rising above the snow-capped mountains, making the huge masses of glacier ice glisten like mammoth diamonds; and the beautiful Waimea plain, in the province of Nelson, with its little wooden and thatched homesteads, dotted amongst waving corn-fields and beautiful orchards, seems to personify peace. Bullocks, sore-footed with their yesterday's journey to the city of Nelson, a distance of nine miles, whither they have carried produce, are roaming over the fields, or grouped in companies with other cattle, as if offering congratulations to each other on the rest earned by labour. The green hills which bound the plain are studded with innumerable sheep, gambolling together and ringing a welcome to the day with the bells attached to their necks. Smoke is issuing from the houses and cottages around, and the inhabitants may be seen journeying to their stock-yards with pails to milk the cows, while the well-filled apron of many a bonny colonial lass is keenly expected at the poultry enclosures.

At eight o'clock may be seen coming along the lanes, boys and girls in their neat Sunday-best clothes, with Bibles under their arms and luxuriant bunches of flowers in their button-holes, hastening to the Sunday school, which is conducted in the Wesleyan chapel in the picturesque village of Richmond. Not that it is a Wesleyan school, but being the largest building in the neighbourhood, all the denominations use it in common; and the children of Churchmen, Baptists, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and others, assemble together to be taught the simple truths of the

glorious gospel of our one Lord. It is a plain weather-board building, standing in a meadow where horses are grazing, and where a little stream runs merrily along, tumbling over the roots of graceful willow trees that wave upon its banks. A hundred and fifty children are present, some who have walked four or five miles, and have brought their dinners in bags to prevent the necessity of returning home until afternoon school is over. The superintendent has taken his place at the desk, and the opening hymn is sung. Then when prayer has been offered, as it is summer time and the room will be too warm for the congregation which will assemble at eleven, the boys are taken out by their teachers into the meadow, where, under the shade of the trees, they all sit down upon the grass, and the instruction commences.

Many might think that under such circumstances the attention must be distracted, and that the children will not behave so well as in a close room—such, however, is not the case. As the judicious teacher converses with his class, following the example of his Master, he makes the works of creation testify of him, drawing his illustrations from the sights and scenes around. At half-past ten the classes are called in from the meadow, the whole school of girls and boys unite again in prayer and praise together, and are then dismissed, either to go home or return to the morning service in a portion of the chapel reserved for them.

The lanes and roads are again alive with people, now mustering to the different places of worship. No merry bells peal forth the summons, reminding them of the village churches in their native land, only a white flag is raised on a hill, which can be seen for miles around, announcing that it is time for the congregations to be on the road, and which is lowered as soon as the service commences.

There are two places of worship open for morning service, the Wesleyan Chapel and the Established Church, a plain little lath-

and-plaster building, capable of holding about sixty people. The Wesleyans being the largest religious body, not only in the Waimeas, but in the colony, let us follow them first. A local preacher is in the pulpit, one of ten whose names are on a "plan," which regulates their attendance in the ministerial capacity at the different villages in that and other districts. The congregation numbers from between one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons, many of whom are young men in blue "slops" and white trousers, which, in that place, is the usual summer costume of nearly every one engaged in agricultural pursuits. Fashion fortunately does not constrain them; a man is not judged by the cut of his coat in New Zealand, and it is not thought unseemly to worship God in any dress which is decent and comfortable. Not a hat is to be seen in the chapel, that abomination (colonially known as a bell-topper) being so generally eschewed that even the preacher has come in a "wide-awake." The hymn is read, then two lads strike up the tune on their flutes, the congregation take up the melody, and it swells into hearty praise as it wings its flight to heaven. When the lessons have been read and other hymns sung, the preacher commences his discourse; and although there are no pews or easy cushions and footstools, and no backs to the seats, but merely bare forms, the rivetted attention of the audience proves that even in that far distant land the word of life, so precious for its own worth, so dear from its associations with memories of English homes, and so fraught with anticipations of a home above where all partings cease, is the power of God.

At the church the congregation is much smaller, but the service beautiful and impressive as ever. No costly paintings hang above the altar, no painted glass casts its "dim religious light" around, no sculptured faces grin or scowl from massive walls, and no thrilling organ-peal rings through the building, hushing the thoughts of the worshippers into silent communion.

The clergyman takes his place at the reading desk beside a plain table and cane-bottomed chairs, which constitute all the furniture of "the altar," and the congregation simultaneously rise with him from their forms and join in the service. The singing is led by a violin and flutes.

In the afternoon the service is held alternately by the Baptists in their chapel, which from its size had gained the name of "The Pill Box," and the Presbyterians, who use the Mechanics' Institution. To-day the service takes place at the former place, whither we will go with the congregation, many of whom have been dining with their friends in the village, to save the long walk to and from their scattered and distant residences. Here the seats have backs, being the only place of worship in the district where that luxury is to be obtained. The congregation does not amount to more than fifty or sixty persons, which just comfortably fills the building. At the close of the public service an announcement is made that the Lord's supper will be administered; the larger part of the audience having withdrawn, the members, twelve or fourteen in number, take their places round a table beside the pulpit. A hymn is sung, and the minister calls upon some one to engage in prayer. The speech may not be eloquent, nor the words grammatical; but the heart is breathed forth, and the earnest amen at the conclusion shows that it has touched chords in other hearts. And then the minister breaks the bread and passes the plate on to the next, and each to the other, until it has gone round the family party of the Lord's household assembled at his table; and then a deep silence reigns, "Is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" Then words of exhortation or comfort and sympathy are addressed by the minister; and when thanks have been given the cup passes round from one to the other, and again comes the tranquil silence, "Is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?"

When the service is over and the minister has shaken hands with

all his little flock, he mounts his horse and rides off to Nelson, where an evening service has to be conducted. Little do many of our ministers at home know of hard laborious work in comparison with those in the colonies, preaching three times in the day, and riding sometimes twenty or five-and-twenty miles to address perhaps small congregations.

The evening service is again in the Wesleyan chapel, where, sectarianism being little known, all denominations assemble; and though the place may be only lighted up with candles, the illuminating presence of the Light of the world shines forth in his word, which is the grand rallying point of all who love his name.

But this has been only a sketch of Sunday in a New Zealand village, where the population, though scattered, is within an easy circuit, and where civilization has so far wrought amongst them as to place the privileges of the sabbath within easy reach. Let us now go over that chain of mountains, so well called the Southern Alps, whose snow-clad summits are kissing the passing clouds, and enter the dense bush in the Takaka. Looking down on the valley no trace of man is seen, nothing but the wild, undisturbed negligence of nature, one vast mass of impenetrable bush, a wilderness of beauty. But here adventurous colonists have settled, and here and there, at distances of three or four miles apart in most cases, they have erected their mud and thatch huts. Sundays and weekdays dawn alike on them; rarely do the feet of strangers wander in those outlying districts, and week after week the monotony of solitude remains undisturbed. But this Sunday is a red-letter day in the almanacs of the Takaka settlers, for the half-yearly periodical visit of a clergyman is to be paid, and nearly all the inhabitants strive to be in attendance. Let us start with a family who live at the head of the valley. The bullocks are yoked to the dray, in which the females and children are seated on some trusses of straw, and a basket of provisions is carried, as a ten miles' journey has to

be accomplished before arriving at the port, where, at the public house, or house of accommodation, which contains the largest room in the neighbourhood, and is most central, the service is to be held. Bullock travelling through a bush tract, jolting over great trunks of trees, and splashing through mud and swamp, is not the most pleasant mode of conveyance, more especially as two or three wide rivers, fed by the adjacent mountains, have to be crossed, in some instances with the water rising up to the bed of the dray. At length, after a journey of three hours, the port is reached; other drays are arriving, and the clergyman is at the door of the inn shaking hands all round with every fresh party. A flag is raised when the service is about to commence, and the room, which is still redolent with the traces of yesterday's tobacco, is soon filled. Loud and hearty are the responses of those who for six long months have been deprived of the "communion of saints;" eagerly are the welcome sounds of the words of righteousness received, and fervently does the united hymn of praise rise from the assembly in that retired bush inn. None know the deprivation of those who are denied the privileges of the sanctuary of God's house but those who have had it to experience, and perhaps none can better appreciate the privilege than those to whom it has been long denied. The service over, the neighbours meet together outside, mutual interchanges of friendly conversation take place, and many a wish is expressed that they might oftener, even at the same inconvenience, meet for the same purpose. During the two hours' interval, which is allowed between the morning and afternoon services, visits are being made to one another, and possibly subjects foreign to the day are by some discussed. Let those who are without fault at home throw censure on them for this. When afternoon service is over, the bullocks are again yoked, and the different parties start off once more to their wild, solitary homes, cheered and refreshed in spirit by the day's devotions, but depressed at the thought that so long a time

must elapse before sabbath worship will be again realized by them, or an opportunity given to welcome him "whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains, who bringeth good tidings and publisheth peace."

But we must not close our sabbath in New Zealand without journeying to the gold fields in Massacre Bay, and seeing how the day is spent there. Peeping through the rich foliage of bush on either side the broad Slale river, which is the scene of the "diggings," are numbers of tents, around which are mustered groups of diggers; amongst these are many of the reckless and disreputable of the colonial population. Can we be surprised then that instead of Bibles in their hands, or preparations being made to "remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy," guns are being cleaned, dogs called together, and parties are being formed to start on a wild pig hunt, in order to lay in a stock of food for the week. Others are mustering together to walk to the nearest port for the purpose of purchasing tools and provisions, and to meet the diggers from other parts and learn of their success; while others, not many, however, more eager for corruptible gold than wisdom which is far more precious than rubies or fine gold, are prosecuting their arduous labour on their "claims." Nothing marks the day of rest. No united song of praise comes from those thousand men whose lives have been providentially spared through the hardships and vicissitudes of gold-digging life; no tent is made the tabernacle of the Lord among them; no voice is raised upon those fields of gold to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. The pursuits of the day, with all its imaginary pleasures, over, hundreds are assembled round the drinking booths, where coarse jests and drunken revelry closes the sabbath day.

There may be men on the diggings, and possibly there are many, to whom all this is hateful, and who do not go to the same excess in riot; but it is a lamentable fact that there is not, or was not at

the time the writer left the diggings, one place of worship or one preacher to the thousand men working there.

Such is a Sunday in New Zealand. Thankful ought we to be that in that far-off country the gospel is preached, and many of the privileges of religion enjoyed, which smooth down the rough circumstances of colonial life; uniting us not only with friends on earth, but with Him who in his love hallowed this precious day and instituted it for us, giving a foretaste of that "land which is very far off," the eternal sabbath of heaven, where a rest remaineth for the people of God.

A SUNDAY WITH THE MAORIES.

WHEN on a pedestrian journey in the middle island of New Zealand, in company with a few friends, it chanced that late one Saturday evening we arrived at a Maori pah; and having been walking long distances for several days consecutively, we were glad to accept the hospitality offered by the natives, and remain with them over the Sunday. The name of the village was Waitapu, or Sacred River, very picturesquely situated at the mouth of the river whose name it bears, which branches out into several channels as it empties itself into the ocean. Around were undulating hills, some thickly covered with bush, at the edge of which were the native wharris, or huts, for the most part made of branches of manuka trees, held together with mud, and thatched with raupo and toi-toi plants.

.Temanoa was the name of the man at whose hut we stayed. He was an elderly person, the patriarch of the pah, and held in the highest respect by the whole neighbourhood. In answer to his inquiries, we told him that we had travelled from Wakatu, the native name of Nelson. He then asked if we knew the missionary there. The answer in the affirmative was received gladly; and when I told him that the missionary was a personal friend of mine, and that he had made me the bearer of a letter to him, a great excitement was shown in shouts and snatches of strange song, which to them is what a hearty "Hurrah" is to an Englishman.

The native magistrate, a man named Eru, was sent for, who soon arrived, with a dozen or fifteen men and women, to be present at the reading of the letter. It was written in English, nearly all in the pah being conversant with the language; it gave them some

details of Nelson news, a kind Christian exhortation to continue and persevere in religious duties and remember the instruction they had received from time to time, and concluded by saying that the bearer would be happy to hold a service, or religious korero, with them if they were willing. When this was understood among them, Eru and Temanao, with several others, came forward and again heartily shook me by the hand; while one of the women insisted on giving me what they consider the most friendly salutation, which consists in rubbing noses—a ceremony from which I rather shrunk, as the individual in question was very much tattooed about that organ.

They were very anxious to know if I were a regular missionary; and when I told them that I was not, they asked whether I was a Churchman or Wesleyan, as they are somewhat sectarian in their principles, thinking that none can possibly be right who differ with the missionary from whom they have received instruction. I satisfied them by saying that I loved both the Wesleyans and Churchmen, and often attended the places of worship of both bodies. After some conversation, supper was prepared, and being very tired after our journey, we soon went to our beds of dry fern strewn upon the ground.

Next morning the whole pah was astir by sunrise, and I was pleased to see that even in that remote and out-of-the-way place the day of rest was observed by them. Temanao was dressed in a clean pair of canvas trousers and a white shirt, and most of the others made what little alteration their limited wardrobes allowed.

After breakfast, I strolled with Eru into the bush, promising to be back to the pah by ten o'clock, when Temanao would have the people assembled for morning service. Our conversation turned upon topics suitable to the day; and I found in Eru what I had often longed to find, but which I had never before done, a thorough

true-hearted Christian native. I was speaking to him of the pleasure the early disciples must have felt in having Jesus with them on the sabbath day; and to my surprise, drawing out a Bible from his pocket, he said, "Maori has that great joy too." We talked together for a long time on true and false Christianity, its blessing to those who accept it, and the responsibility of those who merely nominally believe; and he mourned that so many of his people thought themselves Christians on account of their civilization, comparing them to the parasites clinging round the trees, which appear to casual observers like the tree itself.

Returning to the pah, we found an assembly of about thirty men and women, and a few children, seated under the shade of some stately kimu and tortara trees on the river bank. It was the first time I had ever undertaken to conduct any sort of service with the natives, and from my imperfect knowledge of their habits of thought and mode of expression, I feared lest I should fail in making myself understood. After engaging in prayer and attempting to sing a hymn, which I and my companions had difficulty in supporting against the very unmusical strains of the natives, I proceeded to the discourse. Knowing their love for narrative and parable, I took for my subject the journey of the children of Israel through the wilderness, being led by the pillars of fire and cloud, eating the manna from heaven, and drinking the water from the smitten rock; showing the typical references to Christ, who leads his people to the heavenly Canaan, feeds them with the true bread from heaven, and gives freely the water of life. Throughout, the strictest attention was paid, and the same interest exhibited in kind which children show when listening to the 'Peep of Day.' If anything was said, and not distinctly comprehended, a request was immediately made that it might be repeated, which occasionally led to a little undertone discussion among themselves.

The service concluded. I was struck with the difference between

these natives and many European congregations: instead of talking immediately afterwards about their fishing, crops, or cultivations, conversation ran almost exclusively upon what they had been hearing; and although the opinions they promulgated were not always correct, nor the expressions used to convey them learned, yet they showed a spirit of inquiry and less indifference than is found in some quarters where it might reasonably be less expected.

In the afternoon, Temanoa, Eru, and one or two others accompanied me and my companions down to the sea-beach, where we strolled about for some hours. Temanoa, although a man of strict integrity and high morality, acknowledging all the truths of Christianity and observing all the forms of religion, did not possess the same happy confidence and assurance which animated Eru. Shrewd and clear-headed, acknowledging all the good which had been effected for them by the introduction of the Christian religion, he had not yet arrived at that state in which he could appropriate the promises and blessings of the word of God to himself.

Walking by the sea-shore that afternoon, our conversation was upon the wondrous book of God, which, while it raises to transport the minds of the most intellectual, appeals with no less power to the simple-minded Maori, who, speaking in poetry, parable, and simile, finds in it that style of language which is most familiar and endeared to his heart. We talked about the sea, how Jesus walked upon it, and hushed it to a calm; how his disciples lived, as the Maories do, by fishing in it; and how the time shall come when the sea shall give up its dead, and with them all the Maories who, by their custom, are buried in the sand that their bodies may be washed away by the tide. Before we returned to the pah, we knelt down under the shade of an overhanging cliff and engaged together in prayer. Eru prayed, and, as nearly as I can recollect, it was to this effect: "Oh, our great Father, high above the blue

sky, we are under the shadow of the great Rock, which is Christ, and we are glad. We are beside the sea, which is like thy love, and has no end; and we are close upon the shore, and therefore we are full of joy. We speak to thee because we know our prayers rise up like the white clouds off the hills, which go far away upward. We are weeping in our hearts because we do not please thee; we are like the snow upon the mountains, which does not dissolve even when the bright sun shines; but we make our speech to thee because thou canst make our hearts shine brightly, and let our souls be strong. Oh, our great, affectionate Father, bless us all. Amen."

Native prayers, like their epistles, are always poetic, and nature is made a medium for their thoughts. Simple, yet earnest and impassioned in speech, their prayers have a peculiar interest; and when we look a few years into the past, and see some of these people fierce cannibals, imbruing their hands in each other's blood, and living in all the fierceness of barbarity, now changed to the loving, child-like disciples of Christ, kneeling at the foot of his cross, we have a powerful testimony to that glorious religion which alone is "the power of God unto salvation."

In the evening we again assembled together, and discussed the parable of the Good Shepherd. I say "discussed," for the discourse met with so many interruptions in the way of inquiry (which after all is the most effectual and rational mode of learning), that it was impossible to make a sermon. The verse which most rivetted their attention, and upon which the most argument was bestowed was—"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice: and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Before retiring to rest that night we engaged together in prayer and sang a hymn, which was a native composition, and, literally rendered, ran as follows:—

"Our hearts would praise Thy name,
And loud our voices cry
To our great God, who lives above
The glorious starry sky.

We tremble now before thee, Lord,
And here renew our tears;
But thou wilt chase the clouds away,
And banish all our fears.

Oh, shelter us while here below
Beneath thy wings of love,
And bear us on those wings at last
To peaceful lands above."

Thus ended a Sunday with the Maories. It cannot be taken as a type of the day as spent by the whole native population, any more than a Sunday spent in any part of England would represent English worship generally. In some of the European settlements there are native chapels, which are well attended by men, women, and children. There are also native preachers in many parts, who, with the simple eloquence of hearts full of love to Christ, unfold every sabbath day to their brethren who sit in darkness the light of life. In some of the most remote districts there are missionary stations where periodical visits are paid and services held, while in other parts the sabbath is wholly 'disregarded. In the Sunday schools, old and young meet together to receive instruction; and great numbers can now both read and write their own language, into which the Bible has been translated, and has long been a familiar and welcome book.

Unhappily, the recent war has not only cut off many thousands of the natives from the privileges of the gospel, but has exercised upon them a most baneful influence in every way. Casting aside their religious profession, the restraints of civilization, which interfere with the prosecution of their revenge, and the influences

exerted upon them by the missionaries, the Maories are still utter savages when their blood is heated with the evil passions produced by war—not the savages of former times, animated by the lust of cannibalism, but by the combination of most of the worst phases European vice with their old evil practices.

It is yet gratifying to know that there are large numbers of natives who still continue faithfully to observe all the outward forms of religion, and, we trust, practise in truth and sincerity that which they profess.

A SUNDAY AT CHAMOUNI.

AWAKENED early by the ringing of the Roman Catholic church bells, I rose and looked out of the window: it was my first morning in Chamouni. What a scene met my gaze! The morning was most lovely; a few fleecy clouds hung upon the sides and brows of the mountains, some of them draping like a mantle the towering peaks of the aiguilles, whilst the snow-capped summit of Mont Blanc stood out clear and distinct, far above the clouds, reflecting the early rays of the sun with dazzling brightness.

The valley of Chamouni lay before me in all its beauty, watered by the rapid washing of the noisy river Arve; fed by the melting of the snow and ice of the mighty Mer de Glace and other glaciers. No wonder that such a scene as this evoked the poetic fire of Coleridge, and made him exclaim—

“O dread and silent mount! I gazed on thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.”

At eleven o'clock we bent our way to the little English church recently built in the vale of Chamouni, under Mont Blanc. There were about one hundred present, all English save one or two Americans. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. W. Acworth, from Plumstead, London, who happened to be a visitor at Chamouni.

The text of the sermon in the morning was Amos viii. 9, and the object of the preacher was to show the wonders of creation and the wonders of Providence; how the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth everywhere manifests his wisdom and power and love, and especially extends his watchful care over those that know and serve

him. In the afternoon the text was Rom. v. 8: "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly." It was a truly evangelical discourse, calling forth gratitude to God for the interest he takes in the highest happiness of his creatures, as manifested in the scheme of redemption by Jesus Christ. On both occasions the preacher sought to impress on his audience the supreme importance of fellowship with Him whose favour is life, and who is so great and glorious in his works and in his word. The services were altogether most impressive.



In the early evening my companions and I adjourned to the top of the hotel on the outside, for meditation and conversation. Whilst here we frequently heard the deep thundering noise of the avalanche reverberating among the mountains, and once or twice heard, as we thought, the rending asunder of the ice on the glaciers, from the influence of the sun's rays.

The spot, the day, the occasion, the glorious panorama all around, and the fact that we were in a foreign land, tended much to inspire our hearts with holy awe and reverence, and led us to adore that God "who taketh up the isles as a very little thing," and who "weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

Mr. Acworth having from the pulpit invited as many as felt disposed to join him in the evening at the Hotel d'Angleterre, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures, and prayer, at eight o'clock, we attended, and were glad to see that about a fourth of the morning congregation responded to the invitation.

A clergyman present read the third chapter of Acts, after which we had a good deal of conversation on "the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," mentioned in the nineteenth verse, and also on the "times of restitution of all things," as recorded in the twenty-first verse. Having thus spent an hour in interesting and instructive conversation, in which some of the ladies present took a part, an earnest prayer was offered up, and we retired for the night.

It would be well if our countrymen and countrywomen in particular would exhibit a greater regard for the sabbath on the continent than they generally do. The continental people, who pay little if any respect to the sabbath, when they see Englishmen, who are supposed to reverence the sabbath at home, act on the continent on this holy day just as others do, form no very high idea of either the morality or religion of Englishmen. It is to be hoped that all Christian people, at least, who go to the continent, will endeavour to avoid entering into the gaieties of this holy day, and thus give the enemies of the cross no reason to cavil. I am glad to be able to say that, with a few discreditable exceptions, our countrymen in Chamouni on the above Sunday did pay proper and due respect to the Christian sabbath.

SUNDAY IN CANADA.

IN Eastern or Lower Canada, where the manners of the old French population prevail, the observance of the sabbath, as in all popish countries, is very different from what we are accustomed to in this Protestant land. Morning mass over, the sabbath is at an end, so far as any sacredness is concerned. The congregations pouring out from the churches are met at the door by every form of ordinary business, which is pushed more earnestly than on other days, from the chance of customers afforded by the numbers present. Auction sales are very commonly held at the close of the service, immediately in front of the churches, the last words of the priest hardly dying away before the ear is met by the clamours of the public salesman. Sometimes a political meeting varies the excitement; and the habitant passes from the sight of the pulpit to that of the demagogue or the Jesuit on some extemporized rostrum, urging their voting this way or that at some coming local or general election. Private life is no less contrary to our notions of propriety, when the dissipation of the bulk of the sabbath has been compounded for by an hour's attendance at morning prayers. All kinds of junketings and merry-makings are specially kept on that day. The projector of the "Book of Sports," our crafty pedant King James, or his unhappy successor, might have congratulated Laud on the success of their pernicious advices for Sunday pleasures, if Canada East had been the favoured scene of their efforts. Nor is there any hope of an alteration so long as the country remains essentially popish. It is only in those families, happily increasing, who are induced to give up their Romanism through the labours of the missionary societies, that Protestant sabbaths are found.

Among the British population of the Lower province there is, of course, nothing different from our own modes or feelings. In Quebec and Montreal, and in the eastern townships, which are the parts most inhabited by our countrymen, numerous churches, filled with respectful congregations, and the quiet and order of the hours after they have been dismissed, are sufficient to show at once the difference of the religion professed.

It is in the border districts of Canada West that a traveller first sees the Protestant sabbath in anything like a local colouring in its details. Essentially the same in its spirit, there are yet many minor details which arrest the attention by their novelty to one accustomed to the state of society in an older country.

A border church is itself often a curiosity to the stranger. When he leaves the cities and more settled parts, he leaves also the conventional notions of what ecclesiastical buildings should be, and finds himself carried back to a primitive simplicity he could hardly have imagined beforehand.

It is greatly to the credit of our countrymen that as soon as a settlement gets filled up to any extent, they set their hearts on getting some place of worship, and make great efforts to have it respectable in appearance. Men living in rough log houses, the chinks of which are filled up with clay, are rarely contented with a similar structure for public worship: One way or other they try to have the house of God better than their own. As there is very little money in recent settlements, contributions can often be made only in labour, or produce, or materials, the comparatively rich alone being able to give coin. But everything is welcome. A subscription paper is taken round to all interested, the adherents of the various denominations generally joining, with most praiseworthy liberality of feeling, with a tacit understanding that when each has its own place to build, the same spirit will be shown by their neighbours in return. The skeleton of the building is generally raised

by a "bee," which is the local word for a volunteer gathering of all who choose to aid in the task. Then come gifts of lumber, shingle, etc., from those who have them. One man pays his portion by hauling timber from the saw-mill with his oxen, free of charge. The site itself is generally a gift from some farmer or landholder; it being rather an object with some to attract settlers to their property around by the vicinity of a church, while others, who have perhaps been long deprived of facilities for religious services, long to have them within easy reach.

But the first contributions are very rarely, if ever, sufficient, and all the machinery of religious money-raising has to be set in motion to get the amount necessary for the payment of workmen and of the material that must be bought. The deficit in cash is to some extent lengthened by credit; for many of the subscriptions are promised in instalments, running sometimes over several years, and, in the wild new districts, workmen are glad enough to get the promise of money even in this way. Bazaars, soirées, and other "old world" contrivances, furnish as much as possible of what still remains; the goods sold in the one, and the provisions consumed at the others, being provided by the different friends. Many a hard day's work is given by the female part of the congregation and their friends at the needle and the oven, nor can their hearty earnestness in such undertakings be easily over-estimated. How much the women of Canada have done towards building the churches of which it boasts, no one will ever know. All honour to them for their laborious, but cheerful aid.

The outside once built, the next point of ambition is to get the pews; for sometimes the utmost efforts of the neighbourhood end with the erection of the house itself. I remember a very neat chapel in the backwoods, inside of which the only accommodation was afforded by the outside slabs of pine logs, with the bark down, and rough legs, stuck in by very homely artists, at each end, re-

quiring some skill in balancing to keep steady. The pews furnished, next comes the painting the outside, partly for ornament, but partly also to protect the wood. The colour chosen is always white. If money enough can be had after all this for a tinned spire, one forthwith raises itself, to shine bright and dazzling for many a year to come through the openings of the woods. But it is seldom that a bush church can boast of such an ornament. It is only when the country gets pretty well settled that such a thing can be thought of.

How much good is done in the world of which only a few on earth ever hear! What we are in Britain to-day is the result of the trials, and toil, and intellect, and prayers of dead generations. The men who once preached Christianity among the bogs and morasses of ancient England are the true fathers of our present religious state. The unseen heaven works from race to race, till it shows itself in every aspect of society. All honour to the hardy pioneers who make the first inroad on the moral wilderness. It would be impossible to say to which section of the church Canada owes most, nor would it be desirable, if possible, to draw comparisons where all have acted nobly.

A frontier minister has a rough life of it, though the grandeur of the object makes the roughness less regarded. I have known clergymen who rode or drove thirty miles every sabbath day, winter and summer, and preached three times; and the winter, it is to be remembered, is that of British America. What terrible cold have I not known them bear, with roads which want of snow made impassable, except on horseback, and that at a walk. The mud of the "fall" poached into a honeycomb by the feet of horses and oxen, or laid in countless ridges by wheels, gets frozen like a rock when the cold begins; and then, until snow falls and lies, to travel is a trial indeed. What muffling, and casing of the feet, and wrapping of the iron stirrups, I have known before one could face a long ride to a preaching station! A sleigh drive is all very well

to those who like rushing through the air when it is many degrees below zero, but I would at least choose my time. But come what may, the minister is on the road, perhaps the only traveller between the one settlement and the other. In such rude out-stations the places of meeting are very commonly some log houses, in which, in cold weather, the audience gather on chairs, stools, tables, blocks of wood, or possibly on the side of the bed even, as may be practicable. Many is the good sermon preached every sabbath in houses made of rough round logs, the chinks of which are filled with mud. With the great fire blazing in the mud chimney, and the solemn woods, seen from each window, stripped and bare, one realizes how far he is from the homes of his fathers. The congregations are, of course, in thorough backwood fashions—that is, in none. What clothing will, not pass muster in a new township of Canada! Blanket coats, great fur caps, thick mitts, and boots outside the trowsers, mix with traces of old country dress, to which some still cling as most becoming the day.

Some of the patriarchs of the wilderness seem even now before me, as I write. There was Joseph Anderson, a tall, bony Scotchman, with a most loving and godly heart, in whose house I have often preached. With what modest earnestness did he raise, each sabbath, some solemn north country minor tune to lead our singing. He had lost his only son, and it had made him think perhaps more than otherwise he would of the littleness of time, and the greatness of eternity. It may seem a small thing to those who are accustomed to large city congregations that a minister should travel ten or fifteen miles perhaps to preach to some thirty or forty people in such a primitive gathering; but we should remember that Christ preached one of his most fully recorded sermons to a single woman at the well of Samaria, and we know that God looks down, as fondly, and reflects his glory as brightly in one spot as another, as the great sun, which is his noblest image to us in the

material universe, mirrors himself no less radiantly in the lonely pool of the desert than in the broad shining sea.

The tendency of backwood life is not, however, favourable to religious feeling. The hard work of the six days predisposes to idleness on the seventh; and there are numberless excuses at hand in the necessary care of cattle—the driving them out in the morning, and the going for them into the woods at night—which are urged in palliation of the neglect of public worship. The distance of some from any preaching is another fruitful cause of indifference. I have known a man, with his wife and family, settled nine miles from any other person; the only road to his place, for part of the way, being through a path marked on the trees. Then, I fear, a good many of the better educated are more careless than they would be, from the kind of preaching which the perhaps necessary employment of very illiterate agents in some sections gives as their only supply. The various bodies are making most praiseworthy efforts to raise the standard of ministerial education, and the men entrusted with the pulpit are very largely of most respectable abilities and attainments; yet it is not always so, especially where lay agency is employed. Canadian settlers are not all of the class to which their rough houses and homely dress would lead us to suppose them at first sight. Not a few are educated men. I have known a colonel's son dressed as plainly as a labourer, and a gentleman farmer from England who could only be known to be a gentleman from his conversation. Along the edge of one of the western rivers I knew an admiral, a captain, and a post-captain living within ten miles of each other, with the brother of an eminent English judge, who himself had been a midshipman with Captain Marryat,—living half way between.

Bush preaching in winter has its troubles and its pleasures; and summer, while increasing the latter, by no means banishes its own share of the former. I remember a terrific storm, in which a friend

of mine, a clergyman, was out one sabbath afternoon. The road was straight through the bush, and the rain and melted snow and ice of the spring had made the ditch at the side the only practicable part in some portions of it. To thread one's way through such bottomless, universal mud was bad enough. The horse from time to time sank till it was a great effort to extricate his legs, and needed to be watched every moment. In the midst of all, a tornado struck the woods in the line of my friend's journey; and as no one can ride many miles without proofs of danger in high winds, in the sight of huge trees blown right across the road, nothing was left for him but to turn into the bush and push his way through it as best he could, amidst the roar of the storm and crashing of the limbs of the trees. What with lightning, rain, wind, fear, and scratches, my friend got home at night with a most pitiful face of weariness and almost alarm.

One half the world does not know how the other half lives. We in England most assuredly have little idea of a Canadian bush minister's sabbath. If there are any men who deserve honour and respect for self-denying, ill-requited labour for the good of their fellows, it is surely they.

The wide circulation of the British and Foreign Society's Bibles, and of the publications of the Religious Tract Society, through the agency of colporteurs and otherwise, cannot have failed to have had a good effect in providing reading suited for the sabbath. I know various houses where, but for the Tract Society, there would have been no such religious books as I have gladly noticed on their window sills or shelves. We little know how far the influence of any evangelical effort may extend. Remote districts are fertilized by rills which stole down from the hills unnoticed, and the waving verdure of far-off islands of the sea has sprung from stray seeds drifted across oceans to their shores.

A SUNDAY AT SEA, AND ITS RESULT.

WE were on our homeward passage from the Cape of Good Hope. We had already passed St. Helena and Ascension, and crossed the burning line, and were now waiting the first breath of the north-east tradewind to bear us on our homeward way. But we waited patiently and hopefully, for hitherto our voyage had been highly favoured both as regarded winds and moderate weather.

In other respects, too, we had had much cause for thankfulness; for among our fellow passengers some were Christians in more than name, earnest and devoted followers of Him whose ways are those of pleasantness and peace, leading to eternal life. In the long hours of tranquillity untroubled by the world, and surrounded by the mighty works of Him who made heaven and earth and all that in them is, many were the seasons of profitable discourse which we enjoyed.

Our captain was a worldly man, who made no profession of religion; but he expressed respect for the feelings of others, and never in any way interrupted or interfered with our Scripture or sermon readings in the cabin. With the chief mate it was otherwise, for he was a determined scoffer at all religion, and seemed to regard it as his peculiar office to deride those whose hopes were turned towards any other world than that which bounded his regards. He was a man of considerable talent, too, and great powers of satire, but they were all exerted to cast ridicule on those who sought to live up to their profession of Christianity. Added to this, he was a fearful and habitual blasphemer; high and holy names were continually passing his lips, almost mingling with the stream of bad language that was continually pouring from them;

and the consequence of his evil example was plainly seen in the increasing recklessness and hardness of the crew.

While we lay between the tradewinds, we were visited by one of the tremendous squalls frequent in those latitudes. The clouds came rushing up over the bright blue sky, the rain poured down in torrents, the lightning blazed, the thunder roared, the wind swept like a hurricane over the sea, covering it with foam; and every sail had to be lowered to save the vessel's masts. Noble and stately as our ship had looked in harbour, with her massive hull, tall masts and tapering yards, and her sails spread abroad like mighty wings—what a fragile, helpless thing she was there out on the sea among the stupendous works of the Almighty Creator! Truly to none more than to those who go down to the deep in ships is the arm of the Lord revealed. His might was heard in that viewless tempest; his majesty was seen in the mountain billows that lashed and foamed around us, and in the lightning that filled the air; and more than all was seen his mercy and loving-kindness, in that he preserved us through all these threatening dangers, and permitted our frail bark to ride in safety through the gale.

In little more than an hour the storm had passed as suddenly as it had come; the sea and wind sank again to rest, the sky cleared, and the sun shone out on our steaming deck. Immediately afterwards we perceived a strange vessel which had been driven by the storm into our neighbourhood. A ship at sea is like a friend on land, and the stranger lost no time in lowering a boat and communicating with us.

Among our visitors was a missionary on his way to New Zealand. When he came on board our vessel, it was Saturday evening, and he earnestly entreated that, if the vessels should still be together on the morrow, he might be permitted, when the service for his own vessel was concluded, to come on board ours and hold

another for the benefit of our crew and passengers. To the satisfaction of the greater number of the latter, this permission was readily accorded by the captain; and when the next morning broke, and showed the stranger still close at hand, not a little was the stir on board our vessel at the prospect of such an unusual Sunday at sea. With many of the passengers it was an emotion of pleasure at the unexpected opportunity of hearing the word; with the crew wonder and excitement were mingled at the novelty of the occurrence; while to the mate the whole was a fruitful subject for jest and sarcasm.

At length the appointed hour came, and the little congregation were assembled on the quarter-deck beneath the awning; and all eyes were fixed on the pale grave face of the missionary, whose zeal to be about his Master's work had brought him among us. The passengers were placed furthest aft, and then stood the sailors, clean and neatly dressed, and listening with grave attention to the prayers that were humbly offered up to the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, to the passages read from his word, and to the hymns of praise and thanksgiving spreading afar over the tranquil ocean. When they were finished, the preacher paused for a moment, and looked earnestly round on his hearers, and then with expressive energy the words of the Divine command came from his lips—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

As this terrible denunciation of a sin so common among seamen met their ears, a faint murmur passed along the crew for a moment, but they were soon quiet and calm as before—all save the mate, whose hands clenched tightly the little straw hat he held. Each sailor hearkened with increased earnestness while the missionary briefly, yet forcibly and eloquently, went on to speak of how fearful a treasure of wrath they were laying up for themselves

who dared to utter with irreverent lips the name of the Almighty God, the Maker of all things visible and invisible. He reminded them how unsuitable it was that man, who was the work of God's hands, whose very breath was his gift, as were his health and strength and happiness, should raise up the voice that God had bestowed on him to speak indifferently, far less profanely, of his Almighty Creator, to whose mercy and long-suffering some there perhaps owed it that instant judgment had not fallen upon them, as it had done upon many, in the very act of committing the sin in question. He bade such remember that, though they had escaped such judgment, it was not because they deserved it less, but because of the loving-kindness of the Lord, who desireth not the death of a sinner. And then, warning them of the eternal misery that follows sin, he entreated them to repent while it was yet time, and to turn to Him who invites the chief of sinners to come to him and live.

When the clergyman, in conclusion, prayed that the words we had heard that day outwardly with our ears might be grafted inwardly in our hearts, more than one stiffened knee, that had not been bent to God since its childhood, was pressed upon the deck; and first and humblest of all knelt the scoffer. Then the crew respectfully retired, and after a short conversation, concluded by a mutual "God speed," the missionary left us to return to his own ship. At the gangway he was stopped by the mate, and there a long and earnest conference took place. What passed none knew; but ere they parted, the clergyman took a book from his bosom, and presented it to his companion.

The next day the ship was out of sight, bearing on his way that devoted missionary; but the influence of his visit was still with us in the amended conduct of our crew, for they were grave and sedate, and the air was no longer tainted with profane or blasphemous language. But the good seed had fallen upon stony ground, and because of the hardness of their hearts it withered

away. In a few days their evil habits began to reappear. They were now, however, quickly checked by one who in former days had been their leader in all ungodliness. Each day did the mate's serious impressions appear to deepen, and the clergyman's book was his constant companion: whenever not hindered by duty, he was at some of our meetings for reading the Scriptures, which he used formerly to deride; and in the silent night watches he would pace the deck for hours in deep converse with one of the passengers, one who, though not a teacher by profession, was well fitted to aid an anxious inquirer after the way to God. The terror concerning his soul that the mate had formerly affected, now in reality took possession of him; and, like the publican in the parable, he stood afar off, beating his breast, and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And it pleased Him who, though we be tied and bound by the chain of our sins, yet doth of the pitifulness of his great mercy loose us, to hearken unto his humble petition, and to shed abroad that blessed light in his heart which brought him a true believer and earnest suppliant to the foot of the cross, trusting for the remission of his manifold sins to the blood of the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world.

Even in this floating speck upon the waters, the mate did not escape the usual jeers levelled against those who turn to God. The captain and second mate were never weary of jesting at his sudden piety; and even the sailors, as far as they dared, met his reprimands by reminders of how short a time it was since he had been worse than themselves. They did not know that the consciousness that he had helped to lead them into evil was ever present to his mind, and was the subject of his deepest regret. But instead of turning him from it, all their sarcasms seemed only to make dearer to him the way of life which he had chosen.

Meanwhile, we were advancing on our homeward voyage. The tropics, with their sunny skies and steady tradewinds, were passed,

and we were on the North Atlantic, exposed to its cold atmosphere, varying winds, and foaming waves. After passing the Azores, too, we encountered a succession of gales, accompanied by rain, from which our crew, so long accustomed to warm weather, suffered greatly, many of them being scarcely able to work. But the mate—a healthy man in the prime of life—did not suffer at all, and the incapacity of others left him many duties to perform in addition to his own; still he found occasional half hours to peruse the missionary's gift, or to converse with his Christian friend.

One day the weather moderated; and the captain, after taking the sun's altitude and consulting his chart, announced to us that he expected that evening to pass, at furthest, within five miles of a group of sunken rocks. He could not apparently tell more exactly, owing to the length of time we had been at sea having rendered the chronometers somewhat irregular, while the bad weather prevented the possibility of correcting them by lunar observation. The same uncertainty prevented his altering the vessel's course, as, by so doing he might rush on the very danger he sought to avoid; therefore he resolved to trust all to "chance," as he called it, contenting himself with placing men on every side to look out for the foam that would be an indication of the vicinity of the rocks.

The day passed over our heads well nigh as tranquilly as usual, for we had something better to trust to than the captain's "chance" in the Divine Providence, and the loving-kindness of our God. Even when with the declining day the wind rose and blew with hourly increasing violence, covering the sea with long ridges of foam, the same comforting remembrance was with us. Towards evening the mate came down below, and joined in a little devotional meeting that was held. He then returned to his station on deck for the gale still continued to increase; and when, a few minutes after, we retired to our cabins, we heard his voice above the howling of the wind cheerfully calling to the men to closely reef one of

the sails—the only one we had spread—to steady the ship. This order was followed by the echoing tread of the crew along the deck. Then came the clamour of lowering the sail to reef it, followed by an increased motion of the vessel; and then but a short while after came a hasty step down the companion stairs, and a hurried voice addressed the captain, saying—

“A man overboard, sir!”

“Who?” was the anxious inquiry.

“We don’t know yet, but some one fell from the yard-arm.”

Never, most probably, will any one who heard that terrible announcement forget the horror with which we were filled, at the thought that one whose lot had been cast with us for so many weeks should have been so suddenly and fatally torn away. Was it all right with his soul?

Not many minutes passed ere we learned who had so suddenly departed. It was the mate—he who at first had striven so hard to annoy us; it was the newly awakened soul which God had mercifully brought to a knowledge of the truth ere he called it hence. Much as we regretted the mate’s death, we were thus comforted and consoled.

For two days more the storm howled around us, and the waves beat upon our deck, but no more casualties occurred among our crew, who moved about the ship quiet and awe-stricken; for greatly as they had jeered at the mate’s conversion, they yet felt for him a regret mingled with deep respect, such as they would never have felt had he died the ungodly being he once had lived.

Now that the mate was no more, the words he had in vain endeavoured to restrain when living were heard no more from the men; but whether it was merely a temporary respect to his memory, or whether the sight of his sudden fate had brought before them the necessity of preparation for another world, I know not, for in little more than a week we had taken leave of all, and

were safely landed on our native shore, giving humble and hearty thanks for our manifold preservations from danger to the Lord that commandeth the waters and sitteth above the water-floods. The lessons this incident communicates as to the importance of seeking God at once, when he invites us to come unto him, are obvious. No less encouraging is it to all, like the pious missionary, to sow the word in season and out of season.

A SUNDAY ON THE NILE.

ONE Saturday, while sailing up the Nile, I had reminded the captain of our little two-masted vessel, that all the next day we must stop, according to an arrangement we had always abided by. The reis, accordingly, urged the sailors to increased exertions, so that we might reach a village on Saturday night. He ordered twelve of the crew to tow the vessel by a long rope from the shore, and in this way we slowly ascended the river, until it was quite dark, and the men were very tired. Suddenly a loud shriek was heard, and a gang of about twenty robbers rushed from behind some reeds, cut the towing rope, and seizing upon the sailors, began to tie their hands, so that the banditti might rob the vessel without hindrance. After a good deal of firing on both sides, the robbers decamped. Such an attack, I may observe, seldom happens if the banditti are aware that the travellers are English.

How peaceful and joyous, after all this disturbance of the night, did the early beams of a Sunday's sun arise next day! Without moving my head on the pillow, I could see the sculptured tombs near Keneh. It is in one of these that Joseph's servants are supposed to have been buried; and I noticed among the pictures on the white-rock wall of the tomb, a procession of Jews, with two little children and a donkey, marching into the presence of a prince. Whenever the Jews are sketched in Egypt, they are found clothed in long robes, and their countenances are really very like those of the Jews one sees in England.

I got up at seven o'clock, and found all the flags hoisted on our masts; for as we had allowed the reis to dress the vessel on *his* Sunday (the Mohammedans keep the sabbath day on Friday), he lent his flags in addition to ours for the *real* Sunday. The crew, I



noticed, appreciated the day's rest, and worked harder than usual for the rest of the week. They also, every one, went through their ignorant devotions in the open air, after having first washed in the river, and spread out a carpet on the deck. The captain sometimes asked me to point out by compass the precise position of Mecca (the town towards which they turn when praying), for as we proceeded on our voyage we gradually passed this "sacred" spot, and at last left it far behind. Ah! how naturally does the carnal heart rob the Lord of his glory, and vainly try to make him more comprehensible by assigning places and times in which he is to be found, whereas "his ears are *ever* open," and "his eyes are in *every* place."

After morning worship, I took a walk along those solitary banks, so unlike the banks of any other river. There was the quaint-looking pelican floating down the stream, its pouched throat distended with fish. This seemed to be a more serviceable species of the bird than the "pelican of the wilderness" to which David compares himself. White eagles and storks were on all sides, and the buffalo bird was very common, being always found close to a great black buffalo. This bird catches the flies buzzing round the animal's nose; and in return for this good office, the buffalo protects its feathered friend. Even from these instincts men may learn a lesson of the advantage of mutual kindness.

Far away in the distance I saw a little red fluttering thing, which, as I came nearer, turned out to be an English flag, denoting another boat with British travellers.

There were four Scotchmen on board, and the boat was quietly moored during the sacred day of rest. I joined them at their morning prayers, and they gave me afterwards some little books, which were very acceptable to one who had been seven months absent from home.

I could not hear of any other out of the eighty boats which

ascended the Nile that year with travellers, having esteemed the privilege of the day of rest as precious, and the day of the Lord as "honourable." I fear that very few of the English who travel in Egypt pay the homage even of outward respect to the Christian sabbath.

In returning to breakfast, I passed a funeral, with a long procession of women, tearing their hair and loudly shrieking. Death must be a cold, grim enemy to those who "have no hope," that is, no well-grounded hope, of "a blessed resurrection." In proportion to our faith in Christ will be our union with him; and it is a life-giving union, which causes the soul to live in this world, and both body and soul to live together in heaven.

The Egyptians of old carried their dead across the river to bury them, so that nearly all the tombs are on that side of the Nile opposite to the towns they belong to. What a wonderful amount of trouble they took about their mouldering bodies, both when living and dead! They were rolled up with costly spices, enclosed in priceless coffins, and carried far away, to be buried in deeply excavated tombs, which it must have taken many years to prepare and decorate! Yet how little attention did the never-dying soul receive, while the contemptible body was thus treated! Surely these mummies of Egypt (and we can see, as my readers are well aware, some of them in the British Museum) ought to speak to us even in their silence, saying, "Attend, O Christian, to thy soul, for the body withers as the grass; and it is the soul which is to be judged for the deeds done in the body." This custom of embalming bodies was used, we know from Scripture, in the case of Jacob and Joseph. It seems also to have been employed in the time of our Saviour; for the women who came to his tomb on the first bright Lord's day morning, brought spices; but they were told, "He is not here; he is risen." The Lord is before us, even very early on his own day.

Soon I came upon a black Nubian, who was laboriously irrigating his master's fields with water raised from the Nile by the "shadoof," consisting of a pool or lever, balanced with a ball of clay at one end, and a leather bucket at the other. This, and the "Persian wheel," driven by asses, are the only machines used for raising the necessary supplies of water from the Nile. An enormous amount of labour is spent in irrigation, for in these parts rain seldom, if ever, falls, and the Nile flows for 1200 miles without one single tributary stream; so that the crops are entirely dependent upon the periodical overflows of the river, and the water supplied artificially during the rest of the season.

From the top of the machine, the stream flowed to the various plots of ground along little channels; and when enough had gone along one or other of these, the husbandman closed the channel by pressing the earth with his foot, at the same time opening another by similar means. Probably this was so in Moses' days; for we find God telling his people that in Palestine they would not find it needful to water with the foot, but that streams from the mountains there refreshed the soil. (Deut. xi. 10, 11.)

I much felt, on this occasion, the want of a regular assembly with which to join and worship God in public, just as the parched land wants its accustomed showers. However, the private reading, prayer, and meditation which a traveller can enjoy on a quiet Sunday, although only a very imperfect substitute for his "going up with the great congregation," may yet be like the channel carrying the Nile water; for it is the grace conveyed by the ordinance which is really valuable, and, without this, the means must be only an empty vessel.

Here I came upon the islands where crocodiles abound. These dreadful animals are not met with until you have ascended the river nearly four hundred miles, where there are the ruins still existing of an ancient town, named Crocodilopolis, the inhabitants

of which worshipped the scaly monster as a god in bye-gone days. More than twenty thousand carcasses of crocodiles are embalmed and buried in huge subterranean caves near this place. I descended one day into one of these sepulchres with great difficulty, and found a mass of preserved bodies, each of them wrapped in matting made of palm-leaves, and piled one on another, to the depth of perhaps thirty feet. One of these leviathans had just been captured when I came to the town of Siout, which is said to be the place where the Saviour resided in Egypt, when Joseph "took the young child and his mother" from the territory of the cruel Herod. Before he was captured, this crocodile had killed three men by a stroke of his tail, reminding us of the description in Job, "He moveth his tail like a cedar." Job xl. 17. The skin of the crocodile resists a musket-ball, and I often observed bullets glance off his sides harmlessly. "He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee; sling stones are turned with him into stubble; darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of the spear." Job xli. 27—29.

Even on this Sunday, travellers from various boats were hunting the crocodiles; but only five were secured during the whole season, of which I killed three, and singularly enough, always on Mondays. In the stomach of one of these was about a pint of pebbles, and amongst them a leaden bullet. "His heart is as firm as a stone, yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone." Job xli. 24.

At the above-mentioned town of Siout, I met a young Egyptian, who had been converted to God and instructed by the English missionaries at Cairo. He had set up a small school, where I found a number of children reading the Scriptures.

In early times, a number of persecuted Christians lived and died in the ruined towns of Egypt. On one of the walls of a tomb at Thebes, I saw some inscriptions, written in black chalk by these

suffering Christians. There was a rude picture, drawn by some trembling hand, representing a disciple of the Lord praying in a standing posture, with hands stretched out. This appears to have been the usual manner of prayer amongst the first followers of Jesus; and often you may see it represented in the dark cells of the catacombs at Rome, where whole families lived underground, and were slain by the ruthless Roman emperors whenever the people clamoured for a victim. How forcibly these things recall to us the pathetic description which St. Paul gives of God's persecuted people: "They wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth" (Héb. xi. 38); and then his tribute of praise—"Of whom the world was not worthy;" to which he adds, "God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

A SABBATH AT PATMOS.

"It has not happened," writes Dr. Halley of Manchester, "to many ministers to spend a sabbath on the coast of Patmos. Probably none ever spent it there in circumstances so favourable as those in which I and my companion, Dr. Raffles, spent the 28th of May. The sky so clear, the sea so calm, the weather so fine, the ship's company so quiet—all things around combined with the hallowed time and place to make that interesting and delightful day ever memorable. It was 'good for me to be there.' Near 'the isle that is called Patmos, I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.'

"My mind had been in some degree prepared for hallowed impressions by the events of the few preceding days. Having left Constantinople, where we heard of little else than wars and rumours of wars, and passed through the Dardanelles, in sight of the French encampment at Gallipoli, and the green tents of the Turkish soldiery, wondering 'whereunto these things would lead,' we came through the strait between the island of Tenedos and the plains of Troy. Although, as it may be supposed, with the tumuli called the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus in sight, my first thoughts were of 'the tale of Troy divine,' the train of thought was soon directed towards a more sacred object. I saw Paul, excluded from Bithynia, Mysia, and Asia, led by the Spirit to Troas. But why, I inquired, could he not have seen the vision of the man of Macedonia as well in Mysia, where the sea voyage would have been shorter, or in Asia, in whose busy harbours were so many ships, as on the plains of Troas? To this inquiry I think I found the answer on the spot. Along that coast, by far the most striking

object is the lofty height of Samothrace, rising like a dark cloud directly over the island of Imbros, and forming with its bright and sunny hills a very remarkable contrast. No one can pass along that coast without being struck with the appearance. But that lofty island was the first European land which the apostle had ever seen. I thought of him, as walking on the shore before me, perhaps as the sun was setting behind the rugged mountain of Samothrace, feeling an earnest desire to preach the gospel to the people of Europe. 'And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, Come over and help us.' Did not that man appear standing on the mountain, the only part of Europe which the apostle had ever seen? 'Therefore loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothrace;' went direct to the island he had seen or the coast of Troas, and probably had seen in the vision.

"But, be that as it may, I was so much impressed with the thought, as to be unable to divest myself of its influence. I became a companion of the apostle in his subsequent voyage on that coast. 'We went before to ship and sailed unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul, for so had he appointed, minding himself to go on foot.' Sailing on the track of his companions, I thought of Paul walking across the cape which we were doubling. Passing the ruins of Assos, of which much of the amphitheatre remains in good preservation, I could realize the scene, 'And when he met with us at Assos, we took him in and came to Mitylene.' We passed Mitylene in the evening, and spent the night in the magnificent bay of Smyrna. Having left Smyrna on Saturday evening, I rose early on sabbath morning, as the sun was rising over the island of Chios. Before me, on the left, was Samos, and behind it the high land of the Asiatic promontory, which denoted the situation of ancient Trogyllium on one side, and the ruins of Miletus on the other. 'We sailed thence, and came the next day over against

Chios; and the next day we arrived at Samos, and tarried at Trogyllium; and the next day we came to Miletus.' These associations with St. Paul were strengthened by the fact, that we also were going 'with a straight course unto Coos, and the day following unto Rhodes.'

"But I inquired of the officer on deck, 'When shall we see Patmos?' 'As soon as we pass that headland,' said he, pointing to the extremity of the island of Nicaria. After breakfast, Patmos was clear and full in view on the larboard bow—a bleak and rugged island, with a precipitous coast, and peaks rising to a considerable height.

"We had previously arranged with the captain to have morning service at half-past ten o'clock, at which time we were just opposite the north end of the island. Had we known the exact course we could not have fixed the time more appropriately. During the service we were passing the ten miles of its rocky side. The town, strangely built around the monastery of St. John's, which crowns the summit of a lofty hill, was distinctly in view. Not a ripple was on the sea, nor a breeze in the air, nor a cloud in the sky, nor a sail on the water. We worshipped God, 'on the Lord's day,' with nothing earthly but Patmos in sight. The ship's crew came in their Sunday clothes with their Bibles in their hands, and sat attentively under the awning. Two Greek passengers joined in our devotions. Even the Turks, of whom about twenty were on board—pilgrims to Mecca—looked with apparent interest upon the island and upon our congregation. Dr. Raffles read the morning service of the church of England. The captain said the responses. If ever 'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day,' it was on that memorable occasion. Although I had intended to speak from another passage, no text seemed so appropriate as Revelation i. 9: "I John, who am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is

called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.' After directing the attention of the audience to the exile of the apostle to the rocky island on my right hand, I preached the gospel by explaining 'the testimony of Jesus Christ,' and exhorted the sailors, if ever they again passed the isle of Patmos, to associate with it 'the testimony' which was that day delivered unto them. Although the town on the hill before them might perish, like the old popular cities which once flourished on the neighbouring continent of Asia, yet the rock would remain, it might be, a witness against them on a future day.

"The remainder of that Lord's day, until Patmos faded like a shadow in the distance, was spent in thinking of that glorious revelation which Jesus there made to his servant John."



ST. JOHN'S BAY, ISLE OF PATMOS.

A SUNDAY IN THE VALLÉE DES ORMONDS.

"A true and noble-hearted race are they
Who dwell in Ormond's upland vale;
Free as the chamois on their mountain's side!
Firm as the rocks which hem their valley in!
They keep the faith for which their fathers fought:
They fear their God, nor fear they aught beside."

WE had been passing a few days at the Hôtel Byron, a large and pleasantly situated hotel and *pension* at the N.E. extremity of the Lake of Geneva. Very lovely is the position of this hotel, having outspread far before it the azure expanse of Lake Lemman, bounded on the south by the stern and rugged range of the Savoy Alps, while on the sunny slopes of its northern banks are rich vineyards and pleasant villages, bearing a homelike aspect, which has its peculiar charm to an English eye. At a little distance, on the right side of the lake, stands the castle of Chillon, whose towers, so rich in poetic and historic fame, are softly mirrored in the lake which encircles its walls, and beneath the surface of which its dungeons are partially buried. A picturesque range of hills rise protectingly on the northern side of the Hôtel Byron, while on its east is the narrow valley of the Rhone, whose blue waters may be seen at a little distance, mingling their current with the more placid waters of the lake.

During the summer season, the Hôtel Byron, being from its position a sort of resting place between Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy, is usually thronged with guests. While we were there, fifty or sixty people met daily in the same spacious saloon, at breakfast, dinner, and tea. They were chiefly Russians, Americans, Swiss, and English. It was a varied, animated scene, full of interest to the intelligent observer; and yet we were not sorry to find our-

selves in a stiller atmosphere of life as we entered the valley of the Rhone on a sunny morning in September, 1852, when we set out to visit Sepey, an alpine pastoral village in the Vallée des Ormonds, or, as it is called in the older dialect of the country, the "Pays d'en Haut Romand;" a region of pastoral beauty and stern magnificence, whose sons are famed alike for their hardihood in the chase and for their steadfast adherence to the Protestant faith.

Our road lay through a succession of green fields, thickly enamelled with the blossoms of the autumnal crocus, and overshadowed by noble chestnut trees, as well as by other fruit-trees of a smaller growth, while on either side of us the valley was bounded by rocks and crags and mountains. An hour's drive brought us to the small town of Aigle, near which we turned abruptly to our left, and plunged into the heart of the mountains. Our road* overhung a deep narrow gorge, along whose base rushed the rapid torrent of les Grandes Eaux. Our carriage was a light britska, drawn by a pair of stout active horses; yet we won our way but slowly onwards, so steep was the ascent to Sepey, which stands about three thousand feet higher than the valley of the Rhone. Our road was cut out of the dark granite rock, whose massive overhanging piles sometimes darkened our way, and sometimes more fearfully rested in huge fragments on the side of the mountain which rose abruptly above us; those disjointed masses being apparently held together

* This road, which, as regards its excellence and the difficulties overcome in its formation, is considered as superior even to the Simplon, was commenced about eighteen years ago by the Swiss government, with the intention of connecting the great Simplon road with that to Thun and Interlachen through the Vallée des Ormonds; but at the time of our visit it was completed only as far as Sepey, a distance of seven miles or thereabouts. Many causes are assigned for the abortion of the original design; but it is averred by the mountaineers that the present radical and liberal government—terms which, in Switzerland, we regret to say, are equivalent to infidelity and ungodliness—refuses to gratify them by its completion, because of their steadfast adherence to the Protestant faith.

by no firmer band than the interlaced roots of the blue campanula or the trailing branches of the alpine rose, whose large red berries hung in glowing clusters upon the rocks.

As we rose higher and higher by the sharp* zigzag road which is cut out of the face of the cliff, more dizzy grew the precipice along whose edge we were slowly creeping, and in some parts of the road it required no ordinary firmness of nerve and steadiness of head to glance downwards upon the rushing torrent of les Grandes Eaux, as it went leaping and foaming down the gorge with joyous impetuosity, as if it delighted in surmounting all the obstacles which impeded its course towards that calm and peaceful bed which awaited it in the valley below. How often, during our brief journey to Sepey, did this mountain river present itself to us as a type of higher and more enduring life !

The alpine range by which the gorge was hemmed in upon the other side of les Grandes Eaux was far more raised, as well as more softened, in its picturesque beauty, than that along whose precipitous side our road had been so skilfully engineered. Belts of green pasturage, dotted with cattle, were intermingled with dark pine forests and tall grey rocks, adown whose sides waved many a line of liquid light, gleaming and foaming as it fell ; while here and there nestled far above, in some nook of verdure, a rustic *chalet*, seemingly hemmed in by jutting crags, so that one wondered how its inhabitants contrived to reach their mountain homes.

On turning an abrupt angle of the road, we found ourselves in the immediate presence of a cataract, which came rushing and roaring down from the summit of the mountain, forcing its way amid scattered clumps of pine-trees and huge masses of granite. Its tumultuous course was spanned by a single arch, across which lay our road. It was a moment of mingled awe and wonder, when we found ourselves suspended midway between the dark and foaming torrent which sped its way with passionate impetuosity above

our heads and beneath our feet. We breathed more freely when the passage of the bridge had been effected.

A few minutes more, and another turn in the road brought to our view a scene not less striking, but of a far different order of beauty. In the very heart of the mountains appeared one of those upland pastoral valleys which are so peculiarly characteristic of Swiss scenery. It might perhaps best be described as a wide-spreading lap of verdure reposing peacefully amid all the loftier grandeur of the encircling Alps; some of them dark, stern, and desolate; some crowned with snow; and some thickly covered with pine forests: but all alike contrasting strongly with the soft swelling beauty of the vale beneath, whose pastures were of the most vivid green; while on each undulating slope rested some pretty *châlet*, around which might be perceived herds of grazing cattle, and occasional groups of peasantry, whose quaint costume harmonized admirably with the primitive scenes amid which they dwelt. Towards the upper end of the valley appeared the village of Sepey, scattered along the banks of a mountain stream, which seemed to breathe forth life and melody in its sunny course through the vale.

Our road for a little while skirted the southern boundary of the valley, consisting of a copse-covered hill, whose brow was crowned by the village church—a simple, unpretending building it was, but sacred to those who love every memorial of a pure and scriptural faith, honestly maintained by those who believe in it.

Sepey is a straggling village, composed entirely of wooden *châlets*, which, with their overhanging roofs, their covered galleries, and their carved gables, are most primitive and picturesque in aspect. Many of the gabled fronts are adorned with texts of Scripture, verses, and prayers, carved and painted in divers bright colours. The *Etoile Hotel* and *Pension*, at which we remained for a few days, was of the same homely class as the other village

dwellings. The cost of board and lodging there was at the rate of 3 francs, or 2s. 6d. a day—a charge so moderate as to surprise us, until we had learned by experience the nature of the entertainment to be expected there, when we decided that it was quite enough in proportion to the price of other *pensions* of a superior class in Switzerland. Forgetting, however, as far as possible, the vulgar necessities of eating and drinking, and the unsatisfactory way in which these wants are supplied here, we thoroughly enjoyed the charm as well as the novelty of our position in this far-famed valley of les Ormonds—a name belonging alike to this upland vale and to the lower tract of country, through which flow les Grandes Eaux, and which is designated as the Lower Ormonds. Our view from the rude wooden gallery, which served as our *salon*, was one which stamped itself upon the heart and mind with a vividness never to be effaced. The peaceful, pastoral foreground, with its swelling mounds of verdure, its bright rapid stream, its quaint *châlets*, its pretty cattle, with their bells ringing out clearly in the evening air, and the peasantry lingering on their homeward way in cheerful conversation—the whole scene, so full of homely yet picturesque beauty, standing out in bold relief against a panoramic range of Alps—“mountain upon mountain piled,” with their snowy peaks, dark fantastic crags, sombre forests, and gleaming waterfalls; such were the objects on which we sat gazing until the shadows of evening fell upon the landscape, imparting to it a stiller and more solemn beauty.

Next morning came the day of rest, God's own day; and we were glad to have the opportunity of passing it among those who are regarded in Switzerland as the truest and most fervent professors of the Protestant faith. It was communion Sunday; and this sacrament being celebrated but four times a year—at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and at the conclusion of harvest—it is, as in Scotland, the occasion of much gathering together of the people

from distant parts of the neighbourhood. Divine service was not to begin until ten o'clock, but it was still early in the morning when we observed groups of people approaching from all sides of the country. Along every mountain path and through every opening gorge might be seen, advancing at intervals, some family of peasants: the aged white-haired man resting on his staff, and the youth whose lofty brow and upright manliness spoke alike of firmness and of daring; the staid-looking matron, and the young girl just emerged from childhood—all were hastening to the house of God. The many paths thus dotted with peasantry all converged to the village of Sepey, from whence an upland road led to the village church, which lay at about a quarter of a mile distant. We mingled with the ascending throng, and, on emerging from a pretty copse-like wood, saw before us the dark grey tower of the church, which stood on the sloping brow of the hill, surrounded by the silent resting places of the dead. No sculptured tombs were there; but many nameless green mounds, and a few distinguished by a wooden head-rail, whereon were carved the name and age of the deceased.

Divided from the churchyard only by a narrow rudely paved road stood the parsonage, a large wooden *châlet* of the same class as the superior ones in the village. It was placed between a small paddock and a garden, wherein flowers and vegetables grew together in friendly neighbourhood. A few old men sat talking on a long wooden bench outside the roofed gate-way of the churchyard; but most of the congregation were hastening within the walls of the church; so we followed them, and found the building—a tolerably large one—already thronged with people. Being motioned by some peasant woman to a vacant bench, we seated ourselves there; but as it became evident to us, a moment or two after, that these places had been reserved for two ladies who had just entered the church, we begged to relinquish them to their rightful occupants. They, however, with graceful courtesy insisted on our re-

maining where we were, and chairs were brought to them from the parsonage. One of these ladies, a very pleasing young woman, was the pastor's wife, and the other his sister.

Several minutes elapsed before the beginning of the service, so we had full leisure to contemplate the scene around us. At the right side of the church stood, close to the wall, an elevated pulpit, beside which was placed an hourglass—the relic, doubtless, of those olden times when sermons were wont to be meted out in their several parts by the falling sands of time. Beneath it, in the centre of the church, stood the communion table; and near it were the seats for the elders, fashioned like stalls, while the other seats were merely open benches with backs like those in many of our modern English churches. All the seats were placed so as to face the communion table and the pulpit. Every available spot was closely crowded with people, the men and women being seated at different sides of the church: but the men were in a great majority on this occasion, for neither in the chancel nor galleries was a woman to be seen.

Perfect stillness pervaded this dense mass of human beings. A primitive, noble looking race they were: the men, earnest, thoughtful, intelligent looking beings, tall in stature, and resolute in aspect, looking as if they could not only dare, but also suffer for their faith. Their clothing was of dark homespun cloth, cut in long square-fashioned habiliments. The women, young and old, were clad in dark dresses, over which were carefully folded and pinned large silk handkerchiefs or shawls of green or dark blue silk, bordered with some gayer colour; while on their heads they all wore *toques* of black silk or velvet, trimmed with broad frills of black lace. Not a single bonneted female was to be seen in the congregation, except the pastor's wife and sister, and the ladies of our own party.

A sad looking clerk, with a black garment hanging down from his shoulders behind, having entered the pulpit, read aloud a

chapter in the Bible, and then gave out a hymn, which was sung with hearty vehemence by the whole congregation. This concluded, the pastor, a grave, intelligent looking young man, ascended the pulpit, and repeated with solemnity and fervour some excellent prayers out of the Swiss Vaudois prayer-book. The congregation stood up, but seemed rather to listen to than to unite in their pastor's prayers: they did not even join in the "Amen" which terminated each of his supplications. Another hymn followed; and then the pastor opened his Bible and gave out as his text that solemn and heart-stirring declaration of the God of Israel to his rebellious people: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" After comparing God's yearning over sinners to the feelings of a tender mother, who seeing her children advancing blindly or recklessly to the edge of a precipice, entreats them to turn away from it, the pastor besought his hearers not to *speculate* about the mystery of God's willing our salvation, and yet that we must will it too. "We are," said he, "in a house on flames. The way is open to escape. God would save you. Do not wait to reason; but enter at once into the plan of his boundless mercy and compassion, as revealed in Christ Jesus." Every eye was riveted on the preacher as he expounded a message so full of awe and of mercy. It is not our intention to give an abstract of the sermon; but we would fain allude to an illustration, which seemed to us equally striking and original, and which was listened to with intense interest by the people. The pastor, when speaking of the nature and the origin of sin, drew an analogical comparison between the material and spiritual worlds and the laws imposed on each of them, and showed how inevitably discord and disorder would arise in the former, if the laws which have been impressed upon every atom of the

universe were to be neglected or laid aside; how, if even for a single moment, the sun, moon, and stars could or would depart from the laws assigned to them, and pursue their own devious course, a ruined and chaotic universe would be the consequence. "But," said he, "they being the slaves of God's law are obedient to it; whereas man, being made free, departed from it, and thus brought discord and ruin into the spiritual world." During the sermon, he gave utterance to two or three brief petitions for the people, and it was curious to see how instantaneously every head was uncovered (for many had put on their hats at the conclusion of the devotions), and how rapidly the hats were replaced as soon as the pastor's "Amen" had been uttered. It seemed as though, in proportion to their independence of outward things, they were careful to express their reverence towards a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

The sermon over, the pastor repeated the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments, together with the brief summary of them given by our Lord in the New Testament. He then read aloud, in a most earnest, impressive manner, an address to the people on the origin and meaning of the Lord's Supper, with a solemn excommunication of all those who through wilful sin or unbelief were not worthy to partake of it. At the conclusion of the address the pastor sat down. There was a deep silence in the church.

We expected, after so solemn a warning, that a large proportion of the congregation would depart; but all remained still and motionless in their places. After a few moments' pause the pastor left the pulpit, and placing himself at one end of the communion table, blessed the bread and wine which were placed before him. He then called over three elders, grave, noble-looking old men, bearing in their hands a flagon and two chalices, and gave them authority to present the wine to the communicants.

He himself remained standing at the north end of the table, with a large salver in his hands, piled up with bread; while at the other end stood the three elders, two of them holding the chalices, and the other a flagon of wine. A few words were then spoken by the pastor, exhorting the people to listen reverently to God's word; whereon the clerk resumed his place in the pulpit and read aloud in a monotonous tone several of the concluding chapters of St. John's Gospel, with a commentary on the same, which, alternating with the singing of hymns, continued during the celebration of the communion.

Meanwhile, the men began to move from their places, and advancing in close but orderly procession, approached the pastor, who handed to each a bit of bread, which was received with a bow; and passing on in front of the table, the wine was presented to them by the two elders. The communicants returned to their seats by another way, so that during the space of two hours or thereabouts there was a ceaseless flow of people, moving on rapidly, yet gravely, throughout the church. The pastor stood perfectly silent the whole time; but his eye was fixed steadily on each communicant as he approached, and the expression of that eye often bespoke sorrow or reproof more eloquently than if his lips had uttered those feelings aloud.* When all the men in the

* On inquiring of an excellent pastor at Geneva, whether it was common in Switzerland for a whole congregation thus to partake of the Lord's supper, he replied in the affirmative; adding that, unhappily, this sacrament was too often regarded by Swiss Protestants merely as a political test, and a proof of their protestantism; so that, in some of the cantons, it became almost a disgrace not to communicate on the four festivals appointed by the Swiss church. By way of illustrating this fact, he mentioned a curious anecdote of a criminal whom he had visited in prison previous to his execution, and in whom he was anxious to awaken a deeper repentance for his sin and guilt. "*Mais, Monsieur le Pasteur,*" argued the wretched man, "I have not, after all, been as wicked as many other men; I have always been a true Protestant, and have regularly attended the communion!"

church had received the communion, then the women approached in like order. On their being reseated in their places, the pastor once more ascended the pulpit, and concluded the service by a prayer and an address to the communicants on the duties and responsibilities of those who had partaken of that holy ordinance.

When all was over, the men remained sitting until the women had left the church. On reaching the door, we found ourselves beside the pastor's wife and sister, two pleasing young women, whose graceful simplicity was blended with that unconscious ease and self-possession which so often mark the truly refined and educated woman. We fell into conversation, and Madame R—— kindly invited us into the parsonage to take some refreshment. We readily consented to accompany her home, but declined taking any refreshment. "Will you not even take a little *eau sucrée*?" inquired she, with such gentle hospitality, that despite our English distaste for a *boisson* so commonly used on the continent, we could scarcely decline taking it.

We were introduced by the pastor into his study, an humble and scantily furnished apartment; but the shelves were filled with books, and a few modern volumes lying on the table told of intercourse with that world of thought and literature which lay beyond the boundaries of the Alps: above all, there was that kindly courteousness and cultivated intelligence in our hosts, which impart refinement alike to a cottage or a parlour.

It was with real regret that we bade farewell to the pastor of Sepey and his wife; nor have our thoughts since then unseldom followed them to their secluded *châlet*, where, far from the social intercourse they are both so well qualified to enjoy, they cheerfully labour in the sphere of duty which has been appointed to them by the Lord of the vineyard.

A SUNDAY AMONG THE VAUDOIS.

It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of a good man who, coming fresh from the scenes of Romish pomp and superstition, for the first time enters one of the temples of the Vaudois of Piedmont. How perfect is the contrast which their services present to those of the church of Rome! There are no visible objects of worship, no mediating priest, no splendid vestments, no gaudy and childish ceremonies, no pompous processions, nor revolting relics of paganism, All is simplicity, decency, and order.

Instead of a magnificent altar, decked with gold and jewels, there is a plain table in the pew before the pulpit, from which the elements of the Lord's supper are dispensed to the communicants. Instead of mass-books in an unknown tongue, is the Bible in a language which all understand, and which is read aloud in every service. Instead of a choir of chanting priests and robed singing boys, with operatic music, the praises of the great Redeemer are sung, in simple strains, by the whole congregation. It is the pure and apostolic service of the ancient church; and oh! how our hearts thrill within us as we find ourselves fairly in the territory of that martyr race, of whom we have read so much from our early days—that simple-hearted and unoffending people, who, having committed no crimes against the state, have been made to suffer most cruelly, only because they have firmly adhered to the religion of the Bible, which they had received from primitive Christians. Hedged up in their mountain home, midway between the Mediterranean Sea and the Lake Leman, they have preserved, age after age, the pure gospel; and centuries before the Reformation of Luther, Zuingli, and Calvin, they are known to have

maintained doctrines and a form of worship distinct from those of Rome.

"With the dawn of history," says Sir James Mackintosh, "we discover some simple Christians in the valleys of the Alps, where they still exist, under the ancient name of Vaudois; who, by the light of the New Testament, saw the contrast between the primitive times and the vices of the gorgeous and imperial hierarchy which surrounded them." I know of no more original and attractive picture of the religious worship of the Vandois than the following account of a sabbath in the valley of Angrogna.

I would premise that "Angrogna" may justly be called "the holy valley" of the Waldenses; since to this central and most easily defended of all their vales, they were often compelled to fly for shelter; and it is full of memorable places, recalling the eventful history of the past, and telling of numerous heroic achievements in behalf of the truth. There are two Protestant churches in this parish: one in the hamlet of St. Laurent, the other higher up, at Serre; the services being performed in them alternately.

One who has powerfully advocated the cause of this oppressed people, and who visited them some ten or twelve years ago, has thus described the Sunday he passed there: "Smiling countenances, and a hearty shake of the hand on the part of the elders and others of the congregation, assured me that I was welcome among them, as a brother in the faith. For myself, I could not but feel that I was in the company of the descendants of a race of men of whom the world was not worthy, and who, during a long succession of ages, have borne testimony on behalf of the truth as it is in Jesus. There was much about the appearance of the congregation to remind me of scenes which, in my youth, I had witnessed in Scotland. The men and women were all dressed in their best clothes, and they sat apart; the women in front of the pulpit, which is placed against one side of the church, and the men to the

right and left on either side. Just under the pulpit is a large square pew, without doors, which is reserved for the elders and any stranger who may happen to enter the church. There are no close pews in the Vaudois churches; the worshippers sit on benches with backs, which are open to all alike. All distinction of persons is lost in the presence of Him who looketh not upon the outward appearance, but upon the heart.

"The sermon was extremely simple, adapted to the meanest capacity, yet with an earnestness and pathos admirably calculated to rivet the attention and move the passions; and a searching discrimination of character, which made it almost impossible for any of the hearers to go away without having had some intimations of conscience respecting his state before God. It was not read, nor delivered with the aid of notes, but preached from memory. This mode of preaching is universal in the churches of the Vaudois.

"The churches are extremely simple. The only decorations observable in some of them are passages of Scripture, or the ancient insignia of the Vaudois—a candlestick with a light shedding its rays across the surrounding darkness, encircled with seven stars; having the motto, 'The light shineth in darkness.'

"It is not possible to conceive anything more appropriately descriptive of the position and destination of this people. Long may they be preserved by Him who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and holdeth the stars in his right hand."

Alas that, even in this mountain seclusion, the jealousy and ill-will of the Romish priests make themselves painfully felt! What they can do to annoy and injure, they fail not in effecting. A painful instance occurred during this very service. About the middle of the sermon, the congregation were annoyed by the singing of a Romanist procession, which became louder and louder the nearer it approached. It roused the very dogs which were

lying about in the aisles, and thus increased the disturbance. To prevent further inconvenience, the doors, which had been standing open for ventilation, were closed, and it was hoped the noise would speedily die away; but the priests, apparently out of sheer spite, conducted the procession close round the church, so that it was impossible to hear the words of the preacher. At length, when the annoyance was at the worst, one of the elders called out to the minister, "Pause a little, sir;" on which he paused, and all sat silent till the noise of the mummary had ceased. "While indignant at this wanton interruption of divine service," says our traveller, "I could not sufficiently admire the composure with which the Vaudois submitted to it. They have learned by experience that remonstrance is vain, and patiently endure the triumph of their enemies. The conduct of the Romanists, which is similarly repeated on certain occasions, is wholly without excuse. Their sole object is the annoyance of the poor, defenceless Vaudois. In the afternoon, it was pleasing to observe several of the young people proceeding to a prayer meeting, which was about to be held high up in the mountain. They were accompanied by a venerable patriarch, upwards of eighty, who climbed up the pathway, with the New Testament under his arm, at a pace which not a little surprised me."

Several of the people were, at this time of the year, absent with their flocks and herds upon the mountains. During three months in summer the cattle are tended in the rich pasturages which abound in those higher regions; and this "season" is said to be one of peculiar enjoyment, both to the Vaudois and their flocks. There, in those elevated retreats, some of the happiest days of their lives are spent; there they seem to breathe a freer atmosphere, and roam at large, far from any danger of interference from the craft and subtilty of man.

"Nor can any rural scene equal that of their Alpine sabbath,

when they assemble in some amphitheatre of rocks to celebrate the praise of Jehovah, to call upon his holy name, and to listen to the announcements of his truth from the lips of one of their beloved pastors. From every cliff, every dell, and every nook of the adjacent mountains, they flock at an early hour, to the appointed spot. With joy they hail his approach as they espy him, wending his way up the steep ascent, followed by a company which gradually swells in the course of his progress. The mutual salutations over, and the frugal meal enjoyed—the produce not of the vine, but of the dairy—he ascends the verdant platform. All hats are taken off; he invokes the Divine presence, and gives out a psalm, which is sung by the whole congregation; the loud sound of whose united and melodious voices causes the surrounding rocks to echo back the song. They listen with reverence to the message of which he is the bearer; and after uniting once more in prayer and praise, they are dismissed, with the benediction, to their temporary habitations.”

Surely the unaffected simplicity of this Alpine worship, presented by these humble shepherds, commends itself to our heart's best feelings; and how unsatisfactory do the mock pomp and pageantry of superstition appear by comparison!

The adjoining valley to that of Angrogna is St. Martin's, with its church at the village of Guigot. It was here that Henry Arnaud, with his men, first halted, after their return to their native land in the year 1689. They spent their first sabbath in the church at Guigot. It was a soul-stirring scene. The church had been converted into a Roman Catholic one during the three years in which the Waldenses were in exile. But soon all the memorials of an idolatrous worship were turned out of the sacred edifice—altar, pictures, statues, vases of holy water, etc; and Arnaud the warrior pastor, standing in the door, preached to his troops, some of whom were within the church and others outside. There they

lifted up their voices in praise and thanksgiving for their glorious return. The service was commenced by singing the 74th Psalm, so admirably adapted to their circumstances.

Dear Christians of the valleys! May God preserve you, and may you joy before him with the joy of the holy sabbath, throughout all generations.

“Of old, God’s eye was on you, blest and happy race!
God’s hand was with you, holy men and true!
No common kindness smiled upon his face;
No common love was testified for you.
In your rude homes his presence oft ye knew;
And from the quiet of your valleys driven,
The rocks that glorious martyrdom did view,
That sealed the witness which your lives had given,
And changed the woes of earth for all the bliss of heaven.”

A SUNDAY AT FLORENCE.

WAKENED at early morning by the peals from the many church towers that surround the beautiful line of stately palaces on the Lung' Arno, on which our hotel stands, we went out, after an early breakfast, to pass through the city, and "behold the devotions" of the inhabitants. We first bent our way to the quarter of the city in which most of the poorer classes live, which lies on the north towards Fiesole. Though we arrived before eight on the square of the church of Saint Ambrose, the popular church of the quarter, we found a numerous throng of cleanly dressed people pressing into the ample church, the country women distinguished by their broad straw hats, and their sisters of the city by gay bandanas or white kerchiefs tied over their ample tresses of black hair; for none of the working women have yet adopted bonnets, and on week days they usually go abroad without any head-dress.

I need not describe to you the general character of the interior of a foreign church; the vast spaces unencumbered by pews or benches, but covered with movable chairs piled up in ranks in the intervals of service; the side chapels decorated with paintings and statues; or the high altar, with its embroidered cloths and rows of massive candlesticks. Entering the church, we found it thronged, and the service (confined to what is called by Romanists the sacrifice of the mass) proceeding at several altars at the same time, each altar having its distinct group of worshippers; and it was curious to observe, in a short space of time, how the several groups broke up at one part of the church, and formed again at another, as each priest concluded or begun his office, each as

independent of the other as if the ceremony had been conducted in a different building.

Every good Romanist considers it his duty on all days observed as holy by his church, to attend through the whole of one mass, with its accompanying prayers (occupying about half an hour), and this done, he is exonerated from further obligation; but many persons attend several in succession, either as a work of supererogation, or, as it appears to us, by way of getting up arrears that have been neglected on former festivals. The intervals of waiting for a mass, or between one and another, are spent in private prayer in the several chapels scattered along the side aisles; and in these we saw many persons of all ages and of both sexes whose attitudes at least showed the most devout attention, although the whispered words were uttered in a tongue which is not that of their daily life. Most of the worshippers were using little books of private prayer, and also others of devout meditation, as it is the custom with Romanists to perform all their religious exercises in the church, on the plea that the poor at least are more free from disturbance than in their confined and noisy homes. This has a great tendency to make prayer a formal thing for set times instead of the outpouring of the heart on all occasions.

Having staid some time in this church of the poor, we proceeded to that of Sta. Maria Novella, where the profusion of bonnets and black hats showed a larger proportion of more wealthy people, but the ceremonies were of course the same, excepting that we had come in time for high mass, which was being sung, with all the accompaniment of splendid decorations and exquisite music with which the Romish church has ever enticed the mobile and luxurious imagination of the south. There is no sermon at any church on Sunday mornings, but there is usually catechizing of children in the afternoons; preaching is mostly confined in Italy to the week day afternoons in the two seasons of Lent and Advent, and is

usually entrusted, not to the parish priests, but to monks selected and trained specially for the purpose, and who usually display great oratorical power, and attract immense crowds to the churches.

But having passed our morning thus doubtfully, in observing the devotions of others, it was time for us to think of ourselves: turning again towards the city walls, we arrived at a neat, plain building, erected from subscriptions of English travellers, in strange contrast with the gaudy temples we had left; and there to our great comfort and edification we were able to join all those of our fellow travellers who had not forgotten their God in leaving their country, in that simple and noble service in our native tongue, which may seem stale and unprofitable to those who can join in it constantly at home, but which comes home to the heart of us exiles and wanderers with a sweetness that tells refreshingly of that happy end of all our wanderings, which we all profess to hope for, but for which we long only at those too rare intervals when the heart is moved beyond its wont. Well for us Englishmen, that wherever all over the world the English tongue is spoken, there, Sunday by Sunday, at the accustomed hour of home, in church or consul's office, in an inn room or on the ship's deck, the wanderers are gathered together in Christ's name; and perhaps many a one feels there, as he would never have felt at home, the high privilege of having been born in a Christian land.

Our service over, the way leads past the square of St. Annunziata, and there the crowd of carriages reminds us of quite a singular instance of priestly compliance. The standing rule in all Catholic churches is, that no mass be said after noon; but the grand people of Florence turning night-into day to such a scandalous extent, that they found it inconvenient to drag their jaded bodies out of doors before noon, a special permission has been obtained for a mass to be said between twelve and one at this one church (I believe) in all Italy, if not in all the Catholic world. It

was too late, and would have been little edifying to witness such a mockery of worship; for the gay carriages were conveying their formalist owners to their luxurious houses, and we went back to our hotel through the streets, now crowded with well dressed people taking the quiet and vapid pleasure of seeing and being seen.

Our way to and from our afternoon service at the English church was quiet enough, for all the promenaders were dispersed to their homes to dine; but going for our afternoon walk in the Cascine (the Hyde Park of Florence), we found half the city swarming through the shady and sunny walks along the silvery Arno, the Austrian band playing pieces from operas and waltzes, the square before the Grand Duke's villa crowded with all the carriages in Florence, filled with ladies whose gentlemen friends were strutting about from one to the other, chatting gaily the daily gossip of the city, and nothing but the crowd of shopkeepers and working people in their Sunday clothes to show that it was Sunday. We continued our walk in the quieter walks on the Arno, and returning at sunset to dinner to our hotel, we found the whole mass of promenaders again on the Lung' Arno, about dispersing to their homes, some to evening parties, and as many as could find entrance, to the eight or nine theatres of this careless and pleasure-loving city (of little over a hundred thousand souls); and this, for as many as can get into them, is the usual and approved end for the Florentines of a Sunday in Florence.

Comment I need not make; but I leave you to believe that we had no wish to take the Romanist feast day in exchange for the Sunday of our happy English home.

A SUNDAY IN ROME.

WE may often judge of the spiritual life and wealth of our souls by the extent to which we really honour and love the Lord's day. This is a touchstone of personal religion; and the religion of families may be measured by the same test. While the godless household spends the Sunday either in weariness or in dissipation, the blessed, cheerful sabbath of a pious family will always illustrate, more or less, what the apostle John felt when he "was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." So, again, with cities and nations. You may judge of the commerce or industry of a town in the week-day, but you must spend a Sunday in it, and see how that day is sanctified by the people, if you would rightly estimate their religious condition.

Thus viewed, it is indeed a most sad and solemn lesson to pass a Sunday in Rome. Here you find the papacy claiming to be the centre of truth and spiritual power, with all its vast machinery fully developed and in uncontrolled activity, with cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, and nuns, by thousands. Here is a people wholly subject to this system for hundreds of years, receiving from it alone their laws, worship, and literature, and tolerating no others. And what, then, is the result? How is the Lord's day honoured by the men and women who inhabit modern Rome? Let us see.

Before going forth on Sunday morning, in this city, a careful study of God's word and earnest private devotion will be found more than usually needed by the traveller. And it is well, therefore, that the Englishman in Italy is now generally allowed to carry his Bible, though every other book may be taken from him.

Never is the wonderful richness of the Scripture promises so well understood as when the soul has been denied all other spiritual food, and caused to rely on the Saviour's near presence for satisfaction, peace, and joy. And again, on the other hand, the means and ordinances, such as public worship, friendly Christian intercourse, sacred study, and works of charity—not one of these will be ever sufficiently valued until we have been restrained in their use or altogether deprived of them for a season. It was thus, we remember, on a Sunday passed in Syracuse. There was no Protestant service. The rain prevented us from leaving the hotel all day. No Englishman or American was in the town, and our only fellow-travellers were two Dutch Romanists, who had evidently resolved not to talk about religion. A dance was held down stairs. Next door the theatre was open, and the music resounded through the house, while the streets were crowded by a noisy mob, shouting their rude welcome to a newly arrived archbishop. We had already surrendered to the police all our Christian books and tracts, except an English Bible. Thus the life-giving word remained to feed upon; "for man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God."

It is under such circumstances that we learn to value our privileges, and to wonder at the fervour of the early Christians, who lived in an ungodly time, without many of the blessings we enjoy, and among people whose conduct must have "vexed their righteous souls." How often must the apostles Paul and James and John have passed their Sundays amidst vain, cruel, God-hating men, given up to the world and "abominable idolatry!"

In going to the English church at Rome, we found all the shops open in the streets, and the noise and hammering of wheelwrights and carpenters went on precisely as usual. The masons were building as on the day before, and the billiard balls rattled in the cafés. It will be said, perhaps, "Why, many of the shops in

London are open on Sundays;" and we confess the fact with sorrow. But it must be recollected that in this country a law to promote Sunday observance must be sanctioned by the *irreligious*, as well as by those who profess scriptural Christianity; whereas, in Rome, the pope, who claims to be the vicar of Christ, and ought to be the very focus of spiritual religion, has full power, if he chooses, at once to order the Lord's day to be outwardly observed. Hence we find that *Rome desecrates the sabbath willingly*. And as we see merchants and shopmen busy, and manufactures proceeding as usual, we observe that *Rome makes Sunday a day of secular work*.

The English church is outside the walls of Rome. No Protestant public worship is allowed to be carried on in the city, so that another answer to our question respecting the observance of the Sunday is found to be this: "*Rome will not tolerate, even on the Lord's day.*" The congregation at this church was large and attentive; but we regret to say there was a sad want of plainness of speech in delivering the message of the gospel, and a lack of earnestness in worshipping Him who sent it. It is too true that Rome's formalism often infects those who reside within her or travel through the country. "Be not ye partakers of her sins." Returning from church we noticed that the shops were closing, but it was only that the people might leave business for pleasure. Some were bound for a military fête in the prince's gardens, others for a balloon ascent, others for a lottery-drawing, but most of them for a spectacle provided by the government itself; and we saw most clearly that *Rome makes Sunday a day of worldly amusement*.

One or two cardinals passed us on their way to St. Peter's; their cloaks were red, their stockings red, their gloves red, their umbrellas red, and even the reins of their coach horses were red. It was impossible not to be reminded by this prevailing colour of the "scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns." Rev. xvii. 3. The pope himself then passed,

and the people knelt to "our Lord God the pope;" for this is "the name of blasphemy" they give him. And when we looked around upon "the seven mountains" (ver. 9) upon which the city is built, we could not but say with St. John: "When I saw her, I wondered with great admiration." Thus *Rome makes Sunday a day of pomp, vanity, and impiety.*

The afternoon being spent in private reading, we endeavoured in the evening to reach the quiet fields near the ruins of Cæsar's palace, so as to avoid the constant bustle of the sight-seeing crowd. Suddenly, however, we came upon a long procession of monks, nearly three thousand in number, and each carrying a candle, and singing in Latin verse, while bands played and flags waved over the crowd. These poor men were carrying the relics of one saint to visit the remains of another. The decayed bones were borne aloft under a costly pall, and beside a graven image. Down went the people, and as the words came to our minds, "Thou shalt not bow down to them," another answer was given to our question—" *Rome makes the Sunday a day of idolatry.*"

Soon we reached the beautiful arch of Titus, in the inner side of which is one of the most interesting sculptures in the world. The subject represented is the triumph of the Roman legions after the destruction of Jerusalem by the armies of Titus, and in one compartment the soldiers are shown in the act of carrying the sacred vessels from the temple. In the foreground we notice them bearing a candlestick with six branches, fashioned precisely according to the command recorded in Exodus xxv. 32; "and six branches shall come out of the side of it." The upright piece in the centre is not counted as a "branch," although from the mention of the "seven lamps," a few verses further on, it appears to have carried a light like the rest.

These carved stones ought surely to speak a lesson to the modern Romans and to us. The ancient Israelites were punished as a

people because of their national sins, and the thought of this awful punishment in prospect caused our Lord to weep as he sat "over against the city" on the leafy Olivet, and looked upon its glorious palaces, so soon to be levelled with the ground. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! that killest the prophets," was his meek expostulation with the wicked city, though his Divine wisdom knew that the men were even then within its gates who in a few hours afterwards were to scourge and buffet and crucify the Lord of Glory. Yet he wept for them: what wondrous love! But this candlestick, borne away from the smouldering temple by the enemies of the Israelites, tells us also that God will especially punish Rome, according to his threatening to the church at Ephesus: "I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent." Rev. ii. 5.

We found the shade most pleasant in the green fields. The apostle Paul may have walked in these very meadows; no doubt the early Christians used them frequently, for the catacombs in which they were forced to live are close to the place. These thoughts carried us back to Nero's time, and to the horrible persecutions by which the martyrs' blood was shed, and "the seed of the church" was sown. The poor Romans now-a-days are not allowed to use the Bible, which would tell them the truths these martyrs died for; but the records of the catacomb which Christians cut in the stone are themselves very scriptural. Many hundred plates containing these are ranged on the walls of a gallery in the Vatican, and opposite to them are tombstones similarly shaped, but covered with pagan inscriptions. How marvellous is the difference between these two sets of memorials of the dead! The pagans who lived in wealth, fame, and luxury, died as if leaping into the dark, and left their friends to sorrow "as those which have no hope;" while the poor despised and tortured Christians "fell asleep" in a sure and blessed hope of everlasting life, and their friends wrote on

these marble testaments their joyful faith in the Lord who was crucified for them.

And now we may have seen that, with the punishment of the Jews and the testimony of the martyred Christians, both cut in stone and left before her eyes, Rome still dishonours the Lord's day by making it a day of secular work, of amusement, of pomp, vanity, impiety, and idolatry; and doubtless we are amazed at this bold desecration of God's day and wilful neglect of his judgments.

But what use do *we* make of the day? How do we spend the Sunday? With Bibles to read, sanctuaries to attend, schools to teach, sick to visit, a covenant God to commune with, and man to benefit, on this the best of days for works of charity and love, are we going to allow self, the world, or Satan, to have dominion over us?

Popery is not at Rome alone; its seeds are in every heart, and are ever ready to spring up like tares, choking the good seed of the kingdom. Unless through the death and life of Jesus Christ our souls are saved, and by his Holy Spirit we are born again; unless by the grace of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, our bodies and souls are sanctified unto eternal life, we, with all our high privileges, shall find our last end to be a far worse fate than that of those who never had the light and truth which we neglect.

TWO SABBATHS ON THE ATLANTIC.

IN most of the Atlantic mail steam-ships, the sabbath during the voyage is marked by a service in the first-class general saloon, where the majority of passengers, and all who can be spared of the ship's company, are in the habit of assembling. Among the three or fourscore passengers who are ever to be met with rushing to and fro between the sister countries, at least one minister of the gospel is usually present. If different sects are represented, preference is given to an episcopal clergyman, who is invited to preside; otherwise a Baptist, Presbyterian, or other minister conducts the service, and offers extempore prayers according to the custom of his peculiar church.

Two trips across the Atlantic, two particular sabbaths, and two ministers, are strongly impressed on my memory; the striking effects of each having been observed at the time, not only on the day, but during the remainder of the voyage. How much longer, can be conjectured but not declared.

On the former occasion, though the first-class passengers amounted to nearly one hundred, no clergyman of any sect appeared to have been recognised among us. The majority were wealthy Americans from New York and Boston, who had been travelling through Europe for pleasure, business, or both combined. A few English families were returning, to the British colonies, or about to visit the great republic: these, with a sprinkling of foreigners, comprised our fellow travellers.

The weather towards the end of June was fine, the sea tranquil, and but few had resigned themselves to their berths. Service had been announced to commence at eleven o'clock, which it was supposed the ship's doctor would read from the book of Common Prayer, together with a sermon, as is the custom when no regular

minister is present. Another gentleman, however, unexpectedly rose to address us. This gentleman had not been recognised as one of the cloth until he introduced himself by informing us that he had charge of a church somewhere, without, however, apprising us to what sect he belonged, neither did we ever discover that important fact: moreover, it is quite doubtful whether the "reverend" gentleman himself had so far matured his principles as to assign them "a local habitation and a name."

He took his text from 2 Cor. xii. 2, viz., "Caught up to the third heaven," building upon this a theory of seven heavens, or seven degrees of enjoyment in the future state: "seven platforms," each one smaller and narrower as you ascend, more difficult of attainment, and more select in its occupants. The great object of the discourse seemed to be to expose the fallacies and superstitions of all other sects, and to recommend his new and simple method of attaining the "seventh heaven," or the highest "platform." In the application he strove to excite in his hearers an emulation to attain the higher platforms, to take our stand with Washington, St. Paul, Sir Isaac Newton, and other "great men," who had fulfilled their mission meritoriously; all the characters of sacred and profane history being associated and huddled together in no very reverential manner.

During the progress of this dissertation, which had already reached nearly an hour, the audience became more and more restless. Several near the entrance had quitted their seats and made their escape upon deck; then some persons outside the windows peeped through and beckoned to others. There was evidently more interest taken in what was passing without than within the saloon. Soon signals and intelligent glances were exchanged, and the congregation thinned materially; so the learned gentleman brought to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, a discourse which had excited reverence in no one, interest in very

few, but ridicule and dissatisfaction in many. "A ship in sight" soon emptied the saloon, and offered a more interesting subject of speculation; and as the wearied congregation yawned and stretched themselves upon deck, a general grumbling was heard among them. "What a farce this service on board is," "It's a perfect bore," "I hope we shall be on shore before another Sunday;" and similar expressions were spoken audibly. Among the few who had given their full attention, some champions of the rival sects fell into warm and jealous controversies, and during the remainder of the voyage whenever you caught sight of the self-imposed "rationalist" preacher, he was sure to be engaged in debates and arguments with whomsoever he could draw into a discussion.

On the second occasion, though in July, very heavy fogs prevailed, causing much anxiety and restlessness to the timid and inexperienced, who suffered momentary fears of collision and so forth. Again the ship had her full complement of passengers; our course was eastward now, and though it is usual to meet all nations on this much traversed route, our company was this time remarkable for an extraordinary diversity of people and circumstances. We left New York on Wednesday, and by Sunday had become acquainted with at least the nationality of all our fellow voyagers. Again no episcopal clergyman was among us, but there were three of other denominations. The one invited to address us was a Presbyterian minister, who had already won favour by the courtesy and benevolence of his demeanour. Not even the terrors of the fog, nor the continual watching in which many thought it necessary to persevere, prevented a full attendance on that sabbath at sea.

The grand saloon was crowded. Met from "all the ends of the earth"—sojourners in California and Peru, bringing home their gold; visitants of China and Japan, with their curiously wrought treasures; scarcely a State of the great Union that had

not its representative ; returning emigrants ; successful merchants about to revisit the land of their youth ; seekers of pleasure, of health, and of wealth ; the volatile Frenchman and home-loving son of the British Isles ; the Spaniard, Italian, and metaphysical German ; the seafaring captain, who had traversed the globe ; the ship's company and steerage passengers—all assembled, without reference to rank or wealth—to lift the heart to the one God and Saviour. We were led to look upon each other as companions, one family for the time being, abiding in one home, a ship on the vast Atlantic, sharing the same dangers, protected by the same God, professing to believe on the same Christ, needing the grace of the same Spirit. An earnest, faithful address was given, the subject being the old yet ever new story of Divine love, the gospel of the grace of God. And then a prayer was offered ; how feeling, how devout, that some at least might attain, through Christ, to that life where partings shall be no more. Not the whistle of the engine, nor signals for caution through the ever-thickening fog, could entice one worshipper from his place, nor call off the attention rivetted on the speaker. And then there arose from that one spot on the boundless ocean a harmonious choir of voices, as the worshippers joined in the doxology to the tune of the good "Old Hundredth" psalm, previous to separating to reunite no more !

The influence of that Sunday service could be seen through the week, might extend through the life of many. The haughty were seen to relax, the bigot to become more tolerant. We felt ourselves, as the good minister pronounced us, one family, each member owing to the other a duty of kindness, cordiality, sympathy, and sufferance ; and some were heard to declare that the recollections of that trip, and that sabbath would remain among the pleasantest reminiscences of their lives.

A SUNDAY IN NORWAY.

WE stopped a Sunday at Liordalsoren, where a long "flord," or sea-lake, bathes the steep rocks of the mountains capped with snow. There was no service in the little black wooden church, but the green graves around it seemed to tell of death, even in that pleasant valley.

Nearly all the country churches in Norway are made of wood, tarred outside and painted strangely within. The pulpit is like a little sentry box, with a sand-glass to tell the preacher of the time, and often a crucifix besides, which is worse than a useless thing; for no image ought to be set up where people are likely to regard it with superstitious veneration.

The Jews begin their sabbath on the evening before the day of rest, and this is the oldest mode of dividing the week. The Norwegians use it, too; so their Sunday begins on Saturday afternoon. The Lord of days has required a seventh part of our time for public worship and private communion with him, and for works of necessity and mercy; and there are many in all lands call the day "honourable" and feel it "a delight." Some of the farmers in Norway no doubt think about their cows and horses during the time spent in divine service, and when they come out of church they make bargains with each other about things they could attend to on the other six days. These are men honouring God with the lips while the heart is far from him. But it is to be feared that many persons who go to church in England carry the world with them even there. It is a very blessed thing to have one's heart made a "temple of the Holy Ghost," and to put away all earthly thoughts when we meet to adore the great God of heaven.

Nearly everybody in Norway can read his Bible. Schools are

set up in most of the villages; if there are not enough people in a farm to keep a school, they send for a schoolmaster for a month at a time, and he goes on to another place afterwards, and then comes back to teach at the first again.

We found the people very anxious to read tracts; and as we took a great many nice Scripture stories, translated into the Norse language by the Religious Tract Society, we were able to gladden the hearts of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men and women, and little children everywhere. When the tracts were held out to persons walking on the road, they took them eagerly, and shook hands, saying, "Tak, tak, mange tak," which means, "Thanks, thanks, many thanks." If we gave a "boke," or tract, to carpenters working with their saws, they would take off their caps, shake hands, and say, "Tak, tak," and at once begin to read. Fishermen in their boats would row a long way to get a "liddel bok;" and if one was held up near some houses, all the children would run out and dance about with delight, holding up their little hands asking for a tract.

When we were driving fast in Norway and a cart passed with people in it, we fastened a tract to the end of the whip, and reached it over to the cart, so that it could be got without any person leaving his seat. Sometimes when a tract was given, and they found what it was, they got out and ran after us, thanking us loudly. Once or twice they wanted to know what they had to pay, and when they found it was "nothing to pay," they were quite astonished.

On our way back from the church, we gave tracts to many groups of people sitting by their cottage doors. There you would see a number of young men with red leather trousers, and women with red tape round their hair, and old women with long pipes and spectacles, and little boys playing about with goats. But the moment a tract was given, all, both old and young, came quietly



together and listened to one while he read it aloud. It is very pleasant to see a boy or girl reading to people who are too old to see, and on a fine Sunday evening to hear young lips speaking the true and gracious words which God wrote both for young and old.

We did not know enough of their strange language to understand what was said about the tracts, but sometimes they told us that the "liddel bok" was "got, meget got, fur saal og himmelen," that is, "good, very good, for the soul and heaven." Once a man offered us a beautiful stick for a tract, his only means of showing gratitude. There was a splendid waterfall near the village, and there we took our Bibles and read them.

After dinner we went to a still, shady spot by the sea, where there was no man to see us, and nothing to disturb. In the rocks we found a flight of steps leading down to the water. The setting sun gleamed on the slowly rippling waves, and the clear sea sparkled as it rose and fell, murmuring peacefully. After reading some verses, we talked about the good things in God's word, and then one prayed that God would bless the tracts which had been given. We prayed, too, for our friends far away in England, and for our friends farther away in the Crimea, for it was the time of the war there; beseeching God to enable them to live to his glory, and to prepare them to die in his faith and love. Little did we know then that one of our dearest friends was to fall in battle within a few days from that very time. But he was one to whom to live was Christ, and to die was gain.

A SUNDAY AT GEORGETOWN.

THE writer cannot forget the emotions of pleasure with which he found himself one sabbath morning among a coloured congregation in Georgetown. On landing from his ship, he had to traverse the principal streets of the city, built in somewhat formal style, and bordered, after the Dutch fashion, with miniature canals, though the frequent streams and trees offered some alleviation to the noon-tide heat and glare. He then passed through a burying ground, where, though no stone memorialized the spot, rest the remains of a missionary, who fell a victim to the prejudices of West Indian society, but whom we now recognise as one who was a faithful servant of Christ. Then crossing a bridge, he entered a garden, enclosing a place of worship, a schoolroom, and a parsonage, set off by a beautiful foreground of tropical foliage. The chapel was a substantial building of wood, fitted up with some elegance, and capable of accommodating one thousand six hundred persons. On the occasion of our visit, it was well filled by a company of negro worshippers, respectably dressed, orderly, and devout; in propriety of appearance and earnestness of attention fit to compete with any Christian assembly in our own land, while their hearty utterances in praise and prayer betokened the warmth and vivacity of their nature. Once they had been held in bondage to their fellow men, but now were doubly free—delivered from the curse of earthly slavery, and rejoicing in the liberty of the children of God. The act of meeting for religious service, formerly a favour that could be suspended by the power that conceded it, was now enjoyed as a right and esteemed as a privilege. The building in which they met, costing more than 3000*l.*, had been erected by their own

voluntary offerings, and their minister was supported without the aid of any society at home.

Some incidents will illustrate the extent and principle of the liberality evinced, at a time too before emancipation, when the influence of Divine love had to overcome the sense of human wrong. One sabbath morning, a black, of unexceptionable Christian character and usefulness, followed the minister into his house after service, requesting a private interview. Having retired for the purpose, he began to empty his pocket of dollars, saying, as he dived again and again, and brought up handful after handful to lay on the table, "This money I had put by to keep for sick time or old age, when I want money to keep me; but, so long as God's house is in want, I cannot keep it; I must keep God's house first. God so good to me, I cannot keep it when God's house want it." The sum so carefully saved and unselfishly bestowed amounted to forty-eight dollars and two guilders, or rather more than ten pounds—a noble offering for a poor slave. On one estate a meeting of communicants was held among themselves, and the question proposed, "What can we do? God requires us to give as we have ability, and he will not accept what we are able to give, if it be not given with a willing heart." This principle being established, each said what he would give, and a time was appointed to gather their offerings. One of them having proposed to contribute a sum which every one knew was beneath his ability, they considered the law of Christ infringed, which says, "It is accepted according to that a man hath," and therefore they could not think it right to take it. Upon this he offered to give more; but as it seemed to them that this promised increase was reluctant and constrained, they dared not take it, as being against another law, "It is accepted, if there be first a willing mind." Full of trouble, the man brought the money to his minister and besought his counsel. Surely nowhere should we expect to find a higher regard to the demands of duty

and the supremacy of conscience. From the despised and degraded African may we be content to learn a lesson of Christian morality and truth.

It may also have been anticipated (which inquiry will confirm) that their zeal for the house of the Lord is not content with seeking and securing their own advantage. They first establish themselves, and then provide for others; and thus assume the character of a missionary church, spreading and sustaining around them stations for teaching and preaching, and aiding in the support of the older and more organized institutions of this country. Their own schools are flourishing, and among the children may be remarked great quickness, shrewdness, and application. It was also affecting to see the eagerness of the aged, who while slaves were unable to read, to acquire the means of possessing for themselves that key to the treasures of God's word.

A SACRAMENT SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

THE sacrament—meaning by that term “the sacrament of the Lord’s supper”—is regarded by the bulk of the population of Scotland more in the character of a great religious festival than it is in England, and its celebration is preceded by lively expectations and ushered in with great solemnity.

As it was our lot lately to be present at a communion in Scotland, and having had opportunities of noticing the northern peculiarities of its observance, we intend to introduce into this paper as many of them as our memory will supply us with. We start then, in our notes, from the sabbath immediately preceding that on which the Lord’s supper was to be administered. On this day the clergyman announced a great many notices from the pulpit concerning the services of the ensuing week. One of these announcements referred to the candidates for communion, who for several weeks previously had been under the examination of the minister and elders, and whose suitableness for admission to the sacrament was to be finally decided on at the interview now proposed between them and the church session; such of them as on due consideration should be deemed eligible for communion were to be furnished with the usual “tokens,” or pass-tickets to the Lord’s table. This antecedent investigation of the character and fitness of the candidate is frequently called in Scotland, “preparing them for the occasion,” and such of them as obtain their tokens are said “to go forward;” whilst others, whose Scripture knowledge is defective, are kindly admonished “to wait till the next occasion,” and in the interim they have space for enlarging their acquaintance with the Scriptures and with the nature of the sacred ordinance.

On the Thursday preceding the sabbath of celebration was the general half-yearly fast. On this day all business was suspended, and all offices were closed. The day wore an aspect strongly resembling that of the sabbath itself. A large city is almost as noiseless on a fast-day as it is on the sabbath, and active life seems brought into the same kind of suspension. In country districts, too, we learn that some people, especially house servants, attribute even a greater sanctity to this than to the Lord's day, and per-versely decline those acts of service which they transact without compunction on the sabbath. This fast, however, does not, we believe, generally imply abstinence from one's natural food; it is a holy-day, by religious people applied to religious purposes; hence to-day, just as on the sabbath, all the churches are open and public service conducted, only that the sermons have a direct and impressive bearing upon the event of the coming sabbath. It may also be mentioned that these services are not conducted by "the placed minister" of the church, but by ministers from a distance, whose sacrament does not fall on the same day, and who consequently are at liberty to help their brother.

The maintenance of this fast-day, so unusual in England, has often caused a good deal of trouble and loss of time to commercial travellers from the south, inasmuch as the houses or offices at which they intended to do business are rigidly closed for the day: the Scottish almanacs, however, will inform such parties what places are open to them, and which are fasting during their journeys; consequently, on undertaking a journey from England through Scotland, they have to arrange their time and places of business in conformity with the ecclesiastical arrangements for the fast.

The next day (Friday) seemed, as far as sacramental preparations were concerned, to be entirely an intercalated day; business was resumed as though the fast-day had not preceded it, and as though the sacrament were not to follow it.

Saturday, however, seemed partially to resume the appearance of the fast-day. Business was attended to till nearly two o'clock, P.M., when we again observed its general suspension, and the people again repaired to their churches to hear a sermon, though not in such numbers as on the Thursday. At the close of this service there was another and final giving out of tokens to the intending communicants, and then the congregation dispersed, some to resume business, which had ceased from two o'clock till now, others to wait at home in quietness and devout anticipation of the morrow with its impressive and soul-refreshing exercises. To no one, however, are the remaining hours of Saturday so precious and grateful as to the minister of the church himself. It has been a fagging week to him; every day has been crowded with engagements, and not a day has he spent in his study; to this hour perhaps he has not been able to be much alone, or give his mind an unbroken hour for thought; and yet he must be foremost in the engagements of the morrow, and if he can snatch a few hours from the expiring week, how genial will they be to him! how fruitful for his flock!

The morrow dawns; the sacrament day has arrived, "that great day of the feast." However much on other sabbaths men may have availed themselves of ministrations nearer their own homes, to-day they will be in their own churches.

We this morning entered the church of one of the ablest ministers in the Kirk, and by the time the hour of worship had arrived, the place was crowded with a most respectable and decorous congregation. A long table, decently covered with white cloth, stretched through the middle aisle of the church, the place on either side of it being occupied by communicants. The sight of the table reminded us that we might now expect to witness the very old Scotch plan of serving the tables. At the head of this, and just beneath the pulpit, sat three clergymen with their bands on, but without their preaching robes. These were present not to

preach, but to assist the minister in the services of the sacrament, which, where the tables are served, have to be frequently repeated. The pulpit this morning was occupied by the minister of the church, who conducted an ordinary sabbath morning's service, his discourse being illustrative of the love of the Saviour and the Christian's privileges. This worthy man had evidently found some time for preparation, for his sermon testified to deep and patient thinking, and was delivered with admirable emphasis and effectiveness. This morning sermon is always spoken of as the "action sermon," probably from its introducing the great action of the day—summoning the followers of Christ to devout meditation on the great event to be commemorated.

After the "action sermon" and prayer, there generally follows, we believe, a solemn exhortation from the minister called "fencing the tables." By this all improper characters are impressively adjured not to approach the Lord's table under pain of "eating and drinking condemnation to themselves." But to keep our notes entirely truthful, we must say that the tables were not fenced this morning; the minister had informed his congregation that he intended to discontinue the practice, as it seemed to him to be inopportune and useless. The intending communicants had undergone all proper examination; all affectionate counsels and admonitions had already been repeatedly addressed to them; moreover, they had been encouraged to come, and tokens had been supplied to them to admit them, so that nothing he could say now would cause any of them to change their intentions.

The introductory service being concluded, the minister placed himself at the head of the long table, surrounded on either side by his assistants, and the elements of bread and wine were placed before him. While the communicants were arranging themselves, two or three verses of the 103rd psalm were sung: "O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord." etc. A short address from the minister

to the communicants followed. The bread and wine were then "set apart and sanctified to this holy use by the words of the institution and prayer," and were carried by the elders to each communicant seated at the table; the bread was borne upon small silver plates, and each communicant broke off a piece for himself. The wine immediately followed, brought by another of the elders in large cups of silver; and in this way, quietly, decorously, and impressively, was the whole table served.

After the first table had been thus served, the communicants all withdrew from the table, and quietly disappeared through one aisle, while those whose tokens directed them to the second table entered in as orderly a way by another. As this changing was going on, and till all were properly seated, some more verses of the 103rd psalm were sung, the precentor remaining all the time in his desk ready to assist in the praises. Over this table one of the assisting ministers presided, giving an address suitable to the occasion; and then, as in the former case the service proceeded. There were some seven or eight tables, and by the time all had been served it was four o'clock in the afternoon. We were then solemnly dismissed.

There was public worship again in the evening, when a sermon was preached by one of the assisting ministers, chiefly relative to the Christian's duties and privileges, which had been exemplified in the scene of that day.

The sacrament day had now passed; but the series of services had not yet concluded; for on the Monday morning there is another summons to church, when another sermon is preached by one of the ministers. This is called the "thanksgiving sermon," and is designed to excite the gratitude of the congregation for the distinguished favours they had received from God, for their gospel privileges, and especially for that holy gift, and atoning death, which lay at the basis of the sacrament. The attendance upon the

"thanksgiving sermon" was not numerous; and the majority of such as were present were women, the other sex perhaps not being so able to sacrifice any more time to their sacramental duties. With this act of thanksgiving closed the somewhat laborious and complicated, though highly interesting, services of the Scottish sacrament.

It will be observed that in writing down our notes, we have confined ourselves to the ordinance as administered in the Established Church of Scotland: the same account, with very little variation, will serve for the Free Church. But among some of the other bodies there are occasional differences of administration.

There is something, it must be admitted, exceedingly solemn and striking in the spectacle of a whole congregation commemorating, in the simple and impressive manner just described, the Lord's supper; but this feeling is shaded by one of regret, when it is remembered that in large numbers of instances the solemn rite is gone through from motives of custom, or a desire to maintain a fair and decorous exterior, in a community where absence from this ordinance is regarded as disrespectful as absence from church would be in England. Many very solemn warnings are accordingly found in the writings of Scottish divines against the approach to this ordinance in a formal or hypocritical manner; and a tract on the subject, written, we believe, by the late Robert Murray McCheyne, struck us especially as being full of pointed and impressive cautions against the profanation of this sacred rite.

As we write, there also lies beside us a treatise by one of the fathers of the Scottish church; and with his words of exhortation to nominal and real communicants we conclude this paper.

"Look back, communicants, to your partaking. Consider what ye have done. Ye have declared yourselves well pleased with God's method of salvation through a crucified Christ, your taking of him to be your head and ruler, your joining yourselves to him

by faith as lively members of his mystical body; that you are no more henceforth to be of the communion of the world lying in wickedness, but for the Lord only, wholly, and for ever; to take your part with the saints in the world, whatever your lot be. Ye have said all this, and in effect sworn it, over the broken body and shed blood of Christ, before angels and men.

"Ye would do well to take some time alone to reflect on this, and to revive the impressions. We find the saints making reflections, and putting themselves in mind of what they have done in such a case. O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord. And I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

"Never forget it. People use not to forget their marriage day, and the transactions of it. But, alas! the declared marriage consent to Christ is often forgotten, notwithstanding the solemnity at it. Alas! there are many who sometimes make this solemn declaration who seem to have quite forgot it, and the impressions are razed. But have ye forgot it? God hath sworn he will never forget it. The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, Surely I will never forget any of their works.

"Remember it afresh on particular occasions, and awe your spirits with it when temptations offer to cause you to go against it. Remember it as Jephthah did his vow: 'I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.'

"Remember it when your old lusts come back and fawn on you. No doubt they will come, but deny them; as obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance. Remember, ye have solemnly declared against them of your own accord.

"Remember it when your old companions in sin would draw you aside with them; then say, as Joseph, How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? Remember, ye are not of their

communion, but have solemnly renounced it, and have joined the communion of saints.

“Do not retract it. It is too solemn and weighty a business. Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay. No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

“Lastly, beware of everything unsuitable to it. Ye have declared yourselves of the communion of saints—do nothing unsuitable to that communion and your own solemn declaration. Let not the way of God be evil spoken of through your unsuitable walk. Always remember your character as professed members of the communion of saints, and walk accordingly.”

THE BOOK OF SPORTS.

THE important Sabbath controversy which has lately agitated this country will prepare the public for reading with deep attention the history of the same controversy, in the form it assumed throughout England two hundred years ago. In the seventeenth century, as much as in this nineteenth, there were many who practised and advocated the Lord's day observance, and there was also, though not under the same designation, a National Sunday League, whose object was to convert the day of sacred rest, and especially the latter part of it, into a time for public and ungodly amusement. Happily for us, there are several points of difference between the seventeenth and the nineteenth century. In the former period, the sovereign and the archbishop of Canterbury employed all their power for the desecration of the sabbath, as zealously as their successors use their influence (the one by her example and the other by his active exertions) to promote its observance. To record the controversy on this question that raged during the seventeenth century is to sketch the history of the notorious Book of Sports.

There are two publications which bear this name. The first, issued by James, is a coarse-looking document, a few pages in length, printed on such paper and with such type as may be seen in the lowest ballads, and having for its title, "A Declaration to encourage Recreations and Sports on the Lord's day." The composition of this production is attributed to Bishop Moreton. It is dated, Greenwich, May 24th, 1618, and states that, "For his good people's recreation, his majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations; such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless

recreations; nor having of May-games, Whitson-ales, or morrice dances, or setting up of Maypoles, or other sports therewith used; so as the same may be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or let of divine service; and that women should have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decoring of it, according to the old customs; withal prohibiting all the unlawful games to be used on Sundays only; as bear-baiting, bull-baiting, interludes, and at all times (to the meaner sort of people prohibited) bowling."

It should be observed that this "people's recreation" was denied to Roman Catholics, under the designation of recusants; to such as were not present at the whole of divine service; and to such as did not keep to their own parish churches.

Fuller, the author of the Church History, informs us that when this declaration was published, "It is not so hard to believe, as sad to recount, what grief and distraction thereby was occasioned in many honest hearts." Great, however, as were the "grief and distraction" produced by this declaration when first issued by James, it was not until its republication in the next reign that its bitter fruits were ripened, and their deadly effects were experienced throughout the country. On the first appearance of the royal declaration, it was ordered to be read in all the parish churches in Lancashire, which abounded with Roman Catholics. It was also to have been read in all the churches of England, to which much opposition was made by archbishop Abbot, who was then at Croydon, and who "flatly forbid its being read there."

Many of these "lawful recreations" are too well known in our own day to need description; but as some of them are now forgotten, except in the most obscure parts of the country, it may be as well to give such brief notices of them as may assist the reader to understand the nature of the amusements in which it was the pleasure of king James the First that his subjects should not be "letted" after divine service,

An old writer thus describes the MAY-GAMES. "On the first of May, commonly called Mayday, the juvenile part of both sexes are wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied by music and blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils; and the after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole which they call a *Maypole*; and being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there consecrated as it were to the goddess of flowers." These May-games were generally productive of very immoral results; and while they were the terror of all sober-minded persons, they called forth the remonstrances of faithful Christian ministers.

WHITSON-ALES. An author who lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth tells us, that "In certain townes where drunken Bacchus bears sway, against Christmas and Easter, Whit-Sunday, or some other time, the churchwardens of every parish, with the consent of the whole parish, provide half a score or twenty quarters of mault, whereof some they buy of the church stoke, and some is given to them of the parishioners themselves, every one conferring somewhat, according to his ability; which mault being made into very strong ale, or beer, is set to sale, either in the church or in some other place assigned to that purpose. Then, when this nippatum, this huffe-cappe, as they call it, this nectar of life, is set abroad, well is he that can get the soonest to it, for he is counted the godliest man of all the rest, and most in God's favour, because it is spent upon his church forsooth."

MORRICE-DANCES. The garments of the morrice-dancers were adorned with bells of unequal sizes. The principal dancer was more superbly habited than his companions, and the number of

dancers sometimes was as many as ten. A hobby-horse, which seems to have been almost inseparable from the morrice-dance, was a compound figure: the resemblance of the head and tail of a horse, with a light wooden frame for the body, was attached to the person who was to perform the double character, covered with trappings reaching to the ground, so as to conceal the feet of the actor, and prevent its being seen that the supposed horse had none. Thus equipped, he was to prance about, imitating the curvetings and motions of a horse. Such absurd spectacles are still exhibited on Mayday, by the mummers in some parts of Ireland. The writer of these observations remembers having once seen them in the town of Charleville, in the county of Cork.

The carrying of "rushes to the church for the decoring of it," originated in the use of rushes for covering the floors of houses and the pavement of the churches previous to the introduction of carpets and matting. At the period under consideration, this practice was turned into an exciting amusement. The women went in procession, and the occasion was marked by a great amount of noisy and intemperate mirth.

The only prohibited amusements which require a word of explanation are the interludes. They are described as consisting of facetious or satirical dialogues calculated to promote mirth, and were generally performed by strolling minstrels, jugglers, tumblers, dancers, and jesters. A tragical occurrence at the Paris garden in Southwark, in the reign of Elizabeth, was considered by most people to be a judgment from God, and had occasioned a general prohibition of such pastimes on the Lord's day. On the occasion in question, "a prodigious concourse of people being assembled together on a Sunday afternoon, to see plays and a bear-baiting, the whole theatre gave way and fell to the ground; by which accident many of the spectators were killed, and more hurt."

It is difficult, on comparing the "lawful" with the "prohibited"

recreations, to discover the principle on which the distinction was founded. Well may the excellent Daniel Neal ask: "If any sports are lawful, why not all? What reason can be given why morrice-dancers, revels, May-games, Whitson-ales, wakes, etc., should be more lawful than interludes or bull-baiting?" And well may he add, "It cannot arise from their moral nature; for the former have as great a tendency to promote vice as the latter."

For twenty-five years this disgraceful edict was the cause of great distress and suffering to faithful Christian ministers and their people, wherever it was put in force; until, on the 5th of May, 1643, it was burned by the hands of the common hangman, in Cheapside, as well as in other places. All persons, too, having any copies of it in their hands, were required to deliver them up to the sheriffs of London to be burned—a circumstance which will account for the rarity of this notorious "book," of which most people have heard, but which comparatively few have seen.

In the year 1633, under the advice of archbishop Laud, the Book of Sports was issued by Charles I, "out of a like pious care for the service of God, and for the suppressing of those humours that oppose truth, and for the ease, comfort, and recreation of his majesty's well deserving people." At this period, as on the former appearance of the royal command to violate the Christian sabbath, a controversy prevailed throughout the country respecting the proper observance of the Lord's day. Great numbers of the people were fond of the most ungodly recreations, and the justices of the peace had petitioned the king against the revels, which not only introduced a great profanation of the Lord's day, but "riotous tippling, contempt of authority, quarrels, and murders." It is very remarkable that these sinful amusements were defended by not a few in high stations in the church, on the plea which we have frequently heard of late adduced in favour of opening the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Crystal Palace—their

tendency to civilize the multitudes. In direct opposition to the petitions of magistrates, who had prayed the king to suppress these amusements, it was declared as his express will and pleasure that the feasts and wakes should be observed, and "that all neighbourhood and freedom with man-like and lawful exercises be used;" and the justices of peace were commanded not to molest any in their recreations, "*having first done their duty to God*, and continuing in obedience to his majesty's laws."

The seven years which followed the revival of the Book of Sports, witnessed the severe persecution of all who would not yield to its sinful requirements. The sober part of the nation had the pain of seeing the youth of the country spending the latter hours of each sabbath in revels, morrice-dances, May-games, church and clerk ales: while the royal proclamation was sustained by corresponding example, for the court was the scene of balls, masquerades, and plays on each succeeding Sunday evening.

The historian of the Puritans tells us that "the severe pressing of this Declaration made sad havoc among them. Many poor clergymen strained their consciences to read it. Some, when they had read it, immediately read the fourth commandment to the people, adding, 'This is the law of God, the other the injunction of man;' some put it on their curates; but great numbers refused to comply on any terms." It is calculated that about eight hundred faithful ministers of the gospel were deprived of their offices and their benefices in consequence of refusing to obey the king's commandment. The vicar-general of Laud had a special charge to convene before him all ministers who would not read the Declaration, and to suspend them for their refusal. When some of the ministers, after they had been suspended, repaired to Lambeth and petitioned to be restored, archbishop Laud told them that "if they did not know how to obey, he did not know how to grant their petition." The names are preserved of many excellent clergymen who had to

suffer the loss of all things, and see their wives and children reduced to great privation, because they would obey God rather than man."

Among those who thus courageously stood up for the honour of the Divine law, one instance may be given, in the case of the Rev. Lawrence Snelling, the rector of St. Paul's Cray, who was not only suspended by the high commission for four years, but deprived of his living and excommunicated, for not reading the Declaration of Sports. This good man pleaded in his own defence, the laws of God and of the realm, the authority of councils and of fathers; he added that the king's declaration did not enjoin ministers to read it, nor authorize the bishops or high commissioners to suspend or punish ministers for not reading it; that it being a mere civil, not an ecclesiastical declaration enjoined by any canons or authority of the church, no ecclesiastical court could take cognizance of it. All which Mr. Snelling offered to the commissioners in writing; but the archbishop would not admit it, and said in open court that "whosoever should make such a defence, it should be burned before his face, and he be laid by the heels." 'Tis faithful servant of Christ continued many years under sentence, suffering great damage for his fidelity to his heavenly Master. Soon after these events, the civil wars set in, and anarchy and confusion rolled over the land—a fit termination of the efforts to relax the bonds of the sabbath.

Gratefully ought we to acknowledge the goodness of God, in having influenced the hearts of our legislators to resist recent attempts to secularize the Lord's day.. May our readers learn to appreciate the blessings of that period of sacred rest by delighting in the service of God; and may we not forget that, as the Lord's day as a religious institution has greatly lost its hold on the masses, we are bound by private and public exertions to do all that lies in our power to remedy so great an evil.

HUGH MILLER ON SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

THE coffee-house in which I lodged is situate in the immediate neighbourhood of the terminus of the Great Manchester and Birmingham Railway. I could hear the roaring of the trains along the line, from morning till near mid-day, and during the whole afternoon; and, just as the evening was setting in, I sauntered down to the gate by which a return train was discharging its hundreds of passengers, fresh from the sabbath amusements of the country, that I might see how they looked. There did not seem much of enjoyment about the wearied and somewhat dragged groups. They wore, on the contrary, rather an unhappy physiognomy, as if they had missed spending the day quite to their minds, and were now returning, sad and disappointed, to the round of toil from which it ought to have proved a sweet interval of relief. A congregation just dismissed from hearing a vigorous evening discourse would have borne, to a certainty, a more cheerful air. There was not much actual drunkenness among the crowd—thanks to the preference which the Englishman gives to his ale over ardent spirits—not a tithe of what I would have witnessed, on a similar occasion, in my own country. A few there were, however, evidently muddled; and I saw one positive scene. A young man considerably in liquor had quarrelled with his mistress, and, threatening to throw himself into the Irwell, off he had bolted in the direction of the river. There was a shriek of agony from the young woman, and a cry of “Stop him, stop him;” to which a tall, bulky Englishman, of the true John Bull type, had coolly responded, by thrusting forth his foot as he passed, and tripping him at full length on the pavement; and for a few minutes all was hubbub and confusion. With, however, this exception, the aspect

of the numerous passengers had a sort of animal decency about it, which one might in vain look for among the Sunday travellers of a Scotch railway. Sunday seems greatly less connected with the fourth commandment in the humble English mind than in that of Scotland, and so a less disreputable portion of the people go abroad. There is a considerable difference, too, between masses of men simply ignorant of religion, and masses of men broke loose from it; and the sabbath-contemning Scotch belong to the latter category. With the humble Englishman, trained up to no regular habit of church-going, sabbath is pudding-day and clean-shirt day, and a day for lying on the grass opposite the sun, and, if there be a river or canal hard by, for trying how the gudgeons bite, or, if in the neighbourhood of a railway, for taking a short trip to some country inn, famous for its cakes and ale; but to the humble Scot, become English in his sabbath views, the day is, in most cases, a time of sheer recklessness. There is much truth in the shrewd remark of Sir Walter Scott, that the Scotch, once metamorphosed into Englishmen, make very mischievous Englishmen indeed.

Among the existing varieties of the genus philanthropist—benevolent men bent on bettering the condition of the masses—there is a variety who would fain send out our working people to the country on sabbaths, to become happy and innocent in smelling primroses, and stringing daisies on grass stalks. An excellent scheme theirs, if they but knew it, for sinking a people into ignorance and brutality—for filling a country with gloomy workhouses, and the workhouses with unhappy paupers. 'Tis pity rather that the institution of the sabbath, in at least its economic bearings, should not be better understood by the utilitarian. The problem which it furnishes is not particularly difficult, if one could be but made to understand, as a first step in the process, that it is really worth solving. The mere animal that has to pass six days of the week in hard labour, benefits greatly by a seventh day of mere

animal rest and enjoyment; the repose, according to its nature, proves of signal use to it, just because *it is* repose according to its nature. But man is not a mere animal; what is best for the ox and the ass is not best for him: and in order to degrade him into a poor unintellectual slave, over whom tyranny, in its caprice, might trample roughshod, it is but necessary to tie him down, animal-like, during his six working days, to hard engrossing labour, and to convert his seventh day into a day of frivolous, unthinking relaxation. History speaks with some emphasis on the point. The old despotic Stuarts were tolerable adepts in the art of king-craft, and knew well what they were doing when they backed with their authority the "Book of Sports." The merry unthinking serfs, who, early in the reign of Charles I., danced on sabbaths round the Maypole, were afterwards the ready tools of despotism, and fought that England might be enslaved; the Ironsides, who, in the cause of civil and religious freedom, bore them down, were staunch sabbatarians.

In no history, however, is the value of the sabbath more strikingly illustrated than in that of the Scotch people during the seventeenth, and the larger portion of the eighteenth centuries. Religion and the sabbath were their sole instructors; and this in times so little favourable to the cultivation of mind—so darkened by persecution and stained with blood—that, in at least the earlier of these centuries, we derive our knowledge of the character and amount of the popular intelligence mainly from the death testimonies of our humbler martyrs, here and there corroborated by the incidental evidence of writers such as Burnet. In these noble addresses from prison and scaffold—the composition of men drafted by oppression almost at random from out the general mass—we see how vigorously our Presbyterian people had learned to think, and how well to give their thinking expression. In the quieter times which followed the revolution, the Scottish peasantry existed

as at once the most provident and intellectual in Europe ; and a moral and instructed people pressed outwards beyond the narrow bounds of their country, and rose into offices of trust and importance in all the nations of the world. There were no Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in those days. But the sabbath was kept holy ; it was a day from which every dissipating frivolity was excluded by a stern sense of duty ; the popular mind, with weight imparted to it by its religious earnestness, and direction by the pulpit addresses of the day, expatiated on matters of grave import, of which the tendency was to concentrate and strengthen, not scatter and weaken, the faculties ; and the merely secular cogitations of the week came to bear, in consequence, a sabbath day stamp of depth and solidity. The one day in seven struck the tone for the other six. Our modern apostles of popular instruction rear up no such men among the masses as were developed under the sabbatarian system in Scotland. Their aptest pupils prove but the loquacious *gabbers* of their respective workshops—shallow superficialists, that bear on the surface of their minds a thin diffusion of ill-remembered facts and crude theories ; and rarely indeed do we see them rising in the scale of society ; they become Socialists by hundreds, and Chartists by thousands, and get no higher. The disseminator of mere useful knowledge takes aim at the popular ignorance ; but his inept and unscientific gunnery does not include in its calculations the parabolic curve of man's spiritual nature, and so, aiming direct at the mark, he aims too low, and the charge falls short.

HOW WILBERFORCE AND CHALMERS ENJOYED THE SABBATH.

"OFTEN," says Mr. Wilberforce, "in my visits at Mr. Pitt's when I heard one or another speak of this man's place, or that man's peerage, I felt a rising inclination to pursue the same objects; but a Sunday in solitude never failed to restore me to myself."

Again: "Sunday, 1790. Oh! blessed be God, who hath appointed the sabbath, and interposes these seasons of serious recollection. Oh! what a blessed thing is Sunday, for giving us an opportunity of self-examination, retrospect, and drawing water out of the wells of salvation!"

In the winter of 1809, Mr. Wilberforce, undertaking a trip to Bath, wrote to Mr. Perceval to ascertain the day of the meeting of Parliament. "Parliament," was the reply, "will not meet, unless something unforeseen should occur, until Monday the 16th of January. I hope, then, you will lose no time in getting your health well set up at Bath." His watchfulness for public morals at once suggested to him the amount of public travelling which such a day of meeting would create; and he begged in answer that it might, if possible, be altered. "I thank you for your note of yesterday," rejoined the conscientious minister, "and am really sorry that I should have given occasion for it. I feel myself the more to blame, because the receipt of your note brought back to my recollection (which I had till then forgot) some observations which the Speaker made to me some time ago on the same subject; if they had been present to mind when we settled the meeting of Parliament, I would not have fixed it upon Monday. We were,

however, almost drawn to that day." Two days after, he wrote again: "Dear Wilberforce, you will be glad to hear that it is determined to postpone the meeting of Parliament till Thursday the 19th, instead of Monday the 16th, to obviate the objections which you have suggested to the meeting on that day. Yours very truly, SPENCER PERCEVAL."

Mr. Wilberforce has in his diary, without any allusion to the part he had in it—"The House put off nobly, by Perceval, because of the Sunday travelling it would have occasioned."

The following passage occurs in a letter to his sister: "My judgment is decidedly and strongly in favour of your taking an early dinner on Sunday, and going to church in the afternoon. I do not say it lightly. I believe the contempt into which the sabbath has fallen bids fair to accelerate the ruin both of Church and State more than any other single circumstance whatever; and it is the bounden duty of every friend to our civil happiness, no less than our religious interests, to hold up its authority."

Again, writing to Mr. Ashley, he says: "There is nothing in which I would warn you to be more stoutly resolute than keeping the sabbath holy; and by this I mean, not only abstaining on that day from all unbecoming sports and common business, but from consuming time in frivolous conversation, paying or receiving visits, which, among relations, often leads to a sad waste of this precious day. Self-examination and much private prayer should never be omitted on this day. I can truly declare to you, that to me the institution of the sabbath has been most invaluable. I need not suggest, likewise, the duty of searching into our hearts on that day, examining ourselves as to our love of God and of Christ, and of purging out all malice and ill-will towards any one who may have offended us; trying likewise, when opportunity offers, to make peace. In all we should ever associate the idea of our blessed Master, and render him as much as possible present to our minds."

The way in which Dr. Chalmers enjoyed and spent the sabbath is very clearly seen from his solitary musings on that sacred day, recorded in the beginning of one of the volumes of his posthumous works, "Sabbath Scripture Readings," and which form a very interesting portion of that publication. We insert the following specimen:—

"Edin. Aug. 30, 1835.—In reading the life of Sir Matthew Hale, I find that he employed the pen to aid him in his spiritual meditations. He wrote as he thought; and hitherto my attempts at the sustained contemplation of divine things have been so confused and unsatisfactory, that I am glad to try the same expedient. May the Spirit of God, who worketh not without means, but by them, bless this humble endeavour after a nearer approach to the viewless objects of faith and eternity! Guard me, O heavenly Father, against the illusions of fancy. Suffer me not to walk in sparks of my own kindling. In thy light may I clearly see light; and let me never abandon the guidance and supreme authority of that word which thou hast exalted above all thy name. Teach me the habit of communion with thyself; and may those imperfect aspirations after thee upon earth open the way for the full enjoyment of thine immediate presence and of thy revealed glory in heaven."

"——. To express my religious state in one sentence; I have a strong general desirousness towards God, though often suspended by the avocations of life, and daily overborne amidst its manifold and besetting influences. And it is a desirousness not satisfied—as if knocking at a door not yet opened, with a sort of earnest and indefinite longing after a good not yet attained. Perhaps the experience I have oftenest realized is that of the psalmist, when he said, 'My soul breaketh for the longing it hath unto thy judgments at all times.'"

"Oct. 2.—When in a state of physical exhaustion or discomfort, I am the more apt to give way under the power of any wrong or

wayward instigation. On all hands I stand greatly in need both of prayer and watchfulness. O my God, make me more habitual in my supplications at a throne of grace, and let me proceed on sanctification as a business. Oh that I were more intent upon it! that I made it the distinct and the main object of my life, and suffered nothing to interfere with it! Let me not remit the cultivation of my heart, but give myself wholly thereto. And oh that my converse in society, as well as my whole conduct in life, may so bespeak the altogether Christian, that my life in itself should be a continual confession of the Saviour before men!"

In his observations on Exodus xxxi., Dr. C— thus writes:—"Let me drink the spring of all that is here said about the sabbath—an observance as much distinguished from the temporary and ceremonial law of Moses as any other of the decalogue. Let me never lose sight of the sign or memorial, first of creation, and then of redemption. Let it, therefore, be upheld as part and parcel of a perpetual covenant—a day of holy rest, and the delighted observance of which is one of the most decisive tests of a renewed and godly nature. And let it not be a fatiguing but a reposing cessation from the toils and cares of the every-day world. And let such be my meditations and exercises that I may not be exhausted, but strengthened and refreshed thereby."

GEORGE STEPHENSON AND THE SABBATH.

"Who but Mr. Stephenson," asked a counsel before a parliamentary committee, "who but Mr. Stephenson would have thought of carrying a railway over Chat Moss?—it was ignorance inconceivable—it was perfect madness." But when the bill passed, Stephenson at once made arrangements to commence the work, and commenced with the "impossible;" so determined was his effort, that the first syllable of the word disappeared. If you want to know how he did it, what obstacles he encountered, what difficulties he overcame, you must read his life. It presents much to admire, something to avoid. But what we should bear in mind is, that having assured himself he could do the work, and having the work to do, he never ceased till he did it.

"It is curious to reflect," says the Quarterly Review, "that at that time, the government, the canal proprietors, the trustees of turnpikes, the mathematicians, the mechanicians, even the engineers themselves looked upon the railway system as an impudent imposition, to be put down at all cost and under whatever circumstances."

There was a little band of sagacious men on the other side; and foremost among them was a quiet, unpretending, intelligent, but most determined man, George Stephenson. Look at the scene. Science, skill, wealth, education, power, were to a great extent ranged on one side; on the other was the self-helped, self-educated, self-relying Wall's-end brakesman. Yet he was right, they were wrong: he knew their interests better than they knew them. Who taught him? If the events were written as Old Testament history was written, the hand of God would be traced in all this. There we learn that God gave men wisdom to perform cunning work, to

plan, to carve, to weave, to build; and it was He who created this modern workman, made him what he was, gave him that indomitable will that held fast to the truth of what he felt to be right; it was He who used George Stephenson first to confound all the skill of the educated and scientific of the day; and then, overcoming their boasted knowledge, God used this man to establish a system that lengthens time, abbreviates space, increases commerce, cements nations, and will be a lasting blessing to mankind.

George Stephenson had sympathy with young men; he reproved their follies, especially in needless ornaments in dress; but he was ever ready to listen to and advise those who required his aid.

"Much to admire," we have said, "something to avoid;" George Stephenson was a good son, a kind father, and an industrious, sober, honest, truthful, noble fellow: like many others, he seems to have studied the last half of the decalogue, and neglected the first. His grand mistake was commencing the work which led to his worldly advancement, on the sabbath day. Ralph Dods met him on the Saturday evening "dressed," his biographer tells us, "in his Sunday suit, about to proceed to the 'preachings' in the Methodist chapel, which he at that time attended." Dods promised Stephenson if he could put the engine at the High-pit to-rights, and set to work immediately, he would make a man of him for life.

Stephenson knew he could do the work, but the next day was Sunday. Can we suppose an attendant on "Methodist preachings," and one so much interested as to put on his Sunday clothes for a Saturday evening meeting, had no qualms on the matter?

Stephenson might have remained firm: there was no human life to save, not even an ox or an ass to succour, or he would have been justified in working all the sabbath; here was a pit which had been filling with water for a twelvemonth, it could not therefore hurt for another day. Ralph Dods tempted, and George Stephenson yielded.

George Stephenson, by undertaking this unnecessary Sunday labour, did himself immense mischief, and by his example immensely injured others. It was comparatively easy afterwards to take surveys for the Manchester and Liverpool line on the Sunday, to watch for the opportunity when an opposing clergyman was at church to enter on his property; it became easy also to ride on the Sunday with Sir Joshua Walmsley, "a toilsome day's journey through the mountains of Spain." The attendant on "Methodist preachings," in his youth, allowed himself to be taken to the opera in his old age; but nature avenged this nonsense, for, after the first act, the honest man went to sleep.

Now how different might have been the railway system of Great Britain, if George Stephenson had resolved "to keep the sabbath day holy;" his influence would at least have limited Sunday trains, if it had not prevented them. A successful man is sure to influence others; and that which would have been easy at the commencement of this great enterprise, has become all but impracticable now. And yet when the railroad travelling of 1860 is four times quicker than the coach of 1830, when the goods traffic is nearly equally accelerated, when the postal communication is facilitated in the same degree, is it not monstrous that we are told of the necessity for Sunday trains, and for country postal deliveries on the Lord's day?

Everything in history, everything about us, everything in the Bible cries, "Have faith in God." "No!" we say, "we can't trust in Providence; this work must be done—this line will not pay if we abandon Sunday excursion traffic." Indeed! There are at least fifty millions of money yearly saved, in one form or other, to the country by the introduction of railroads. Now who enabled the ingenious men who were trying their skill on the iron road and locomotive to succeed? Why did not the opponents of railways succeed? Solomon de Caus was on the eve of success, but his pro-

jects slumbered for nearly two centuries. Why did not George Stephenson, like Trevethick, like others, die in poverty, with his plans frustrated? I suppose all will admit that the Almighty could have prevented the success of the scheme if he would, but it pleased him to give us the wealth and influence which the railway system imparts; why cannot we so far trust him as to believe there never is ultimate loss in obeying his commands?

Mr. R. Stephenson tells us that "the railway system is so vast, that every item, however minute in itself, becomes of the greatest importance when multiplied by the extent of the work performed. You must consider," he says, "that every farthing of the train mileage of our country represents to the railways no less a sum than 80,000*l.* per annum."

Now, if God were pleased to endow some mechanic with invention sufficient to make rails more permanent, to improve the construction of the locomotive, or to economize fuel, how soon might this furthing of the train mileage be saved; and he might do such a thing if his commands were obeyed and his sabbath honoured. We are not to obey God as a matter of commercial speculation; but he eminently rewards every man according to his works, when those works proceed from faith in him.

There is no necessity for Sunday postal country deliveries; we do without them in London; and more business letters would be written from London on the Saturday if the delivery were delayed till Monday morning. There can be no necessity for a goods-train to be moved on the sabbath day; and the occasions must be extremely rare when either necessity or mercy requires a passenger train on that day.

At present, with many a station master, Sunday is the day for stock-taking, while guards, drivers, stokers, have no day of rest. Railway shareholders should not imagine that all the responsibility rests on railway directors.

The cry of necessity for Sunday excursion trains for working men who need change of air and scene looks benevolent, but is prompted by the pecuniary profit. Working men did not seek railway directors; the latter sought the working men.

Let an effort be made for some few national holidays in the course of the year, and then have excursion trains; but do not dishonour God under the plea of benefiting man. We can afford these holidays; the brain can afford them, for it wants rest; business can afford them, for railways have enabled us to do twice as much as formerly in half the time; the souls of multitudes need them, for sabbath breaking crushes spiritual life. "Them that honour me, I will honour," saith the Lord; "and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

These observations have been made as a matter of duty. The life of Stephenson, in most respects so admirable, so instructive, is disfigured by this blot—his non-observance of the sabbath day.

SUNDAYS WITH MY CHILDREN.

SOMETIMES I read to them from the Bible, sometimes from other books, a story or a parable. Now and then we burst into a hymn of praise: Milton's "Let us with a gladsome mind," or Mrs. Parsons' "I think when I read that sweet story of old." Sometimes, when we wish rather a moral lesson than a psalm, we all join in "A captain forth to battle went;" and it is wonderful with what sympathy even the youngest catches the strain. But after all, it is not easy to realize one's idea of what a Sunday at home should be. God meant it for rest, and for cheerful, holy intercourse with each other and with him. A toilsome, dull sabbath seems to me a contradiction in terms; and children should be made to feel, if possible, that it is the happiest day of the week. How to make it so, however, is difficult. I record some of my experience, for the benefit of others.

My suggestions are soon told. They are but two. The first is, take pains to make the Sunday a season for cultivating family affection. Parents, set yourselves to gain and draw out the hearts of your children. Increase their confidence in your wisdom and love, and teach them to exercise corresponding feelings of respect and attachment towards yourself. You will thus sweeten all your domestic intercourse, and fit your children to become your friends. Parental authority will be perfected through filial affection. My second suggestion is, make the day one of biblical study, adapting the engagements of your children to their age and character. To my youngest child I give a box of letters, with a short, striking text. She will busy herself for an hour in putting together the letters, and a little attention interests her in the meaning. To an

elder child, I give a pencil and text; he prints it out, and gets the sense. To a third—all young—I entrust the selection of texts suitable for a Scriptural horologue; thus "Rejoice," "Be vigilant," "Pray without ceasing," etc.; gently calling attention to the lessons taught in each of the hours. Once I doubted the wisdom of this combination of the mechanical and spiritual: now I believe it to be the truest wisdom. Sometimes I substitute Scripture pictures, or puzzles, for letters, and, by teaching children to put the facts of Scripture history into tabular order, exercise at once their memory and their religious feelings. The incidents of the life of Moses, of Joseph, and of our Lord, are prime favourites. Now and then I devolve the superintendence of this work on the elder children; but, as the expression of an affectionate interest in the engagements of all is part of my plan, I oftener take it myself.

In the afternoon, I adopt various plans with the elder children. Sometimes they each take a Bible, a pencil and paper, and prepare three or four questions, to be read and answered at tea. The younger members of the group are allowed considerable licence; the elder are expected to have questions that involve some moral or religious truth. This plan is ever fresh, and exercises both the memory and the religious discernment of the children. Occasionally, I give the name of a mountain or city, and require to know the principal religious events that have occurred in connection with it, noting any lessons suggested by them. I have recently adopted a plan intended to exercise imagination, a very active and important faculty in most children. I give the name of some natural object—as light, or the rainbow—requiring a passage in which it is spoken of literally, with some important fact in relation to it, and then a passage in which it is spoken of figuratively or spiritually; the design being that whenever the thing is seen, or the name heard, the spiritual allusion of Scripture

may present itself to the mind. This exercise I have almost invariably found both interesting and instructive.

By these and similar contrivances the Christian parent or teacher will easily provide pleasant and profitable occupation for the young when at home; and when abroad, every opportunity will be taken to associate Scripture allusions and pious thoughts with natural objects.

The principle on which every part of this plan proceeds is, that children, like men, have various faculties, muscular as well as mental, memory, reason, imagination, and feeling, and that, in religious instruction, we best succeed when we occupy and interest them all.* There is danger, no doubt, of teaching religion so as to engage the memory and the imagination only; but that danger is not removed by leaving them unexercised. Idle faculties, in truth, are ever apt to be enlisted on the wrong side. *Use* them, lest they be *abused*; only take care that the whole are made to minister for the time to *religious* improvement.

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* The Bible Questions, Enigmas, and other exercises, published from week to week in the Sunday at Home, will be found most useful in Schools or in families.

A SUNDAY MORNING IN WALES.

IN the summer of one year it fell to our lot to spend the sabbath day in a small village in South Wales, and we have often remembered it as one of the most delightful days we have ever known. We had then an opportunity of witnessing the real value of the sabbath to the labouring man, in the deep religious thoughts and feelings it called forth in him, and the heavenward impulse it administered to his whole being.

It was a sequestered little spot, surrounded by richly wooded hills, down the sides of which trickled gentle streams, making the meadow lands beneath fresh and verdant. The village itself had not any very great attractions; it was composed of houses clumsily put together, many of them being built of wood which had become green with age, and scantily covered with decayed thatch, through which the rain often found an entrance. But within these curiously constructed dwellings there reigned an air of comfort and decency; we entered one, and found that though the floor was of clay, it was swept perfectly clean; the chairs and tables were rickety, and fast falling to pieces, but they were all arranged to the best possible advantage; the mantel-piece was quite brilliant with polished tin candlesticks; and on the wall, fastened by four pins, there was a frameless picture of the great Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans. The air of neatness that prevailed throughout the entire habitation was a palpable proof that penury and good household management can exist together. To a casual observer the inhabitants, who were chiefly occupied in agricultural pursuits, would have appeared dull and sense-bound, with little or no life underneath those labour-begrimed countenances, unmoved and uninfluenced by the glorious beauty of the scenery around them.

But many of them had been taught of God, and had within them a depth of religious experience that would have awed into silence the more intellectualist and man of learning; they had that which was higher than all mental gifts—religion in the heart. They could speak with a degree of intelligence that was surprising upon many subjects; they were deeply interested in the great topics of the day; and it would have done no harm to those who stand at the helm of public affairs, to have heard the comments which these simple-minded men made upon the movements of the time. Outwardly, you could not wish to see men more homely and dull than these were; but as they began to speak of the great things of eternal life, their external stolidity peeled off, and there stood revealed a radiant manhood, glowing with enthusiasm and earnestness. They could not utter all they felt; but the signs that they made, by their broken, ungrammatical language, were far more potent in convincing the heart of their genuine sincerity than the most polished eloquence.

The subject that these peasants, for such we may call them, could talk best about was preaching and matters pertaining thereunto. Many of them had heard the great preachers of Wales, and had been roused into spiritual vigour through the influence of their fiery words. They had heard Williams of Wem, and other worthies of the Welsh pulpit, who were mighty men in their day, and who amid mountains and valleys, in farm-houses and gentlemen's mansions, had sounded forth the word of life with the gigantic strength of real faith. They remembered many of the sermons they had heard preached, the "famous sayings," as they called them, that were in those sermons, and would recount them with unfeigned delight. The shaking hands with a great preacher was an event never to be forgotten, and many a child we found bearing the name of some departed servant of Christ. One man remembered that when he was a child he had saddled the horse of

the good Christmas Evans, and had been patted on the head and called a brave lad ; another, that he had walked twenty miles to hear him, and another that he had “ set the tunes ” at an “ association.” They seemed to take more interest in religious services than in anything else ; and we were told that it was counted very unfriendly if a minister passed through the village without giving a word of exhortation to the people. Even in the season of harvest, it was no unusual thing to see the men snatching time for assembling when a minister was about to preach. We longed for the dawn of the sabbath, that we might worship God with these simple-hearted villagers.

The sabbath came : it was a beautiful morning, the sun shone brightly upon the wood-crowned hills, and high over our heads the larks were filling the air with their joyous carols. From the fields, in which the corn was gently waving in the summer air, there came a healthy fragrance, and the hedges sent forth an odour of wild flowers. Nature seemed calling upon man to join in its song of praise to the bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift. The road to the chapel was dotted with persons dressed in every variety of costume ; but the men, for the most part, were clothed in white smock frocks ; and the women, to a dress of humble neatness, added the high-crowned hat.

In front of the place of worship was a small graveyard, overshadowed by full-grown yew trees : this little burial place was something like a family vault, for nearly all who had been interred therein were relatives, and around every grave sacred associations gathered. Attached to each other were the tombs of four pastors who had successively presided over the church ; and in modest, scriptural language their epitaphs set forth what these men were and what they did, ascribing all to the Saviour who strengthened them. There was not to be found on any stone a high-sounding eulogium ; if they had been good men, it was through the agency

of the Holy Spirit; and to the grace which brought salvation all the glory was rendered. The whole grave-yard seemed to breathe humble hope and confidence in the resurrection to eternal life. Two or three new graves there were, adorned with box and summer flowers; and we saw mourners, whose sorrow was yet fresh, watering the green hillocks with their tears, because those whom they loved had gone to return no more. Upon entering the sanctuary, we found it hard to reconcile its appearance with the extravagant descriptions of its beauty which we had heard from those with whom we had conversed about it. To them it was a perfect cathedral, noble in design, and faultless in erection; but a more uncomfortable looking place we never beheld. Even with the warmth of a July sun upon them, the walls were damp and clammy; the galleries almost touched the ceiling, through which many a peep of day was visible; the pulpit was large enough to hold three preachers without inconvenience, and the pews were so constructed that when the people sat down in them, only their heads were visible.

But men are apt to speak of their place of worship according to the spiritual seasons they have enjoyed therein; their religious emotions consecrate the place, and give to it a beauty not its own. Is not every place holy and beautiful in which we have been born again, or held sweet intercourse with God? The most dilapidated barn gradually dissolves into a glorious temple, if we meet the Saviour there, and realize the sacred presence.

As soon as the pastor appeared—a grave and thoughtful looking man—the congregation, numbering between two and three hundred persons, thronged into the chapel. A funeral sermon was to be preached that morning for a good man in the neighbourhood, who had lately gone to his rest; and a look of tender sympathy was thrown towards the mourners as they entered. The service commenced by the people singing that beautiful hymn—"How blest

the righteous when he dies!" etc., to a grand old minor tune. Oh! that singing; shall we ever forget it? It was not so much the beauty of the vocal tones which impressed us, as the deep heart which vibrated through the whole; this gave a force and a melody to the singing which we have in vain looked for in those who outwardly have been most accomplished in music. It was literally making melody in the heart to the Lord; and we can well understand how a celebrated man, who had travelled in many parts of the globe, could say, "I never heard true singing until I was in Wales!"

After a prayer of extraordinary fervour and sweet pathos, which drew tears from many in the congregation, the preacher proceeded to name his text in both the Welsh and English dialect: "What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." It is very difficult to give any true idea of the sermon; the mere outline which we took will give the reader but a very faint conception of its real power. The earnestness of the preacher, with the genuine Welsh fire in him, the tones of his voice tremulous with feeling, and the responsive sighs of the moved congregation, ought to have been seen and heard, to give an adequate idea of what the sermon was, and its effect upon the people. In very simple terms the preacher introduced his subject. They knew what a vapour was: often upon an autumn morning they had seen a grey mist covering the tops of the mountains, and sometimes hiding from their view the farm-house on the hill side, which at other times they could see very well: that was a vapour; and about nine o'clock they had seen the sun burst grandly forth from behind the cloud, and gradually under its influence the mist had melted away: that was the passing away of the vapour, and our life was like that; we appeared for a little while on the earth, and then vanished away. Again, last night, if they had watched the heavens, they would have seen gliding through the air things like shafts of light, called meteors; very beautiful and splendid

they were for a moment, but then they vanished for ever. And so, although men made a great show in the world, lived in fine houses, and surrounded themselves by all the splendour that wealth could purchase, they would one day have to leave all behind; their life was as much a vapour as that of the poor man—as the life of the man for whom they were that morning shedding tears.

Our life, then, was like a vapour, because of its *exceeding frailty*. How difficult mothers found it to rear little babes: upon what a slender thread their little lives seemed at times to hang; how often had they expected that before the morning dawned their dear ones would have said adieu to the world. And even those who were in years, when they had been laid low by fever, had felt that had their illness been a little more severe, they would have been quite gone. Human life was a frail thing, whether in the infant, child, or full-grown man.

And our life was like a vapour, because of its *exceeding brevity*. "We appeared but for a little time." The longest life was after all a very short one; fifty years to some of them would appear little more than a week; but, then, no man's existence was too brief for him to take care of the concerns of his soul, and to become reconciled to God through the death of his Son. Several other analogies between man's life and the vapour were noted, and spiritual lessons derived from them; and, in conclusion, the preacher exhorted his hearers to remember that, though our days in this world were very few and uncertain, it was possible for us all to have something very real and substantial as the basis of our life; we could all build on the rock against which the gates of hell could not prevail; the rains might descend and the winds blow, but if we were built upon the rock we should remain secure and steadfast. We had a Saviour into whose keeping we could commit our souls, and no one was strong enough to pluck them out of his hands.

We still see this earnest preacher before us, although now he too

has gone home to God : the tones of his voice, now swelling into a thunder roll, now sinking into a subdued pathos, still ring in our ears ; and once more we behold this little village congregation, in simplicity and faith, worshipping God. Upon leaving the place, we were curious to observe the effect of the service upon the people : they gathered together in knots in the graveyard, and began to speak of the one who had been so recently removed from them by death, and then they discoursed upon the applicability and power of the sermon ; it had evidently found its way to their hearts, and roused them to think of life and immortality being brought to light through the gospel : they would return to their homes feeling the importance of spiritual things, and be determined to use their few years of life well, in the fear of God, in the faith of the gospel, and in the hope of everlasting glory. We involuntarily asked ourselves, Would this effect have been produced had these men spent the sabbath morning in the Crystal Palace ? Would the highest triumphs of art have produced anything like such an effect ? No ! The poor man, worn out by the week's labour, wants something better than fine statues and gilded rooms to refresh his heart and mind : his moral nature, let our new teachers say what they will, cannot be educated by such things ; and we know and are sure that, however laborious a man's occupation may be, he will enjoy a truer and a sweeter rest by bringing his nature under the influence of gospel facts and principles on the sabbath, and rise with a healthier impulse to his work on the succeeding day, than the man who wanders listlessly about through fields and lanes, or as listlessly through the Crystal Palace. We left the little village, feeling convinced that the sabbath was the secret of what life there was in it ; that the holy day gave a religious tone to the whole week, by inducing men to live continually under the influence of sabbath thoughts and feelings. May the time never come when the blessed day shall cease to be regarded as holy and honourable unto the Lord !

AMONG THE NAVVIES IN WALES.

It is now nearly ten years since I set out on a summer excursion for the sake of health and recreation—an excursion which I intended should take me into the heart of Wales, and afford me as much new experience of natural beauties and human character as it was possible to derive from a holiday ramble of three short weeks. I need say nothing here of the direction I took, or the way in which I passed my time ; all I had to do was to conform to the doctor's advice in making it as agreeable as I could, in order to relieve my mind, and body too, from the distractions and burden of business.

It happened that on the second Sunday of my trip I found myself comfortably housed in the smallest of village inns, not far from the centre of the Principality, and in a district where the English language was but little understood and less spoken. The few Welsh phrases of which I was master had enabled me to make myself sufficiently understood to provide for my daily wants, especially as both landlord and landlady could meet me half way with a stock of English on their part at least equal to my own vocabulary of Welsh. But when the Sunday morning came, in all its quiet summer beauty, and that exquisite stillness that marks the sabbath morning in a God-fearing rural district—a stillness unbroken by a single sound, save the whisperings of the bearded barley now ripening for the scythe, the rustle of the dark green foliage, and the songs of birds—then indeed a new difficulty, upon which I had not calculated, had to be dealt with. Where was I to worship ? A service in Welsh would be about as useless as one in Greek to me, and I could not expect, in a place where English was not spoken, to hear an English sermon.

But there was a service at a small brick chapel in the village, where a zealous good man preached in the native dialect; and accordingly as the hour approached when the service of the morning should commence, I could see the simple people gathering from all parts towards the humble house of prayer. Women in red cloaks and black men's hats, from the rims of which appeared the snow-white cap borders, leading children by the hand, and husbands and fathers carrying little ones in their arms, or perched "pick-a-back" on their shoulders, came slowly down the white winding pathways that led up the green hills. Others came trudging along the dusty road, clad in their best attire, but carrying their clean stockings and polished shoes in their hands to save them from the road soil, and only putting them on when they had entered the village, and duly washed their dusty feet in the brook. Others came trotting in from greater distances on the backs of wild, shaggy, dwarf ponies, which they hobbled and turned into the road, or tethered to a gate or hedge-stake, until, the service over, they should mount them again to return home.

As I could do no better, I followed the example of the rest, and made towards the house of prayer, where, although the minister had not arrived, the congregation struck up a resounding psalm, and sung it once or twice through. When the good man came, he commenced reading a chapter in the Old Testament, of which hardly a single word was intelligible to me. Notwithstanding that, I would have stayed till all was over—for I believe that the heart may be edified in such a presence, independent of the ear—had I not observed that I excited too much attention, and was plainly a source of curiosity and distraction to the simple congregation. I therefore thought it better to depart; and on the arrival of a fresh band of worshippers, whose entrance occasioned some stir, I silently withdrew.

I walked through the village, which lay buried in sunlight and

silence, and turning from the heat of the sun into a shady lane, traversed it for more than a mile, and came out upon an undulating piece of waste land, where the gorse lay in patches. There I walked through a colony of wild rabbits, whose white ears and feet twinkled ever and anon among the fern leaves, and who seemed to be holding a *levée*, unconscious of dog or gun, and scarcely troubled themselves to move out of my way as I passed. Leaving the gorse and the coney behind me, I found myself suddenly standing upon the edge of a deep cutting in the soil, which I saw at once was intended for the passage of a new railway, then in course of formation. I followed the track of the railway for some distance further, and went on until the cutting had reached to the level land, and the level had to be maintained by an embankment—on the summit of which I was slowly plodding my way—now lost in such thoughts as the sacredness of the hour and the soothing tranquillity of the scene were calculated to excite; now listening with admiration to the rapturous song of a lark high up in the sky, the sole audible worshipper in that vast concave.

All at once I was startled and brought to a stand by what seemed the deep and earnest tones of a man's voice rising out of the ground beneath my feet. I looked round on all sides, but nothing in human shape—nothing, in fact, that bore the shape of life at all—was visible to the eye; yet as I listened the voice grew more distinct, and I recognised the accents as the accents of prayer, and prayer, too, in the English tongue. Ought I to be ashamed to confess that a strange feeling, a sort of awful perplexity, stole over me for a few moments? Let me be excused for the weakness, if weakness it was. For an instant I listened breathlessly, endeavouring to catch the words, as well as the tones of the invisible appealor to the throne of God. I now became aware that the voice rose from the other side of the embankment, which was concealed from my view by a row of earth trucks. When I had

walked round them, and could look into the hollow on the other side, the mystery was explained. It appeared that the railway, in its passage, had pushed a small farm holding, consisting of a cottage and a few detached sheds and offices, out of existence, and had, further, temporarily dammed up a small rivulet, the waters of which, collected over a considerable space, showed like a canal. The cottage, which had been partly dismantled and despoiled of its woodwork, stood now in the water, which flowed several inches over the doorway, to which, however, there was an approach formed by stepping-stones; and as the door and window sashes were gone, I could see that the stepping-stones were connected within the dwelling, by means of a couple of planks, to the staircase which led to its upper floor. It was from this upper floor that the sounds proceeded which had attracted my attention, and I could now plainly distinguish every word. Moreover, I could see through the sashless windows a part of the little congregation here assembled for worship. They were all males, and consisted, without exception, of navigators employed on the railway, and were mostly in their working dress. A few men of the same class were seated on the opposite side of the stream on the grass; but they evidently considered themselves a part of the congregation, and behaved with becoming propriety and decorum. By shifting my position, I was enabled to look down through the broken roof, from which a tarpauling had been thrown aside to admit the cooling breeze, and to get a sight of the man who was praying, and a part of his little flock. He was himself a bronzed, hard-handed son of labour, and appeared to be a brother of the same craft, though, unlike the rest, he wore a decent black coat, whose faded hue told a tale of careful preservation. He closed his prayer by an energetic appeal for the Divine presence in fulfilment of the promise, and then gave out a hymn, which was sung to a plain tune by plain, rough voices, but with a dignity and solemnity not

THE NAVVIES HOUSE OF PRAYER.



always too perceptible in the choral services of some of our city shrines.

I should not like to attempt at this distance of time a report of the exhortation which then ensued ; and I am not certain whether, if it were reported verbatim, wanting the tone, the aspect, and the action of the speaker, and wanting, too, the singular congregation to which it was addressed, it would not excite a smile where it ought to suggest thoughts and emotions at which no man ever does smile. The subject of the good man's discourse was God's gift of his Holy Spirit to them that ask it ; and his argument consisted of a simple course of reasoning from the most familiar facts of the New Testament, tending to show the supreme necessity of the gift, without which all other gifts were of none avail. It was plain that his whole heart and soul were filled with the most exalted ideas of the infinite mercy of God in bestowing his only begotten Son as a ransom for sinners, and in sending his Spirit to strive with rebellious men and urge them to the acceptance of the proffered peace. He drew a fearful picture of the hardened and impenitent man who passed his life in resisting the secret voice that ever called on him to turn from his evil way ; and described him at length, when that voice had departed from him, as given over to his own lusts, and led captive by the devil at his will. In concluding, he led his hearers to the foot of the cross, charging them there to remain till he saw them again. When he ceased speaking, he signed with his finger to somebody, whom I could not see, but who offered a short prayer, and then the meeting broke up.

The preacher was the first to come forth and pick his way over the stepping-stones to the opposite bank, from whence he struck across the slope into a pathway which wound round the base of the opposing hill. I watched him for a few minutes as he strode over the ground with sturdy and rapid step, until he disappeared from view in a grove of underwood. By this time the little congregation

had turned out of the dilapidated cottage which they had made their sanctuary, and were walking in groups of two or three persons upon the knoll in front of it. I counted twenty-seven of the big brawny fellows who make our railways; most of them had their dinners in their pockets; and as they sat side by side on the margin of the water, they unfolded their cotton handkerchiefs, produced hunches of bread and cold meat, drew their pocket-knives, and addressed themselves to their repast, for which the waters of the rivulet, drank from the hollow of the hand, or passed from man to man in a battered tin can, furnished the beverage.

I was not a little pleased with my morning's discovery, and walked back to my village inn with a feeling of reverence towards the doers of good in secret, and of gratitude, I trust, towards Him who had sent the sound of his gospel to these wayfarers in the wilderness, and inclined their hearts to the reception of the glad tidings. I made an ineffectual attempt to get some information on the subject from my landlady; but either she knew nothing about it, or had not English enough at command to tell what she knew; and I was none the wiser from her civil attempts to understand and be understood. But in the evening twilight, as I was sitting at the casement fronting the road, I saw one of the navvies pass by, whom I immediately recognised as one of the morning congregation. I seized my hat, and in another minute was at his side. From him I learned, during a walk towards his quarters, the following particulars, which may be worth recording.

The new railway had been gradually advancing through that district during the last nine months. There were over a hundred men in all working upon it, and a sadly reckless and degraded gang they were when they first came, the terror and the scourge of the neighbourhood, and especially of the poorer class of people. They passed their Sundays in the wildest licence and most wanton mischief, and often in witnessing pugilistic encounters got up

among themselves. They defied the police of the district, who hardly dared to interfere with them, and acknowledged no law but their own savage will. Last spring they had been joined by a man who had heard what a violent and desperate lot they were, and who had hired himself to work with them in the hope of doing some of them, at least, a little good. He didn't tell them that at first, but ere Sunday came he invited a few of them to meet him on that day in a barn, and to bring as many of their companions as chose to come. Nearly all of them came to hear what he had to say; they expected food for merriment in the meeting, and came prepared to make sport of his proceedings. He met their derision with quiet patience, and wore out their opposition by his calmness and perseverance. A few of the less violent at length took his part, and insisted that he should have a hearing. He spoke to them modestly and kindly, and told them what the religion of the Bible had done for his own soul—how it had increased his happiness in life, and banished the fear of death; and proposed that they should all give it a trial, and see if it would not do as much for them. Some of them thought this was a fair offer, while the majority scoffed at the proposition, and would have nothing to do with it. After considerable uproar, the dissentients, not finding the fun they had looked for, drew off, and left the few who were willing to hear about religion to do as they chose. At first they were under ten in number, and with them the good man read the Scriptures and prayed, and explained in a simple manner the way of salvation through Christ Jesus. This was the beginning of the little church and congregation upon which I had accidentally stumbled. By degrees their number increased—first one, and then another, of the gang found his way to the barn on a Sunday morning; and those who came once generally came again. They had grown to twenty, when they were obliged to leave the barn and move further on, on account of the advance of their line of railway.

They had obtained the use of the cottage in which I had seen them from the contractor, who, but for their request to the contrary, would have pulled it down before now. Their numbers had gone on increasing, and my informant supposed that now nearly half the navigators were occasional attendants at the Sunday services, and more than a quarter of them attended regularly and constantly.

On my inquiring what the effect had been of these religious meetings on the conduct of the whole band, he assured me that he could give me no conception of it, and that I could not imagine it, as I did not know them as he did before Jones came amongst them. They were not the same men.

"And do any of them still make a scoff of Jones?"

"Not a man of them, sir; it would be bad times for the man that did; and, besides, they wouldn't do it. You see, sir, they know now that Jones gave up better work, where he was earning more money, for the sake of joinin' them, just to try and do 'em a little good. A man can't do otherways than respect that sort of thing."

"I am glad to hear it. And was it Jones that I heard this morning?"

"It was, sir. When he left us, he walked three miles on to the next contract to meet another party there in the afternoon in a tent, and was back to us again before six o'clock."

After some further talk with the navigator, from which I was led to infer that he was himself among the number of those who owed to Jones a knowledge of the glad tidings of the gospel, and that he had embraced them with the fervid gratitude of a rough but guileless character, I shook hands with him and returned to my temporary home. Next morning the ruined cottage standing in the water was the first thing in my thoughts; and thinking that I should like to preserve a memorial of a scene which had surprised

and interested me so unexpectedly, I resolved to revisit the place, and to transfer the dilapidated building to my sketch-book. Breakfast over, I accordingly made my way to the spot once more. I found the house deserted, and resting upon its own shadow in the clear water. The men were all at work a quarter of a mile further on, and I could hear their voices and the noise of their tools as I sat for half-an-hour engaged in my silent task amid a company of twittering sparrows, who were feasting on the crumbs of yesterday's repast.

I yet retain that rude sketch, and it is all that remains in being of the temporary church in the wilderness. The remnants of the cottage and all its surroundings have long been swept away; the rivulet is drained off into a new channel; and of those who knew the little farm-holding best in its palmy days, it is probable there are few who could determine with exactness the spot where it once stood. Yet I sometimes doubt whether that roofless sanctuary is doomed to entire forgetfulness; whether words that were spoken, and thoughts which had their birth within its crumbling walls, shall not live and last beyond the things of time, to the praise and glory of Him whose dwelling is eternity. Emergencies demand to be dealt with by extraordinary remedies, and the warmest admirers of ecclesiastical order could scarcely fail to regard with complacency the labours of this self-denying man amidst a class that were left the prey of degrading vices and habits, no man caring for their souls.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

I WAS disturbed, at half-past six in the morning of Sunday, by a noise outside the window of my apartment, a room on the fifth floor of an hotel in the heart of the city. The sun streamed his rays brightly upon the hexagonal tiles that formed the flooring of the bed-chamber, when I, hearing a noise, leaped up and ran to the window to see what caused it. There, on the ledge of a parapet jutting over a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet, stood a couple of young fellows in their shirt sleeves, hotly engaged in the practice of fencing, in which both were adroit practitioners. A false step might have precipitated either to immediate destruction; yet there they practised unconcernedly for a full hour.

Having dressed, and spent an hour or two in retirement, I sallied forth in search of a breakfast for myself, and entered a coffee-house as the only resource. Though only a little after nine, the place was swarming with customers, sopping strips of bread in coffee, and reading the news; and I noticed that at least every third man, as soon as he had finished his meal, ascended a spiral iron staircase into the billiard room above, where the ceaseless click of ivory balls and the babble of fifty tongues informed me that the game was in full play. I now turned my steps towards the Champs Elysées, in search of the Protestant chapel, the service at which, I was told, commenced at eleven. I had hardly left the coffee-house when, turning into the Rue de la Monnaie, I came upon a group reading aloud the play-bills of the day. A new piece was coming out at the opera, and a drama abounding in incidents of murder at

a minor theatre. My way led me through the gardens of the Tuileries, where well-dressed children in numerous groups, attended by parents and nurses, were met to amuse themselves with ball and toy. In the Champs Elysées, as it was yet early, there were but few pleasure-takers on the spot, but preparations were making on all sides for their entertainment. Booths and tents gaily decked, seats without number, countless bottles of various drinks, stores of viands, and the preparatory tuning of musical instruments, gave sufficient intimation of what was to take place. It was close upon eleven when I entered the Protestant chapel in the Hôtel Marbœuf, and there in comparative quiet I spent the two following hours.

Service over, I passed through the Champs Elysées, not without some curiosity to witness the Sunday habits of a people to whom I had hitherto been a stranger. It was a day of unclouded sunshine and but moderate warmth, and all Paris seemed to have left their homes to reap the enjoyment of the summer. The booths were filled with merry-makers, and picnic parties reclined beneath the trees and spread their tablecloths upon the ground. Here a waltzing party was wheeling round to the music of a full band. There a group of attentive listeners had congregated round a quintette of Italian minstrels, who gave them, in exchange for their small coin, the newest airs from the Opera. I was forcibly struck with the appearance and bearing of the minstrels themselves, who, dressed in perfect fashion, aped the airs of professors and public favourites. The girl who carried the collecting cup wore a gold watch and chain, and a pair of pearl drops which, had they been real, would have become a countess.

• In the open spaces of ground, parties of young men were noisily pursuing an exciting game, the skill of which consisted in keeping constantly in the air a huge inflated ball of India-rubber, which they received as it fell, not as with our foot-ballers on the toes, but

upon their clenched fists, from which the black globe would rise like a rocket above the tops of the tallest trees. Fathers of families and matrons of mature age were playing at battledore and shuttlecock; and further on, a vast crowd had gathered in a circle to witness the strange and semi-human antics of a company of performing dogs.

I had subsequently occasion to visit the Palais Royal. In its gardens, seated round the cool spray of the fountain, men of all the nations of Europe sat or reclined in the full luxury of semi-oriental enjoyment, or did the honours of hospitality to their female companions. Waiters active as spaniels darted about, carrying in all directions coffee, fruits, wine, ices, and cooling drinks.

After dinner, I accompanied a friend beyond the Barrier de Neuilly, and noticed as we passed along the streets that they were comparatively empty, and that even those of the inhabitants who had remained on guard at home had assembled as by one consent to amuse themselves at their own doors. Childish games were played by gray-haired men; and a species of gambling, by pitching leaden weights into the small compartments of a machine shaped like a miniature chest of drawers, seemed to be much in vogue among the lower orders. But high and low, rich and poor, were on all sides ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, plainly without a thought that they were otherwise than profitably engaged. Outside the barriers we came upon groups of citizens riding upon wooden horses perched upon roundabouts. Men of all ages, in genteel garb, and accompanied by wives and daughters mounted on side-saddled blocks, were whirled round and round fifty times for a penny, which penny they might even save were they dexterous enough to detach, by the aid of a mimic lance with which each one was furnished, a certain number of rings strung upon a horizontal pole. Multitudes of gazing spectators, waiting their turn to mount, flocked around. Further on, horseracing by female

jockeys attracted prodigious crowds of the lower orders; and in inclosures by the road-side, somewhat resembling the tea gardens in England, men and women mounted on wooden steeds as large as life or, seated in cars, were rushing at railway pace down the side of an artificial mountain of poles and planks. There was no pause in the sound of music, which rose on all sides, and which, mingled with shouts of laughter, the hum of voices, the clapping of hands, the shuffling of busy feet, the clink of glasses, the gurgle of disgorging bottles, and the frequent sharp crack of rifle and pistol shots from marksmen practising at the doll, formed a concourse of sounds altogether strange and portentous to ears accustomed to the tranquil repose of an English sabbath. The whole mad scene reminded me of what is said of "Vanity Fair" in the *Pilgrim's Progress*: "Moreover, there is to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, rogues, and that of every kind."

I left the tea-table of my friend about seven o'clock, returned through the barrier, and crossing the Avenue de Neuilly, found myself, after threading some narrow defiles, in the Allée des Veuves, which, stranger as I was, I could not fail to recognise as a favourite resort of a lower grade of the population. Here mirth and jollity, freed from polite conventionalisms, ran riot; intemperance, too, looked in upon the scene, and coarse banter and practical jokes qualified the merriment. With many of the middle classes were more of the lower and labouring, and all found every want anticipated in the abundance of food prepared in the numerous guinguettes, at a price which all could afford. Dancing here, as elsewhere, seemed the occupation of the day; but both music and motion were of a less refined stamp than obtains in more genteel resorts. Here the blouse eclipsed the broadcloth, and clean faces and linen had not been regarded as indispensable accompaniments to the Sunday revel.

From this bewildering scene I soon emerged into the open space

of the Champs Elysées, where the crowd had amazingly increased since the morning. The athletic sports had ceased, and thousands reclining under the trees in the faint beams of the now almost level sun, found a new pleasure in rest after the day's excitement, and dallied over their evening repast, economizing the luxury of the hour as a Frenchman only knows how. Still thousands of unwearyed dancers footed it on the greensward to the stream of music which from one quarter or another never ceased to flow. I looked for the effects of the wine-drinking, which, from the appearance of the crowded tents, had been going on all day. It is proper to add that I could recognise little sign of excess; it was plain that this was not the scene of drunkenness, which is frequent, however, in places less seen by strangers.

The sun was going down when I entered the gardens of the Tuileries. Here the multitude was more dense than in the scene I had just quitted; but there was no band of music, no dancing, no wine. The seats, the walks, the dark avenues, all were crowded with groups of talkers, of a class more sedate, and on the whole more aged, than the votaries of pleasure in the Champs Elysées. Yet amusements were not wanting. Here a man entertained a small group with clever juggling tricks. There a child, not three years of age apparently, played "C'est l'Amour" upon the fiddle, accompanied by another in his second year, upon the tambour, to the great delight of the well-dressed circle of young people, who rewarded them liberally. But darkness was coming on, and presently the drums began to beat the signal of retreat from the garden. Strange drumming it was—at first like the faint roll of distant thunder—then a sudden pause of six or eight bars, and then the simultaneous bang of twenty pairs of drum-sticks in one clear explosion unisonous as a cannon-shot.

I left the gardens, and passing along the quay, stopped occasionally to watch the fitting figures upon the bridges, reflected in

the rapid stream below. Near the Louvre, a dense crowd had congregated to listen to the performance of a favourite street minstrel. It was a singular and characteristic spectacle. Just within the edge of a circle whose diameter was nearly the width of the road, and which was formed spontaneously by the populace, stood a tall moustached militaire, in a rusty coat, whose long tails almost swept the ground. At his feet was spread a large white sheet, broad enough for his couch. Round the sheet, at intervals of a yard, he had lighted and stuck in the ground a number of thin candles, which burned glaringly, fanned by the evening breeze. He now drew his violin from a long pocket, tuned it in a few seconds, and, drawing a sonorous chord, struck up a martial air with astonishing force on double strings: the effect, musically speaking, was really good, and the breathless attention of the listeners showed their appreciation of his power. Not a word was spoken, but by degrees the white sheet became spotted all over with the copper encouragements of the mob: sometimes a small piece of silver fell upon the cloth, and was acknowledged by a stately bend of the minstrel's rigid form. Suddenly the measure changed, and the rich tones of his powerful bass voice were added to the charm of his wondrous instrument—and then the copper shower pattered hard and fast upon the white linen. Then he would pause for a few moments, look around him, and invite the liberality of his patrons by exclaiming, "Courage! courage, mes amis! on commencera encore, courage!" Then waving his bow with the air of a magician, he would run, rapid as thought, from the lowest note to the very apex of the harmonic scale, far above the shrillest pipe of the tiniest feathery songster; and then down again with the most comic and sarcastic imitations of the roulades and cadenzas of the reigning prima donna, till the whole throng were convulsed with laughter and more willing to give. When the contributions had accumulated to his content, he concluded with a popular air of

Beranger's, chanted with tremendous energy, and accompanied with an amount of fanciful skill rarely if ever surpassed. Then, collecting the four corners of the sheet, he bundled up the coins, deposited them, with a graceful bow, in his long pocket—kicked the flaming candles out of his way, and departed.

Not till then was I able to penetrate the crowd and return to my lodging. I found the old porter and his wife playing a game of dominoes in their little chamber, having fatigued themselves with a bout of battledore and shuttlecock for two hours in the afternoon. It was ten o'clock, but I was the only lodger who had yet returned home from the exercises of the Sunday. It is not my object to comment on the scene, but to narrate what I saw.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY LABOUR IN PARIS.

In the last chapter we presented the reader with a brief sketch of the most prominent tokens of the spirit of sinful frivolity which characterizes the Sunday in Paris. To some of our readers, perhaps, it is probable that the picture, so far from appearing repulsive, may have worn, on the contrary, rather an enticing aspect. The man who has no true reverence for the sabbath day, and no respect for its religious observance, based on religious obligation,—who habitually regards it merely as a holiday, a period of rest and recreation,—will probably applaud the system of government which not only tolerates, but encourages by example, the universal dissipation that *appears* to prevail; and he may perhaps, as multitudes have done, go further than that, and desire to live under it. But there is, be it remembered, a reverse to every medal, and

shadows are to be found in every picture. We turn now to the dark side of the spectacle; and, viewing it from another point, it will be seen that no man who honestly desires to do as he would be done by would, independent of all religious considerations, be willing to purchase the pleasures of a Parisian Sunday at the same price which, taken in the aggregate, the Parisian population pays for it. In order to test this subject fairly, we must be allowed to append the shadows to the outline already sketched, and very briefly to glance at the subject of Sunday labour in the various localities of Sunday dissipation and frolic.

Our space will not allow us anything more than a cursory view, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to that very labour which is called into activity by the necessities of Sunday dissipation. The first thing which strikes a stranger in search of this kind of evidence is the number of shops which remain open or only partially closed on the Sunday. The shop of Paris, however, is a very different affair from that of London; as a general rule it is not half so pretentious, and consequently the fact of its being open or shut is not half so obtrusive as it is with us: but to him who seeks for it, the proof is plain enough, that by far the greater majority of those where articles of dress or personal adornments are fashioned or sold, are doing business to a late hour on the Sunday morning, and very many of them all day long, or at least until five or six o'clock. Tailors, milliners, dress-makers, embroiderers, and all similar classes, are at work in large numbers up to the middle of the day; and jewellers are invariably busy in the forenoon, as well in repairing as selling. The reason is obvious—the work is wanted, and must, such is the force of fashion and custom, be sent home in time for the afternoon's drive along the Boulevards, the promenade in the Tuileries, or at the latest, in time for the dress-box at the theatre or the opera.

The next thing which assails one in the city itself, is the im-

menso proportion of the houses appropriated to purposes of amusement or refreshment, or both—the *cafés*, *restaurateurs*, *traiteurs*, *estaminets*, wine-shops, etc., etc., etc., and the thousand billiard rooms of all sorts and degrees, where resort men and boys of every craft and profession, from the man who shears poodles and polishes your boots on the Pont Neuf, to the count of the empire, who perhaps, it is not at all unlikely, sells him his blacking or his brushes or his shears. All these places require the services of a large number of attendants, who are literally fagging at their wearisome labour all day long, and in some places for hours after midnight. The Palais Royal alone demands the constant attendance of an army of functionaries of various grades and avocations. This spot, which is the centre of gaiety, of frivolous pleasure and expensive indulgence, is also a monster den of vice and debauchery, as well as the arena of literary progress and scientific research. The gaming house, the lecture room, and banquet are all crowded together under one roof; and all are populous with their several throngs of votaries, requiring the services of waiters without number, of croupiers and money-changers, of porters and messengers, whose retributive destiny it is *never* to know the luxury of a day of rest. The haggard woe-worn aspect of some of the older denizens of the gorgeous gambling saloons, in this hotbed of miserable pleasure, affords alone a sufficient homily upon the destructive effects of incessant application, even to pursuits in favour of which all their predilections are enlisted.

If we leave the city and resort to the barriers, there is the same doleful accompaniment to the riotous mirth which prevails. The multitudes drudge and groan and toil, in order that the residue may laugh and dance and sing. In addition to the waiters, of whom there is a numerous host ever on foot—and to the musicians, who are scarcely allowed a pause—we have here the poor moiling wretches who grind in gangs in the wooden whirlabouts—abject

semi-human looking specimens, with locks of matted sandy thatch and bloodshot eyes, half-choked with dust, and plunging about with naked lacerated feet among the crossbeams that connect together the creaking fabric, upon which gray-haired respectability condescends to play the fool by way of example to his rising family, who participate in the sport. Then there are the groups of grimy labourers in ragged blouses, whose business it is to crane up again, to the lofty starting summit of the so-called Russian mountains, the ponderous wooden steeds upon which the pence-paying populace delight to rush, with the speed and roar of a cataract, down the rumbling declivity. A little further on we come upon another squad, black with gunpowder and sick with the flavour of it, who are, and have been all day, busy as bees in loading rifles, muskets, and pistols, for the accommodation of the amateurs of firearms, who find a supreme pleasure in committing imaginary murder upon a wooden doll. In the barriers too, and indeed in all the suburban districts of Paris, there are numberless exhibitions and spectacles to be seen for a trifle; shows, dramatic, gymnastic, mechanical, automatic, panoramic, and sometimes purely scientific; all of which work double and even treble tides on the Sunday, during the whole of which day it is inevitable but that all who are unfortunately connected with their management must be harassed with incessant labour.

We might go on enumerating the victims of the popular enjoyment, and could very easily multiply these examples, were there any occasion for so doing; but we believe we have said enough to show that the exciting recreations of the thousands are purchased at least by the abject slavery of corresponding hundreds—and this consideration, we would fain imagine, is altogether sufficient to stamp the purchase in the estimation of our English workmen, who are proverbially fond of fair play and honest dealing, as a very bad and wretched bargain.

In the above remarks we have not, for obvious reasons, cited any religious considerations in reference to the subject; but we cannot refrain from pointing attention to one horrible enormity, which nothing but the utter absence of even the slightest religious sentiment among the lower orders of the population can account for. We allude to the infamous orgies of torture practised at the animal fights at the Barrier Saint Martin and elsewhere. At these haunts of horror and cold-blooded atrocity, cruelty is a fanaticism, and frantic barbarity runs riot. Here miserable animals, savage by nature, and furious through hunger and ill-treatment, are confined in dens from one year's end to another, in order to furnish sport by the exhibition of their agonies. Tortures conceived by an ingenuity truly diabolical, which it is horrible to a humane man to witness, and which it would even be disgraceful to describe, are here perpetrated in cold blood for the sake of gain! And mark! these dreadful saturnalia of barbarity are almost exclusively a sabbath day spectacle. It is true that, on other days, any party who may choose to pay for it can be indulged with five francs' worth of helpless agony; but, on Sunday, the population flock in crowds, and for a few pence riot in the luxury of animal torture. How a people, so pre-eminent for personal bravery as the French, can descend to the encouragement of a pastime so execrable and so thoroughly dastardly, it is difficult to conceive. But one thought recurs forcibly to my mind: it is the *dark* places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty; and where the light of God's sabbath has been blotted out of the moral atmosphere by the contempt and desecration of centuries, in utter scorn of God's command, there we must look, if anywhere, for such horrors as these. Is there no connexion, think you, between the woes of France and her violated sabbaths?

CHAPTER III.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

It is well known that many efforts have been made lately, and not altogether without success, for the purpose of obtaining throughout France a better observance of the sabbath. But still, how much remains to be done! As I was preparing one Sunday morning to sally forth from the Hôtel Sinet, faubourg St. Honoré, the officious waiter, who had just cleared the breakfast things, reminded me indirectly that the Parisians, at all events, have not yet learned to keep the fourth commandment. Pointing to a large bill printed, containing a variety of miscellaneous intelligence for the benefit of foreigners, and which was hung up neatly framed and glazed under the door way: "Monsieur," said he, "will have a very pleasant Sunday; the weather is beautiful, and the waters are to play at Versailles. Then there is a new piece at the opera this evening,—and, by the bye, does monsieur hear the drums? I had quite forgotten the review!" The waiter seemed rather astonished at my not appearing to relish any of these entertainments. I went out, and reached the Place de la Concorde with some difficulty in consequence of the crowd.

But if pleasure-seekers are met at each step they take through the streets of Paris by fresh temptations, which seem to increase a hundred-fold on the Lord's day, let it not be supposed that the Christian need be at a loss to spend the sabbath most profitably. On some future occasion I shall tell my readers how I managed to do so, whilst confined at home by the inclemency of the weather; for the present, I would just ask them to accompany me as I wend my way towards the French Protestant church situated in the rue St. Honoré, nearly opposite the Palais Royal. The reformed Presbyterians, or Calvinists, acknowledged by the state, and whose

pastors receive a yearly stipend from government, have several places of worship in Paris; the Lutherans also have handsome edifices; there are, besides, a number of smaller *réunions*, held by various denominations of dissenters, not to reckon two chapels in which English clergymen minister to large congregations, and another one belonging to our Wesleyan friends. The mother church of the French Calvinists is the Oratoire, where I was then going, and is so called from its having, previous to the Revolution, been the property of the Oratorians, a well known Roman Catholic fraternity. Behold me walking down the Rue St. Honoré, amidst the noise, the bustle, the excitement which seems everywhere at its height. A few shops are shut, here and there; but these form the exception. Domino-players crowd the cafés, politicians pore over the newspapers, itinerant merchants set up their stalls at the street corners, and railway omnibusses, laden both within and without, dash past us in anticipation of the excursion train. We go on, elbowing our way as best we can along the narrow pavement; the noble structure of the Louvre, now nearly completed, meets our eye; a few yards further on stands the church of the Oratoire, to which we are bound, recently repaired, and contrasting pleasantly, by its unpretending architecture, with the grandeur of the neighbouring palace.

It was about half-past ten when I entered, through a little back door, the house set apart for the service of the Lord. A large curtain of green baize, extending throughout the whole breadth of the building, divided what was formerly the chancel from the body of the church. Within the smaller space about seventy or eighty children, with their Bibles open before them, were listening to a familiar exposition of the word of God, delivered by one of the pastors. The recollection of days long gone by rushed to my mind as I took my seat; for twenty years ago I, too, was enrolled in the band of Sunday scholars; twenty years ago I used to sit in this

very room, under the green baize curtain, and in front of the minister's table.

The Bible-class lasts one hour; it is conducted on the plan usually adopted in England, and therefore suggests nothing particular in the way of remark. But I shall never forget the earnest, the simple, the striking manner with which the teacher enforced from Scripture the duty incumbent even upon young children of surrendering themselves to God. Theirs, he said, was the season of hope; they had not yet formed habits of iniquity, the world had not yet engrossed all their thoughts, and they were free from a multitude of anxieties which beset in a peculiar manner the path of those more advanced in life. Children who, like Samuel, make an early choice for heaven will never live to lament it. They are providing themselves with the most precious consolations towards the days of darkness; they are sowing the seeds of their everlasting happiness, and laying up treasures which shall never fade away.

By the time the Sunday school had dispersed, and the temporary partition, the table, forms, etc., had been removed, the congregation began flocking in for the morning service; every available seat was speedily occupied, and long before the minister ascended the pulpit, it had become impossible to admit several hundred persons who were anxiously inquiring for places. In the French Protestant churches all the seats are free; instead of pews, and, by way of contrast, dismal looking forms appropriated to the poor, the sitting accommodation consists of straw-bottomed chairs, arranged in long rows, accessible to all, and to secure which the only condition is coming to the service in good time. The whole staff of the Protestant clergy in Paris do duty alternately in all the churches, so that no minister occupies the same pulpit on two successive Sundays. This arrangement is not a very good one, and it would seem that it has not been found to work well; for, accord-

ing to a new organization then about to be enforced, each clergyman was to have a special district assigned to him, over which he was to exercise solely a pastoral supervision. In France, as in Scotland, the Protestant liturgy is extremely simple. Preaching, chiefly extemporaneous, takes up the greater part of the service, and the singing is confined to three psalms, set to some of those fine old tunes composed and used at Geneva as far back as the sixteenth century.

How delightful it is to see a compact crowd of more than two thousand persons listening with the most eager attention to the minister as he unfolds before them the plan of salvation! An eminent preacher, it is true, was occupying the pulpit, and it might be feared that in the large assembly congregated within the Oratoire many had come merely out of curiosity to hear one of the most eloquent men of the age; but still no one could tell whether God had not that very day a message for one of those careless souls; and he who had entered the church merely for the purpose of satisfying an idle curiosity might, perhaps, go home weighed down by that godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of.

When, at a few minutes past one, I found myself once more in the street, what a contrast! there again was the world with all its heedless gaiety, its bustle, and its vanities. It is a curious study to compare the appearance of a Paris crowd with that of those multitudes which throng Cheapside, Cornhill, or Lombard-street. One might fancy that our neighbours have not a single care preying upon their mind, and that they never knew what it is to be anxious. The Bible certainly cautions us against allowing ourselves to be taken up too much with the business of this transitory life; but as I went along, I thought that there is a certain degree of seriousness becoming the being who is travelling towards eternity.

I had nearly five hours disengaged before dinner time (which in Paris is seldom before six o'clock); so I resolved upon paying a visit to two excellent institutions which have already attracted, and deservedly so, the notice of foreigners. Every one who knows anything of the events connected with the French revolution will recognise as familiar names those two terrible quarters, the faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau. Divided from one another by the Seine and the zoological gardens, or *Jardin du Roi*, the hotbeds of sans-culottism are pretty much in the same state as history reports them to have been fifty years ago. Barracks constructed so as to resist a *coup de main*, and capable of holding several thousand men, are the only improvement which kings, dictators, and emperors have bestowed upon the revolutionary faubourgs; and from those dirty streets, from those alleys, those courts, those ruinous houses, hosts of outlaws thirsting for plunder would no doubt, as soon as a fitting opportunity offered, rush down and renew the saturnalia of 1793 and 1848. But the Paris Protestants have established themselves precisely in the heart of the formidable districts; the gospel is now preached where not long since the "rights of man" composed the only creed known; and amidst the most awful spiritual darkness two institutions have been organized which may be considered as rallying centres around which, we hope, by the blessing of God, to see a true church gradually developing its wholesome activity.

From the Oratoire to the faubourg Saint-Antoine the distance is rather a long one, and it was past three o'clock when I arrived at the Protestant Deaconesses' institution, the first I purposed examining. This valuable establishment, which has been in existence for already fourteen years, is, I was glad to find, high in the affection of the whole faubourg. Adult and infant schools, an infirmary, a house of correction, and an asylum for fallen but penitent females—such are the various labours of love in which the deaconesses are

employed, under the superintendence of a committee of pastors, laymen, and ladies. If we bear in mind the wretched state of the surrounding population, composed almost exclusively of workmen who, when in the receipt of good wages, soon squander away in the haunts of profligacy and vice the money they have earned : if we think, moreover, that although for the most part nominal Roman Catholics, they are sunk in the lowest depths of infidelity ; we shall see at once that the Deaconesses' institution fully deserves the support of all those who are anxious for the real prosperity of the working classes in Paris.

I have often heard persons express themselves as if any attempt to reform the French multitude must needs be useless : it would appear that a French *ouvrier* is an exceptional being, surrounded with a triple breastplate of wickedness, and who is proof against the strongest appeals of the word of God. Besides asserting indirectly that Divine grace is incapable of subduing the stoutest heart, persons who thus think simply show how utterly ignorant they are of the national character. Far from being inaccessible to either counsel or reproof, the Paris workmen are just the reverse ; they will be led about too easily by the first babbler who comes to them with fine words and specious theories on liberty and equality. This is what revolutionary leaders are perfectly aware of ; consequently they lose no time in deluding their unhappy victims ; and when the minister of the gospel comes forward with the message of salvation he generally finds the ground preoccupied. If the working population in Paris is still sitting in the darkness of the shadow of death, the fault lies at our own door, and we may to some extent judge of the results which our earnest endeavours might obtain, under the blessing of God, by a glance at the congregation which assembles Sunday after Sunday in the chapel of the Deaconesses' institution. Here the visitor must not expect to see fashion, rank, or wealth. Poverty has marked its stamp upon most of the indivi-

duals present, and the minister is addressing his heart-searching and affectionate appeals to a crowd of street-sweepers, scavengers, and costermongers. But this is just what we want; the path of influence amongst the lower classes is quite as great, perhaps greater, than in the higher walks of civilized life; and one workman brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus may be the means of rescuing many more from ruin, both temporal and spiritual. The work carried on so prosperously by the deaconesses in the faubourg Saint-Antoine had left still untouched another part of Paris, equally interesting, equally destitute. On the opposite bank of the Seine is a district which, comprising the most ancient part of the metropolis, has long been surrendered by fashion and business to the veriest scum of the population. Between Saint-Marceau and Saint-Antoine there had always reigned, so to say, a confraternity of wickedness; now another little oasis, comprising schools, an infant asylum, and a spacious chapel, has sprung up in the former locality, in holy emulation of the institution belonging to the latter. The deaconesses' house is more especially supported by the French reformed Protestants; our brethren of the Lutheran confession are the chief originators of the *œuvre évangélique du Quartier Saint-Marceau*. I could easily fill pages with most interesting particulars about both establishments, such as they were related to me in the course of the afternoon; but time will not admit of my doing so; and I can only, in bringing this short sketch to a conclusion, recommend any person who may feel interested in the progress of evangelical Christianity, and who would spend profitably a Sunday afternoon in Paris, to undertake the little peregrination I have just been describing.

It was late when I reached the hotel; for, on my way home, I had dined at a restaurant at the Palais Royal, and as an appropriate finish to a day thus spent, I had attended a small meeting which is held every sabbath evening in the upper room at the Oratoire.

The waiter, on seeing me return after an absence of twelve hours. asked me whether monsieur had enjoyed himself. "Yes," replied I, "very much indeed; and you?" "To be sure, sir; I have been to the review, and then to see the waters play; but," continued he, with a yawn, "I am horridly tired." The text naturally recurred to my mind: "The end of *that* mirth is heaviness."

. SUNDAY IN THE LONDON STREETS.

It has been a fashion latterly among a certain class of writers, who may probably suppose that they are advocating the interests of the labouring classes, to stigmatize all efforts made to promote the observance of the fourth commandment, under the general designation of the "Sunday Screw." These writers are fond of describing a London Sunday as the most melancholy spectacle to be met with on the face of the civilized earth. They are eloquent on the gloom and silence of the streets—on the closing of such places of public recreation as the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the Sydenham Palace; and they would repeal all laws that shut the public out of these places on the Sunday, and invite the people in to enjoy them at their leisure, and improve their faculties by the contemplation of the works and wonders of nature and of art.

The writer of this paper has a perfect faith in the existence of the Sunday Screw; it has screwed him personally hard enough in times past, and he is therefore in a condition to testify to its nature and operation. He knows where to look for it, because he happens to have been screwed, which these writers never have. We propose, therefore, to show you plainly enough what is the Sunday Screw, that you may know it when you see it, and not be foolishly led to suppose that it is ever found in connection with the honest endeavours of those who plead for rest upon "the day of rest."

Suppose you have risen early some Sunday morning, and been walking as far as the Lambeth Road—or, it may be, the White-chapel Road—or Whitecross Street—or any other place famous for

Sunday morning traffic; what will you see there? The tumult and hubbub of a crowded market assail your ear as you approach, and guide you to the spot. The late dawn of a winter's day breaks upon a scene comparable more to a country fair than anything else. For half a mile or more along the line of way, the shops are open on either side; the footways are thronged by a dense multitude, struggling in adverse directions; the road is a confused encampment or squatting ground strewn everywhere with heaps of vegetables, with pots, pans, and crockeryware, with cooking utensils and household articles, and all but impassable, with a multitude of buyers and sellers and hoarse-voiced hawkers of wares, who have yet their Sunday's dinner to earn. The butcher in blue uniform is cutting, carving, and weighing his meat, bawling the while to his customers without a moment's pause, eager and anxious, if possible, to drive a dozen bargains at once. The baker, who has been up half the night—a lean apparition of a man—is dealing out his hot loaves right and left, and sweeping coppers into his till. The grocer's shop is full to the doorway, and he and his assistant, besieged by a constant stream of applicants, are half bewildered by the din of clamorous tongues, and weary with the labour of satisfying their demands. The slop-seller, buried alive in corduroy, velvet, shoddy, and fustian, is fitting coats, pants, and vests to the sinewy limbs of the week-day workers. The linendraper is measuring cottons and prints and yards of ribbon, and dealing out hose and gloves and kerchiefs and shawls to mothers and daughters. The currier, whose shop at any rate, one would think, might be shut, holds a levee of pale-faced sons of St. Crispin, who with hard hands are pulling over sole-leather and bristles, heel-ball and flax, and purchasing materials for next week's labour. Whichever way you turn, bargains are driving, and traffic, under the impetus of assumed necessity and brief opportunity, is the order or disorder of the day. This

unseemly spectacle continues till the bells ring out for church, and then only gradually subsides; and it is not till the morning service is nearly over that the baker and butcher get back to their beds; the grocer and his assistants turn in again to finish their night's rest; the shops are shut up; and the hawkers and squatters disappear with the crowd of buyers from the street.

This is a specimen of the real Sunday Screw. The butcher is screwed, the baker is screwed, the grocer is screwed, and a long list of stallkeepers and shopkeepers besides are screwed, to the forfeiture of their Sunday's rest, by that notable screw-driver, the late paymaster, who will not send the working man with his money into the market early enough on the Saturday night to enable him then to provide for the Sunday's wants.

But take another direction. Go at any time along the omnibus routes that traverse the city—north, south, east, and west; look at the drivers and conductors and ostlers, who having wrought for sixteen hours during each of the six days of the week, work also for sixteen hours on the day of rest, for the sole sake of administering to the ease and luxury of all who choose to spend a few pence in riding. Then look at the cabs and cabmen on a hundred stands—seven-day labourers—men whose homes are more out of doors than in, and who can rarely look upon their children's faces save when the infant eyes are closed in sleep. Are not these also samples of the Sunday Screw's work? and is not the screw-driver, in their case, the holiday-making public, who, because it must ride in its coach on the Sunday, turns Sunday employer, and compels a legion of slaves of the whip and the foot-board to toil for its gratification?*

• Then glance at the shops, which are to be found everywhere, but chiefly in the second-rate and retired streets, open all day long on the Sunday. They are, as you know, chiefly trash-shops, sweet-stuff shops, confectioners' and tobacconists' shops; to which you

may add a number of *soi-disant* chemists and druggists driving a Sunday trade in "delectables," lozenges, and refreshing beverages. Talk to the owners of these shops, and you will find, in the generality of cases, that though they do, and must by keeping open, act as incentives to Sunday trading, they are themselves the victims of the Sunday Screw, because they consider themselves to be driven, by the custom which the Sunday pleasure-takers have established, to do the chief part of their week's business on the day of rest, which, often to their unspeakable disgust and mortification, has no rest for them.

"I take about 4*l*. a week in this shop," said once a poor widow with a family to maintain, "but I take over 3*l*. of it on the Sunday, and nearly all for things that are consumed for the Sunday's dessert. If I were to shut up my shop on the Sunday and go to church, I should soon starve, and my children too, because my neighbours would not shut up; and then my customers would desert me." She had not courage to do what conscience told her to be her duty, and to leave results to a higher power.

This reasoning is common—so common as to be almost universal; and it stands recorded in evidence given before the House of Commons committees, that out of a large number of persons examined in reference to this subject, the great majority were in favour of closing their shops, and would gladly have done so if the very small minority would have agreed to do the same, but were defeated by the obstinacy of the recusants. Here the screw has a double action—first, the public screws the shopkeeper, and then the shopkeeper, over anxious to please the public, screws his neighbour.

But perhaps the most active operation of the Sunday Screw goes on out of the pale of observation. It is an unfortunate fact that the ultimate tendency of the habit of secularizing the day of rest, is already realized to a deplorable extent. Thousands of workmen

in the British metropolis have already surrendered their right to the day in favour of their employers, whenever these choose to demand it. Numerous establishments, employing large numbers of men, throw open their doors on Sunday whenever it suits their interest to do so. When the order is given out on the Saturday evening for Sunday work, no man dares to absent himself on the morrow, for fear of the penalty of dismissal. These establishments stand for the most part in back streets, lanes, and courts, away from the populous thoroughfares; and if you pass them on the Sunday, you shall find their doors decorously closed, and their lower shutters fast, but within you hear the usual sounds of labour; and if you enter, you shall see from twenty to two hundred men and boys going through the usual routine of their week-day work—the only difference being that there is less noise and conversation, and, it may be, all the more despatch of business. Perhaps it is the 'hive of a government contractor, who is bound to finish his contract by a certain period, and who, having had all his life his workmen's Sundays at his own disposal, has made his calculations on the basis of seven days' work a week, and therefore cannot do with less. Or it may be a railway contractor in a similar predicament, who knowing that on English railways all days are alike, never dreams of the workman's right to the Sunday when it suits his convenience to take it from him. Or it may be a printing office, doing the government work by order of the House of Commons; for it is a curious and anomalous thing, that of all the Sunday Screws in existence, the Parliamentary Screw may become the most piercing, persecuting, and remorseless. It is easy for the House to order that certain documents shall be printed and in the hands of members at the next meeting; but it is unconscious probably of the fact, that while so doing it sometimes has virtually ordered that, week after week, many compositors, pressmen, readers, machine-lads, and boys, should not have one hour's

property in the sabbath that "was made for man."* Or the establishment may be a bookbinder's, in which case, in addition to the men and boys, there is a large complement of women and girls; and the screw here is not infrequently a three-volume novel for which the circulating libraries are hungering, and can by no possibility wait longer than Monday morning. We might extend our Sunday visits in this direction indefinitely, but we are cautiously setting down only what we have seen with our own eyes; and must request the reader who is curious as to the secret working of the Sunday Screw to prosecute his own researches, in which he will meet with but too much success.

It may be argued against certain of the items to which we have taken objection, that they are matters of necessity, and justifiable on that score. We shall be told that chemists and druggists, for instance, must keep open to supply the sick with medicine; that fruiterers and fishmongers are the owners of stock that would spoil by keeping; that the same is the case to some extent with confectioners, and so on: to which we would answer, that, with regard to chemists and druggists, if they were restricted to the sale of medicines alone, above half of them would close next Sunday: we know some who never open on Sunday, and yet administer medicines if called upon; that there are fruiterers, fishmongers, and confectioners, who manage their business without Sunday trading; and that, therefore, others might do the same. This argument, of necessity, is a very vague one. It has been urged pertinaciously on behalf of the metropolitan beer-houses and gin-shops, and might be urged with as good logic on behalf of all manner of transactions.

* These remarks on the execution of government printing must be held to refer only to exceptional cases, the bulk of the work being performed more at leisure. These exceptional cases used to be astonishingly frequent in busy sessions, and we have seen them monopolizing the Sunday for six weeks in succession. The writer is not in a condition to speak from personal experience as to recent sessions.

If the habits of any man have made the materials of intoxication necessities to him, that is no reason why some ten or twelve thousand people in London and its neighbourhood should sacrifice nine hours of their Sunday, as they are liable to do at the present moment, in order that he may have them ever within call. A man's necessities, of this sort, are the offspring of his habits, and should be under his control. A cry has been raised in vindication of the poor man's *right* to similar enjoyments, as far as he can afford them, with the rich man, who, it is assumed, indulges in the contents of his cellar on Sunday without stint. We would be sorry to restrict the poor man's rights; but one thing is clear, and that is, that he has no right to compel the public-house keeper and his assistants to sacrifice *their* rights in order to his gratification: moreover, we have yet to learn that it is right in any man to measure his own moral obligations by the practice of others, be they rich or poor.

In these remarks it has been our main design to show that the working man, who exacts his relaxations or amusements from others on the day of rest, is virtually preparing the way for the loss of his own exemption from toil. It is the *religious* observance of the sabbath which preserves it for the labouring classes. Once break down public opinion upon this subject—once let Sunday be recognised as a period on which man may without impropriety devote his time to secular amusements—and immediately the eager employer comes into the field. If it is lawful for the workman to amuse himself on the Sunday, there can be no great harm in his working a little on that day; and the gate thus once opened, there is no foreseeing how speedily our English sabbath would be assimilated to a Parisian one.

"There is no rest in France," was the exclamation to us of a jaded and tired waiter in the French metropolis. May that never be able to be said of our own country! May the sabbath be hailed

as heaven's gracious boon to a toil-worn world ! May its hours be cheerfully dedicated to the great and important ends which its Creator contemplated in its institution ! Then may we expect a blessing on our nation, the country prosperous, and individuals contented and happy.

We are quite willing to believe that many of those gentlemen who have been endeavouring to introduce music into our parks on Sundays, and to open our museums and the Crystal Palace, are sincere in their wishes to wean the masses from what they consider the debasing effects of the tap-room. "Is it not better," they will argue, "that the lesser evil should be adopted than a greater one?" To this we must be permitted to reply, that even assuming (what we cannot grant) that their proposed remedies would in the long run mitigate the evil, the word of God leaves those who study it no option on the subject. Its language is decisive, that the day shall be kept holy, and that men shall cease upon it from following their pleasure ; that is, indulging in those amusements and recreations which are lawful at other times. The law of the land, the established church of the country, and the great majority of the dissenting bodies, consider this interpretation binding upon them ; and the minority cannot therefore complain that the majority dare not relax in their favour what they conscientiously believe to be a command of God. Meanwhile, the friends of the day of rest are bound, by every means in their power, to show that while they cannot allow an inroad upon the sabbath, they are eager to promote the recreation and well-being of the working classes. They are already doing this ; the half-holiday movement, and others of a kindred character, have been largely carried forward by the much-sneered-at Sabbatarian party, who will be found to be the real friends of the working man.

SUNDAY ON THE THAMES.

FATHER THAMES figures under various similitudes and characters; poetically, he is a silver stream—sanatorially, he is a monster ditch of mud. When it suits the purpose of his detractors to say so, he is foul and offensive as a common sewer, and men of science are astounded and horrified at the mass of decomposing filth and putrefaction that he holds in solution, and wonder that he does not decimate the population of his shores with pestilence. But when it suits others to sing his praise, he is the very source and fountain of health and enjoyment; to be borne on his broad breast is an invigorating exercise, and to drink in the breeze that blows over his surface, is to quaff the nectar of health and youth. It is this latter character which the venerable river bears on a Sunday, especially a Sunday in summer time, when he may be supposed to put it on, just as a working man puts on his Sunday suit; then he is no malodorous ditch of mud, but everything that is captivating and agreeable; and crowds, who at other times are seen to turn up their noses at the bare mention of Thames water, now rush to revel on his billowy tide, and find perfect satisfaction and enjoyment in the pastime. We are going to describe what to a serious mind cannot but be a melancholy scene; but the sources from which our information is drawn enable us to warrant the picture to be a correct one.

The boat, with her steam up, lies off the wharf under London Bridge. It is about half-past nine in the morning, and she will start in a quarter of an hour. Her deck is thronged with passengers of both sexes, and already all the fixed seats are occupied. The day is fine and clear, and the weather too sultry for any one to think of going below; and as fast as the laggards come on board,

each dives down to secure, if possible, one of the folding stools, which are stacked up in the fore-cabin, for his special use. Amid the crowd on the deck a couple of newsmen are actively hawking the Sunday papers, and a couple of boys are clamorous with quires of the penny weekly journals, half-price numbers of the comic sheet almanack, and sheet guides to the remarkable places on the river; while the match and tinder boy is eager to sell his lucifers and cigar lights. This merchandise is at length banished by the sound of the bell, the signal for starting. Then follows a hasty retreat of all who do not intend to travel, the moorings are let go, and after a few careful manœuvres with cables, paddles, and dangling swabs, round veers the head of the boat, and down stream it splashes and plunges towards the Pool.

In less than a minute the vessel is buried from the view of thousand-eyed London Bridge, in a forest of masts and rigging, and the boat is cautiously ploughing her way at a steady pace towards Blackwall. She slackens speed and stops at the Thames Tunnel, and takes a fresh party of passengers on board, and in two minutes is again on her way. Again, on approaching Greenwich, she is hailed by a party in a boat, who are hooked on in the rear of the paddle-box, and quickly jump on the deck. In forty minutes after leaving London Bridge, she stops at Blackwall Pier, where a group of some fifty, who have come from the northern suburbs of London by railway, are waiting her arrival. When these have all managed to ship themselves, the decks are so crowded that there is scarcely room to stand; every seat is occupied, and numbers are forced below from the want of accommodation on deck.

When the confusion has subsided a little—when the awning has been stretched over the “after deck,” and people have shaken themselves a little into place—and when out of earshot of church-going and church-loving people—of a sudden the preparatives for music are heard. Then, by way of morning hymn, as a harmonious

greeting to the cloudless sky, the dazzling sun, the dashing, sparkling billows, and the opening landscape, with its far grey hills spotted with village and hamlet, square old Norman church and ivied tower, rises some favourite polka or waltz. It is followed ere long by a drawing of corks, and the rapid passage of the steward, corkscrew in hand, to various parts of the vessel. The boat stops occasionally at some of the neat little towns that dot the river's banks, and makes an exchange of passengers, and towards noon, while the band are playing the Marseillaise, comes in sight of Gravesend, where a few minutes later the passengers land at the Town Pier.

Every other house in the place almost appears to be a house of refreshment of some kind—dining-houses, however, being in the ascendant. Each, too, has its touter, who assures the visitor, in a manner that it would be unpolite to question, that *his* house is the noted house for liberal fare and moderate charges—or in terms to that effect.

There is a magnificent prospect from the mount on which stands the old windmill, and it is pleasant on ordinary occasions to gaze thence upon the broad level plain stretched out like a map below, with the shining river, studded with unnumbered sails, winding through it, and vanishing in the far horizon beneath the warm haze of summer. The visitor is warned to-day as he approaches, that he shall not have the quiet enjoyment of the spectacle. On approaching the foot of the mount, he finds that from base to summit it has in the course of the last few years been transformed from an isolated green mound, with a working windmill on the top, into a sort of perennial fair, covered with booths and drinking sheds, with shops and spectacles, with public-houses and eating-houses, with archery grounds and rifle galleries, and every kind of convenience for carrying on every kind of trade connected with the outdoor amusements of not the most intellectual class of holiday makers.

Here a man weighs with a scalebeam, and offers you a certificate of your pounds and ounces, for a penny. Here another man will cut your profile in black paper, and mount it on cardboard, for twopence. Here a third offers you a seat in a flying machine, which will send you revolving round an airy circle sixty feet in diameter, in company with a dozen fellow-travellers. As the day advances, and the pilgrims to this Mecca of the working Londoner flock to the breezy summit, all the various adjuncts of refreshment and recreation come into demand, and the surface of the mound is literally covered by the rising inundation. They fill the booths and sheds to overflowing—they devour the provisions, hot and cold, of host and landlord—they swarm on the roofs of the observatory and the galleries of the windmill, which latter has been metamorphosed into a huge beer and beef-dealing caravanserai—they lounge and lie sprawling in hundreds on the riverward slope of the hill—they whirl aloft in flying machines—they crack away at the butt with rifles—they send arrows at the target—they shy at the gipsy's "three sticks a penny"—they weigh and are weighed to the tune of "ten stone," "fifteen stone five," and, amid roars of laughter, "twenty stone!" All is excitement, and the air is filled with the clamours of a village fair.

The town itself is everywhere redolent with the odour of boiled shrimps, which the dealers are busily packing into canvas bags for transportation to London, by the hands of the Sunday visitors. The flood of strangers continues to pour in by each successive boat; the dining-houses are crammed; the hotels are all full; the beer and spirit shops are running over. Open carriages are plying about for passengers; and at length, loaded with the more moneyed class of visitors, they drive off to Springhead, where strawberries and cream, and gardens and inland scenery offer a contrast to dusty Gravesend. As the afternoon wanes, "tea and shrimps for 9d." come into demand, and the thousand and one places which

offer that accommodation begin to show a sprinkling of customers, and ere long are tolerably well filled.

Meanwhile, as evening comes on, the returning boats carry off again a considerable portion of the crowd; and the deck of each, as they leave the pier in successive half-hours, is more thronged than was that of its predecessors. Now, the bells ring out the Evening Service, and the townspeople of Gravesend are seen quietly gliding to their several places of worship. There happens at night to be a tent service in the upper part of the town, appointed for the special benefit of the multitude of strangers. The tent is overcrowded—it is plain that hundreds of strangers are present—and outward attention and decorum characterize the meeting. When it is dismissed, the hour is growing late, and the last boat is nearly on the point of returning.

The sun is hanging like a red-hot ball on the verge of a dun cloud that spreads along the western horizon as the steamer retraces its way to London Bridge. Her cargo of passengers differs very much from that of the morning. She is not merely crammed, but literally chokefull; at last the captain, determined to take no more, gives the signal for starting. Unluckily the tide happens to be going out, and the vessel is not yet much further than Northfleet, when the sun disappears, and the gloom of twilight gathers fast around the company.

Now follows a series of annoyances. There are probably not much fewer than a thousand passengers on board, and all are wedged so closely together that there is scarcely room to move a limb. At first there is a good deal of good-humoured though coarse joking; but, when darkness comes on, and heavy clouds shut out the starlight, and the cold night wind sends a chilling blast and threatens a storm of rain, the temper undergoes a considerable modification, which is not for the better. Some are the worse for liquor; and some, quarrelsome in their cups, hurl defiance

at each other, and are only prevented from fighting by want of space for the combat.

Diving into the cabin below, there the press is if anything greater. Mothers with their babes and children have sought shelter there from the cold and the threatened rain, and these fill the surrounding seats, while the central space is occupied by a chorus of boozing disputants in the height of some drunken argument, which, as a dozen are bawling together, is not likely to be settled. The stifling alcoholic atmosphere of the place sends the visitors forth again to the deck, which, with no trifling labour, they at length regain. The boat advances but slowly against the ebbing tide. Outward-bound steamers rush by the vessel with the speed of an arrow, as it puffs and pants along with its heavy lading. It is past ten by the time it reaches Blackwall, and gets quit of a good part of its numbers, who are but too glad to vacate the crowded vessel. It then gropes darkly through the Pool, and the hour of eleven has struck before the crew get sight of the lamps of London Bridge, where the company may deem themselves fortunate in landing before the summer storm which has been brewing comes down. Some reach home about midnight; and about that hour, it may be supposed, the servants of the company who work on board the steamers are released from their Sunday labours.

Now, leaving out of the question all the appalling considerations that press upon a religious mind on contemplating such multitudes directly contravening a wise and benevolent command of God, and all arguments as to the propriety and moral wholesomeness of multitudes of men, women, and children, passing the Sunday in the way above described; and supposing their right to be indisputable to make what use they please of their leisure—we ask again, “What becomes of the equal rights of those whom they compel to labour for their pleasures?” The wharf-keeper, the

steamboat captain and crew, the waterman on the river, the inn-keeper, hotel-keeper, eating-house-keeper, the multitudes of cooks, waiters, and subordinate servants, the small shopkeepers, stall-keepers, and owners of tea-gardens—all have the same inalienable rights which the Sunday pleasure-taker asserts for himself. If he were sincere in his professions, he would on no account infringe these rights, but, in taking his pleasure, would administer to his own wants, and never dream of setting his neighbour to work for his gratification. It is clear, therefore, that if he does not practically recognise the rights of his fellow, he can have no solid grounds for the defence of his own; and that, in ignoring the privileges of others, he is doing all that lies in his power to undermine his own privileges.

If it be objected against this conclusion, as we have heard it objected, that it is optional on the part of all those who labour in the promotion of Sunday pleasure-taking, to do so, or not, as they think proper, we are bound to meet such objection with a flat denial. Ignorance only would urge such a plea. It is rare, indeed, that it is in the power of a tradesman, who is not animated by true religious principles, to act otherwise in the conduct of his business than as his neighbours and rivals in trade act. If any one doubts this, let him consult the evidence which has been published on this subject in a multitude of blue books, and he will be disabused of his error. But supposing that *were* the case—supposing that all these classes were quite free to act as they chose—that they might aid in the furtherance of your pleasures, or let it alone, on the Sunday—what, then, is your position as a Sunday employer? Only this: instead of a master empowered to enforce the relinquishment of a right, you are a seducer offering a bribe for its abandonment; and if there be guilt (as we hold there is) in doing unnecessary work, whether for the sake of gain or not, on the day of rest, you are a tempter to the incurring of that guilt.

But we cannot dismiss from consideration the moral and religious considerations that mingle with such a scene as that just described. Surely it is but a mockery of the name of pleasure to bestow the term upon an excursion of such a character, where mind and body alike are jaded—where often the money required for the family expenses is foolishly squandered—and where conscience, before it is blunted, must infix its arrows in the soul.

Contrast with a family spending its sabbath in such a manner as the above, one where the parents have attended the sanctuary, and trained their little ones in the knowledge and love of God. Compare, also, with such a scene as that we have painted, the rational enjoyment of a holiday, secured by the working man on a day where no Divine sanctions are violated. Can it be doubted on which side the balance of true pleasure lies? How awful, too, it is to contemplate the deadening of the soul to spiritual pursuits, which such modes of spending the Lord's day involve! or the spectacle of some of these multitudes suddenly summoned by death to the bar of Him who, for wise and benevolent reasons, has said, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy!"

SUNDAY IN THE SUBURBS.

NUMEROUS as are the pleasure-seekers who find their Sunday's amusement in travelling to and fro on rail and river, they bear but a comparatively small proportion to the numbers who, wanting the means for such indulgences, or preferring a less exciting recreation, invariably seize the opportunity of favourable weather for a private or family excursion to one or other of the outlying villages or picturesque suburbs of London. An adequate notion of the great Sunday morning crowd, which radiates from the metropolis on a fine summer's day, can scarcely be formed by one who has not resided for some time on one of the principal routes leading out of town. During the brightest Sundays that occur between the termination of the spring season and the middle of autumn, it has been reckoned—and the estimate is probably within the mark—that little less than half a million of persons, including both sexes, and nearly all conditions of life, turn their footsteps towards the country side for such enjoyments as the dense city does not afford. A large proportion of these spend the whole day out of town; a still larger number return home to dine; while among the humbler middle class are still greater numbers, whose holiday commences with the afternoon when the Sunday dinner—the dinner of the week—has been finished.

Hence it is that the efflux of the population, which commences, when the days are long, as early as six or seven in the morning, continues until late in the afternoon, and even after the reflux has set in. The migration is generally inaugurated by scattered bands and parties of labourers and artisans' apprentices, not burdened with the care of a Sunday suit, and who being by habit early risers, can start while the rest of the world are asleep, to make the most

of the day. These form that nondescript class whom one meets armed with fishing-rods and bait-pots, or with an old flint gun, or else with a tribe of curs following at their heels, lured by the scent of a few live rats carried furtively in pocket or bag, to afford the gratification of a hunt in some convenient spot; or perhaps with a few fancy pigeons, which they will let fly at the furthest limit from home. Judging from facts which are but too patent, a round number of this class of holiday makers are less seduced by the charms of nature than by the opportunity which a secluded spot will afford for the exercise of pursuits worse than equivocal. Crowds of them never get further than the waste building grounds and brick-fields, where they may be found in groups under the shadow of the kilns, playing at chuck-halfpenny the whole morning, till the neighbouring public-house is open, when they devote the rest of the day to libations of beer. Others proceed to the woods and commons, where they make war upon such small feathered specimens as come in their way, as long as their ammunition lasts. Those who indulge in rat-hunts and dog-fights, seek out a retired spot away from the policeman's beat, where they can revel undisturbed in their peculiar pleasures.

At a later hour in the morning, but long before the church-going bell begins to chime, the road out of town is crowded with a characteristic class of charioteers. The number of small tradesmen in London who make use of one or more horses, and a light vehicle of some kind, in the prosecution of their business, is legion; and it would seem, from the spectacle that a fine Sunday exhibits, that very few of those think it necessary or incumbent upon them to give their beasts a holiday on the seventh day. We see the butcher and his friend, with their two wives sitting behind, tearing along, with a fast-going hack, at the rate of ten miles an hour, towards Barnet, or Epping, or Hampton Court. There is the coster, a short pipe stuck in his mouth, and his whole family seated

on kitchen chairs ranged in his cart, urging his jaded brute by reiterated thumps to get on as far as Hornsey, where it is the intention of the party to put up, and then, walking to the summit of a neighbouring hill, to picnic there for the whole day. There are the thousand owners of traps, gigs, dog-carts, and four-wheels, and something in the shape of a steed to draw them, who are ambling it along the turnpike road, bound to some favourite bourne devoted to Sunday recreation.

Still later the road will show a new description of travellers. About the time when clerks proceed to their offices, and shopmen take their stand behind the counter on weekdays, the same classes will be seen on Sundays proceeding as regularly in a contrary direction. The roof of every omnibus outward-bound is covered with them, cigar in mouth; and the narrow field-walks, the lanes, and the hill-tops beyond the omnibus range know their footsteps well.

All day long the thoroughfares leading out of town present a constant succession of poor travellers, among whom may be recognised the type of every grade which constitute the multitudinous society of modern London. In the early morning there is a preponderance of boys, lads, and workmen; towards noon the old persons make their appearance; in the afternoon the servant maids get free, and throng the way with female costumes in gay and flashing colours; towards evening whole families of children, with the parental pair at their head, take their leisurely promenades; and, as twilight sets in, the dispersed and scattered crowds begin to converge again towards their city homes, and for hours the suburban road is thronged like a fair for miles in length with the returning multitudes.

Let us see now what are the means provided for the accommodation of all this gregarious crowd. First of all, there are the suburban taverns, and the taverns and alehouses in the outlying

villages. The law does not allow these to open before one o'clock, and the visits are therefore timed accordingly. From that hour to ten at night, refreshments of all kinds are retailed to all comers. In houses of note, many of which are as familiar to Londoners as Cheapside or the Mansion House, parties of any number may dine at any hour; and it may happen that every room is full of guests, exacting laborious attendance for the whole of the nine hours during which they have a legal right to be there. How many hours of the previous morning it must have taken to prepare for their demands is a question which the reader can settle for himself. On many a summit within seven miles of the dome of St. Paul's—and in many a rural village down in the intermediate vales—are favourite houses of resort, where the dawn of the day of rest is the signal for unwearied labour, which shall not cease for a moment until hours after the day has come to a close.

Then there are the lovers of what is flatteringly called "the contemplative man's recreation," angling, a recreation pursued by multitudes of the city population with a species of fanaticism. For the accommodation of this all-embracing class, there are the angling houses on the banks of various streams, whose names are rarely heard but from the angler's lips. These houses during summer form the Sunday homes of many thousands of visitors. Numbers arrive at them late on the Saturday night, and sleep on the spot, for the sake of commencing sport at dawn. The whole establishment—and it is sometimes a large concern, in which thousands of pounds have been invested—exists for the purpose of catching little fishes, which are worth next to nothing when caught. The house and grounds are one emporium of tackle, bait, and angling appliances. The walls of the reception, dining, and smoking rooms are lined with lockers and cabinets, numbered and ticketed with the names of the subscribers. In these each man keeps his rods, lines, and various tackle, retaining the key in his

own custody. When weary with the morning's exertions, the associated anglers sit down to a plentiful dinner—either at an ordinary or in their private rooms—resuming their sport when the repast is ended; and continuing it, for the most part, so long as there is light enough left to discern the sudden dip of a float among the ripples. Of course so long as the sport continues, all is life and activity at the angling establishment. The punts have to be loaded, and paddled out, and staked; the maggots must be hunted up among the buried carrion; the worms must be dug and scoured, and the ground-bait prepared; and the bottom stirred up with the long pole from time to time. Then, gentlemen who can't get a bite want to substitute a sip, and must have a glass of something encouraging; and waiters are running hither and thither, dispensing baits for fish and fishermen through the livelong day. How much rest the household of the angling establishment gets on a summer Sunday, may be summed up without much trouble.

Again. Along all the suburban routes leading away from the metropolis are scattered here and there, with more or less diffuseness, no end of tea-gardens, the property, some of them, of market gardeners, some of beershop keepers, and some of labourers' wives or widows. Here tea or coffee is dispensed at various prices, from "boiling water at twopence," to the complete repast at a shilling a head; and the run of the garden and grounds and the ornamental water, represented by an old tub sunk in the soil, containing two gold fish, one of which is in its last agonies, into the bargain. Here ladies, in bright-printed cottons, with children, resort in flocks; and during the long evening hours the gardens are vocal with the gossip of the mature and the laugh of the young; and it is not till the stars twinkle out aloft, and the gaslights glimmer far down the road cityward, that the motley assemblies think of breaking up and returning home.

Again. There is the tavern garden, where dinners may be eaten,

and wine and spirits abound. Here, on a favourable evening, above a thousand visitors at once will be found—rowing in boats, racing in the woody mazes, promenading the banks, or seated in the numerous harbours, or supine on the green sward, indulging in libations, more or less temperate, and in the occupation of doing nothing. How many workers are active in furnishing them with the means of recreation is a question we are not called on to determine. There are also pleasure grounds of a superior order for visitors—more of the middle and well-to-do classes—some of which will accommodate five thousand at a time.

The amount of labour indispensable for the preparation for, and attendance on, such a multitude, must require an army of waiters and domestics, to whom the day of rest must be a day of unwearied and exciting toil. The public-house saloon soirée, which is but another form of the same thing, affords to the same class a similar theatre of enjoyment—enjoyment purchased by the same sacrifice of rest on the part of those who are its victims.

The paucity of attendance on some of our city churches has often been remarked upon, and various causes assigned for the fact. One cause we have now shown. It is not because there is no population to fill them that they are comparatively empty, but because the population find a superior attraction elsewhere. Sunday amusement has been multiplying in variety and quantity almost in a geometrical ratio, for the last twenty years. At first, ashamed of itself, it hid its head in distant spots and out-of-the-way places. By the aid of an interested and simulated philanthropy, it obtained the suffrage of the unthinking part of the public; and now it dares to make head and assert itself on so-called moral grounds, and threatens, unless an effective stand is made against its advances, to abolish the Sunday, both as a holy day and a holiday, and to deprive the worker of its advantages, regard them in what light he may.

"Sunshine and recreation" are indeed excellent things. It will be our happiness, no less than our duty, to use every means to procure them for the labouring man;* but they are bought too dear when they are purchased at the price of desecrating that day which the Almighty pronounces sacred, and claims for his own service. For wise and benevolent reasons he has enjoined us to cease from "doing our own pleasure on his holy day," and yet to call the sabbath "a delight." Such a command leaves, therefore, no alternative but to obey, to those who regard the word of God as divine. Obedience to it is our obvious duty, and will certainly bring happiness in its train. Disobedience will as certainly bring misery and punishment, in this world or in the world to come.

* The Saturday half-holiday is a step in the right direction, and is thankfully prized as a boon by many.

A SUNDAY RAILWAY EXCURSION.*

ENGLAND may be regarded as almost the only country in Europe in which the sabbath, which "was made for man," has been for centuries the undisputed and unalienated property of the man who gets his bread by the labour of his hands. To a great extent it remains so to the present hour; but to a great extent, also, the boundary line, which should have been sacredly guarded and defended with zealous vigour, has been broken down, and the most valuable possession of the labourer invaded by his enemies. The result will be, if the invasion is not repelled in time, that the right to the one day in seven will eventually be wrested from the worker, who in the first instance will perhaps obtain a nominal consideration for it in the shape of wages, but will finally lose it altogether, and, without any recompense, have to surrender all claim to its privileges. Let us see what progress we are already making towards this undesirable consummation.

It is a fine morning in spring; the sabbath sun has risen upon the smoky city, and a sabbath quietness, like a dead calm, sleeps along the silent streets; here and there a footfall re-echoes from side to side of the shuttered highway, and you hear the song of imprisoned birds, drowned all the week through in the roar of

* "Whither are we drifting?" is the question that suggests itself to many a serious mind, as it reads in the newspapers of the endeavours, by means of Sunday recreations, to change the character of our sabbaths, and to assimilate them to a French Sunday. The evil can only be met by Christians of all denominations awakening to the duty of enlightening their fellow creatures as to the claims of this day of rest upon them. As a means of acquainting them with one phase of the evil, this paper will be found, it is hoped, useful; while to some working men it may appeal, arguing, as it does, the question chiefly on temporal grounds.

wheels. But, approaching a railway station, you find the avenues leading to it populous with holiday parties, hurrying to the platform to be in time for an early train which shall whirl them down to the seacoast by the hour the church bells are ringing out their summons to worship; or, in some fifty minutes, shall transport them to a pleasant river-side town or district. Here comes Peter Thompson and his wife, with her baby and three little ones. Thompson has been working overtime for the last six weeks, and has saved an extra pound, and thinks he cannot do better than spend it in a treat for the young ones; and he is right enough in that conclusion—wrong as he is in the choice of day for the treat. Here comes Jobson, the wheelwright, who can earn no end of money, and has always plenty to spend, and who has promised his wife a trip to Brighton, and means to keep his word today. Yonder comes a copying clerk, who has been at it till twelve o'clock at night for this three weeks past, and wants, he would tell you; a mouthful of air to get the taste of the ink out of his throat, and a little bracing exercise to rub the edge of the desk out of his stomach. Here come staid fathers of families, respectable in glossy broad cloth; and matronly mothers, with daughters well dressed, and tall sons shooting up to manhood. Then there are workmen in their native fustian and velveteen, spotted with the insignia of the workshop, and already, though the morning bell has not yet chimed eight, puffing out smoke from their short pipes. And after them come some servants, in, bright cotton gowns, and smuggled veils and surreptitious parasols—forbidden things which neither would dare to exhibit in sight of their mistresses. There is a various crowd besides, which increases as you draw nearer to the station, and as the moment approaches for the departure of the excursion train.

Entering the office, you find the money-taker's windows besieged by a struggling throng, all elbowing their way to the payboard,

and rushing thence, as fast as they can escape from the crush, to the platform, where the long line of carriages are all crammed full, and more are creaking and banging on the turn-tables to accommodate the new comers. There is a concert of whistling, and shouting, and hooting, mingled with the babble of incessant talk, the cry of the news-boy bawling the Sunday papers, the laughter of boisterous jokers, and the squalling of infants in arms. Then the engineer, waiting longer than he was prepared for, turns the steam into the water tank, and raises an ominous rattling sort of roar terrible to the nerves. Still the crowd augments, and one carriage after another is tailed on to the long train, which has lingered already twenty minutes beyond the starting time. At length it can wait no longer, because time is imperative, and there is a fast train to start at nine, which must not overtake it on the road. There is a general shuffling of feet, an exchange of parting adieus, a sudden banging of doors, a dead stop to the horrible noise in the water tank—then a grinding of wheels, a clanking of chains, a jerking of carriages and a bumping of buffers, a slow, heavy, gliding motion at first, barely perceptible as the engine strains and coughs; and then the train, some furlong or two in length, moves from the shadow of the station out into the broad flashing sunlight. Such is the scene constantly to be witnessed any Sunday morning at a railway station where a cheap excursion starts. The day, with its sacredness and its obligations, are considerations thrown to the winds.

A ride of a couple of hours, through suburbs and outlying villages—through deep cuts and ravines—along level plains of emerald green, dressed as it were in the beauty of a primeval, sabbath morn—through mile-long tunnels bored in the solid mountain—through rich pasture fields and gentle arable slopes—over viaducts and through deep picturesque chalky cuttings—brings a thousand or more of metropolitan holiday makers within

view of the green grey sea; and a few minutes later the major part of them are trampling the shining shingle of the beach beneath their feet, or climbing to the summit of the lofty down which overlooks the city. Some, perhaps, hurry to the bathing machines, while others breast the green waves in boats and pleasure yachts; and the morning is passed in rambling hither and thither. By one o'clock appetite becomes urgent, the houses of entertainment are thrown open; and the whole band being by this time in search of hospitality in some quarter or other, the town has a thousand more guests to provide for. Inns, tea-gardens, and coffee-houses are crowded with London dinner parties, and the beer-shops and gin-palaces open their doors to a class of stragglers less particular in their choice of accommodation. Owing to the early rising, hasty breakfast, and unwonted exercise of the morning, few of the travellers feel inclined to stir from their seats after a hearty meal. They sit smoking and drinking within doors, or lie sprawling on benches asleep, or stretched supine on a couch of dry shingle on the hot beach, drowsy with dinner and fatigue; and half awake, half dreaming, blink upwards to the deep blue sky, where the snow-winged gulls are glancing and glimmering in the sun, or outwards to the far horizon where the white sails shimmer in the gentle breeze.

So passes the afternoon, until the declining sun warns the strangers that the hour of return is at hand. Then comes the hasty settlement of accounts, the rousing of the sleepers, the hunting up of strayed children, and there being now but ten minutes to spare, a general rush to the station. Among a thousand holiday makers there will always be found a pretty large per-centage of individuals who cannot dissociate the idea of a holiday from that of intemperate indulgence; and this class is invariably in excess among those whose practice it is to make holiday on the Sunday; and besides this class there is another

who, intending no intemperance, are yet too feeble to resist temptation, and who will take more than is good for them in spite of previous resolutions to the contrary. So it happens on this occasion that not a few give evidence of the want of moderation in their indulgences, and many are so far gone that they have to be helped to the station by their friends, and packed like dry goods into a carriage, and to be borne home as so much dead weight. Some are quarrelsome, and insist on riding in first-class carriages; one wants a whole carriage to himself, and is so abusive that he has at last to be hauled out, and only escapes being left behind by an apology to the guard, who lets him ride with him. One man who "has taken a glass too much," as the phrase is, has turned maudlin, vows that he can't go home, and that he will go to bed; while his poor wife, with four children to look after, is at her wit's end, and is begging everybody to interfere and force him in spite of himself into a carriage, because she knows he has not money enough left to pay for accommodation during the night. The law clerk comes forward in a rather bewildered state, with his hands, and nothing else, in his pockets. The Brighton ale has washed the ink out of his throat, but has almost destroyed his balance, and it seems doubtful whether he will succeed in making the open door for which he is rather sinuously steering. A gentleman has a rubicund flush on his face; and his wife looks indignant, and the girls pout, as he makes for a second instead of a first-class carriage.

There is no trifling clamour and confusion in filling the train as the stragglers come in; but all is at length arranged, the signal whistle sounds, and off they go. The grey twilight comes down upon them as they enter the first tunnel, whose darkness is succeeded by the gloom of night. On they go, puffing and whistling and tearing along; there is hooting and singing, mingled with a strange bacchanal roar in the open cars at the rear of the train;

there is the squalling of children, varied with the notes of an accordion and the refrain of a popular song in front next the engine; and there are attempts, more or less successful, at repose in the comfortably stuffed carriages in the centre. As the train is approaching London, it draws up at a long shed for the inspection and delivery of tickets—a ceremony which is not got through in a hurry, in consequence of the bewilderment and unconsciousness of too large a section of the excursionists; and, as a result, it is getting on towards the hour of midnight before the train finally stops at the London station. Then there is a rapid rush for omnibuses, and, if it should happen to rain, something like a fight for places inside; and a rush for cabs, and a good deal of draggled walking for long distances by those who cannot obtain or are too poor to pay for a vehicle.

We rejoice in, and shall do all that we can to promote, the river or railway excursion on the right day; but it is only a parody of real enjoyment to seek it on such an occasion as we have just described—following a multitude to do evil.

The plea advanced in favour of Sunday recreations by those who profess to advocate the working man's interest by such a plea, is that of necessity. It is urged that the labourer, after a week's toil in a crowded city like London, needs recreation; and that he has a perfect right, not only to cease from toil on the day of rest, but to whatever reasonable enjoyment he has the honest means of purchasing on that day. Well—granting, for the sake of the argument, as much as that—who, we take the liberty to ask, *is* the labourer? Is he not the railway porter, and engineer, and stoker, and station-master, and ticket-clerk? Is he not the waiter at ten thousand houses of entertainment—the beer-shop-keeper—the tobacconist—the coffee-house keeper—the owner of tea-gardens, eating-houses, etc. etc. etc.? Are these numerous classes anything but labourers? And have not they the same right to cessation

from toil with the city artisan, shopman, and journeyman? Who will venture to assert that they have not the same rights with their more multitudinous brethren? No one. Is their need for repose and abstinence from work not as great as the need of the other classes of labourers? All will agree that it is just as great." And yet, in the face of necessities which no man denies, and of rights which all are so fond of asserting for themselves, what are the acts of the multitude who make the Sunday a day of pleasure? There is no escaping the conviction that they manifest the operations of the most deep-seated selfishness, inasmuch as they thrust others beyond the pale of that very advantage for which they battle so strenuously in their own behalf.

What in effect says the artisan, who has worked hard for six days, to the railway officials, who have worked just as hard? He says nothing less than this: "I am weary with my six days' work, and, although you are equally weary with yours, you must rise early on Sunday morning and get a train ready to carry me to the sea-side, that I may enjoy myself and be invigorated for next week's task? You must so order it that I can return before midnight, and then you may go home to bed." He says to the inn-keeper: "I shall want dinner to-morrow in your town, so you cannot go to church, but must stay at home and prepare it." He says to the tobacconist: "I shall want cigars, and you must be in your shop to sell them." And, in the exercise of his rights, so eloquently vindicated, he issues his orders right and left, thinking everything of his own convenience, and nothing at all of the convenience, or the rights either, of those whom he expects to administer to them. In a word, the six-day labourer turns master on the seventh day, and inexorably compels thousands of his fellow-labourers to do that for him which he does not scruple to denounce as most oppressive and unjust when it is exacted from him by his employers.

Is he aware that by acting on this plan he is not only disgracing and demoralizing himself, but paving the way for his sure and permanent humiliation? That his Sunday pleasures, as above described, must operate to such an end, in depriving him of the Sunday as a day of rest altogether, is, we think, demonstrably certain. The working man who helps to fill the Sunday train, sets, in his own person, an example as an employer of Sunday labour: when it shall happen, as happen it assuredly will when the time is ripe, for it, that the labour he inflicts on others on the Sunday shall be demanded from himself—with what face can he refuse? and on what ground can he defend himself? The day of rest which he is required in his turn to surrender, he has already stolen from others; and in so doing he has deprived himself of a most valid argument that would have availed him against the oppressor.

A SCOTTISH TRADESMAN'S SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

"THE Lord is risen indeed! and this is the day which he has made! He has made it for me to rejoice and be glad. And so I shall. Last night I was fagged and weary; to-day I shall rest and be refreshed. Last week, the long day was toil and hurry, and the jaded evening I gave to neighbours and the news. I fear that God was seldom in my thoughts, and the great realities were distant and very dim. But this is the sabbath-day. Lord, help me to keep it holy. Oh, fill it with thyself, and make it a foretaste of heaven!"

So mused a Christian tradesman, as he woke up to a Lord's-day morning; and in a few minutes he was ready for its endeared engagements. His closet had double doors that morning. No knock of secular importunity startled its tranquillity; and it was with a delighted sense of leisure that its occupant entered on its exercises. He felt that he had time for everything. He had time to think of the past—its progress and its shortcomings; and time to forecast the future—its dangers and its exigencies. And he had time to pray. Often on other days he grieved at stunted devotions, and went feebly through his work, from a fear that prayer had been stunted or restrained. But this morning he had leisure for full and deliberate supplication; and, besides laying all his remembered wants and sins before his heavenly Father, he was enabled to intercede with affectionate fervour for many dear to him. And whilst he was thus employed, those friends began to assume new aspects in his eyes. One had not used him well, and to another he himself had acted very ill; whilst many of them he had scanned with the hard and knowing eye of worldliness, or had raised a laugh against them by rehearsing their foibles and failings.

But viewed beneath the Mercy-seat, a sacred light shone over them; and he rose wondering at his wealth of friendship, and brimming with that benevolence which makes those better whom it loves; full of forgiveness, and resolved to make amends to his injured brother. And he had time to read the word of God. Often had he been obliged to hurry out to business after a flying glance, a random snatch; but this morning he was able to peruse an entire epistle. He was astonished at the insight afforded by reading the whole continuously; and, riveted by the parallel passages, he fastened many interesting particulars in his memory; and having thus marked and inwardly digested it, he rose from his lesson with a pleasant consciousness of enlarged intelligence, and with the invigoration of one in whom the word of Christ dwells richly.

From this retirement he carried earnestness into his family worship, and a more outspoken affection marked the intercourse of the little breakfast party. It was the only morning when Harry, the young engineer, shared that meal with his brothers and sister; for every working day he spent the whole round of the clock at a distant foundry; and, to tell the truth, he was no great loser by his absence, for the morning repast was seldom distinguished for its flow of soul. Little Wat would be smuggling his Latin rudiments under the table, and refreshing his memory with gerunds and supines; whilst his father glanced perpetually at the silver watch, standing sentry beside the saltcellar, and at every tinkle of the shop-bell started nervously; and then some voice would be heard beneath; and pushing away the scalding cup, jerking the watch into the fob, and darting past his daughter, who had gone to hasten the toast up-stairs, Mr. T— was forthwith bowing behind the counter, whilst Mrs. T— and her daughter mournfully finished the interrupted meal. But this morning the shop-bell was silent; the fidgetty watch lay still in the fob; and Wat's rudiments slept in the satchel. It was not only the quiet in the streets; it was

not only the fresh faces and the Sunday attire ; it was not only the piano closed, and the work-table locked, and the pamphlets and newspapers put away, which announced the sabbath come again ; but it was the look of home and leisure which lit up the little parlour. The sun came clearer than usual through the casement, for yesterday the windows were cleaned. The fire burned more brightly, for happier eyes were around it. And the old cat, who in her kitten days had been Harry's playmate—an old cat now, for Harry was a baby then—the old cat felt the atmosphere domestic, and preferred the carpet stool at the fender to her usual dormitory down in the kitchen. And though not very much was said, a great deal was seen and felt. Repose, affection, and a sacred calm filled the chamber, and the peace of God was keeping their hearts and minds.

The bells were ringing. Harry and his sister walked on to church together. Harry was now something more than a school-boy, and so did not feel it unmanly to walk to church with his sister. And she was older than he, and sedate, and gentle ; and, far better, she was a humble and earnest follower of the blessed Saviour. She was full of hope about her brother, and was this morning trying to persuade him to become her fellow teacher in the sabbath school. Their father and mother came after, and Wat, with his new Bible, had charge of little Benjamin. When they had taken possession of their pew—and they nearly filled it—there were still some minutes to the hour. The father sat at the lower end of the seat, and his Bible was open before him. He read the 128th Psalm : “Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord ; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands : happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house ; thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord.” And when

the service began, it was a full heart which accompanied the prayers, and an exulting voice which swelled the Psalms. That morning a distinguished stranger preached. The sermon was one long and lofty argument. Mrs. T— and the young people scarcely understood it. To the close attention and vigorous intellect of Mr. T— it was a transcendent treat. On the way home, his wife and daughter complained that they could not follow it. "It wanted stepping stones. I know what he wished to prove, but I could not see how he made it out."

"If there be a boat to the other side, you don't need stepping stones. Do you remember the curious ferry which we crossed last summer? There was a rope hung over, and the gunwale of the boat was fastened to it. The rope dipped under the current, but it rose as the boat moved on; and that rope and the rush of the river were enough of themselves to carry us across. The sermon to-day had no stepping stones, but the text and the landing place were joined together by one strong line; and if you did not see the full drift of it, that was only because the rope dipped under the river."

And so the rest of the way he repeated the leading thoughts of the preacher, and brought them to the landing place in their own style—by the easy stepping stones.

However, they were all glad when their own minister entered the pulpit in the afternoon. A smile of recognition rose to the frank and open features of Mrs. T—, and even little Benjamin felt that all was right, and whispered, "Mamma, that's Mr. ——" What was all attention, for he was sure there would be some story or something else which he could repeat on going home; and Emily, who had already written out some volumes of sermon notes, had her nimble pencil ready. Harry was a zealot for his minister, and stood up for him as the best preacher in all the town; and though Mr. T— would sometimes have liked a little more system, or a somewhat closer exposition of Scripture, or a style of preaching

more experimental, he felt gratitude and respect to a pastor whom his family loved, and was often impressed by his glowing earnestness. That afternoon the text was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And on the way home, Harry whispered to his sister, "Emily, I'll come and see your sabbath class this evening." Mr. T— had a little cabinet with glazed doors, which he called his sabbath library. There was a row of books for the younger folks, from little Benjamin's "Peep of Day" up to the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Fairchild Family," and "Todd's Lectures," and "Abbot's Young Christian," and "Janeway's Token," and "The Night of Toil," and the "Lives of Eliot and Martyn, and Mrs. Judson." And there was an old ancestral copy of "Henry's Commentary," still wearing its snuff-brown coat, just as it used to do when grandmamma read till dusk, and put in for a marker, not her spectacles, but their round wooden case. And there were "Fox's Martyrs," and Flavel's works, and Thomas Boston's tall folios, which could not stand upright, and could not stoop, and were therefore laid upon their sides. And there was many a less bulky volume, which bore the hallowed names of Owen, and Baxter, and Charnock, and Leighton, and Doddridge—names which it was solemn to look at. And on the sabbath evenings, when the sermons were repeated, and the hymns were said, and tea was over, this cabinet was opened, and one of its old worthies was brought down to edify the quiet hour. This evening the young people were all at the sabbath school; and Mr. T— had wheeled in the easy chair, and was sitting with "Cardiphonia" open before him, but, as Mrs. T— noticed, without ever turning the leaf. At last he said, "Mary, I was thinking how good God has been to us. I trust it is long since, through grace, we ourselves were led to choose the better part; and now the Lord seems to be saying, 'I will be a God unto you, and your seed after you.' I hope we may always be able to seek for them, and for ourselves first, the

kingdom of heaven and its righteousness; for I feel to-night that if we really seek them, our heavenly Father will give the best gifts to ourselves and our children. Dear Mary, goodness and mercy are following us. The Lord is our shepherd; and I feel to-night as if after this I could be careful for nothing. Oh, but he is a gracious God!" The tear was in his eye. His wife told him how Emily had taken in hand the country girl who had lately come to be their servant, and what progress her poor scholar had made in reading her Bible; and was going on to fill his overflowing heart still fuller, when Benjamin's tug at the bell announced the return of the party. The news of the sabbath school were told—the best being that Harry had given in his name as a teacher; and Hannah was called up to evening worship, and they sang—

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 • My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes these gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But, oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

Next morning, Harry was early afoot. The road to the foundry lay through dingy lanes and miry streets, but that morning Harry had prayed more fervently than usual. The words, "This is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," had got into his head, and he could not help saying them over and over again. A springy freshness mantled over the houses—a spring which none else noticed, for the singing bird in

his own bosom made it ; and when Harry reached the forge he felt fresh as a lark and strong as a lion. Some of his comrades had arranged a pleasure party for the bygone Sunday ; but their bleared eyes, and earnest yawning, the vengeful way in which they jangled bars of iron, and cursed their tools, and jostled one another, were the only relics of the pleasures which survived on Monday morning. And, sooner up than usual, Harry's father got calmly through the morning worship, and breakfast being early ended, he was down in the shop betimes ; and he could not help noticing to himself the readiness and recollectedness with which he got through everything that day. Indeed, had you seen the dexterity with which he served two customers at once, and the happy knack with which he fitted every taste, and the deft felicity with which he laid his hand on the very article wanted, and the agility with which he climbed the ladder, and the trans-fusive good humour which sent every one away with a purpose to come back, you might have thought that Mr. T—, who had fully reached the middle age, had got a dip in the magic fountain which used to make old men young. And so he had. Yesterday he had renewed his youth, and he did it every week. And, reader, so may you ; for the magic fountain is a sublimity sanctified.

A SUMMER SABBATH ON MOUNT ZION.

A SULTRY south-east wind, coming up by way of the Dead Sea, seemed as it passed over the city to still everything living with its burning breath; and though so often I had longed for a sabbath afternoon stroll, Bible in hand, up the slope of Olivet and over the hill-top into Bethany, yet in the face of that silent oppressor I hung back, and contented myself with a seat by my terraced room. This latter led on to a sort of housetop, high from the ground (or rather from Hezekiah's Pool, whose sleepy waters were at the base), and high up in Jerusalem on the inner bend of Mount Zion. Here is a point of view from which the eye may range over many a place of deep interest, and take in food for the heart that should set it all aglow. Cold indeed must that heart be whose inner depths stir not at such a vision—the familiar places of Him the more than friend, the Brother born for adversity. You need not give to these localities an undue sanctity, or approve of those (and many I have seen) who fall prostrate and adoringly kiss this or that holy spot. Yet here the remembrances of Him who is risen shall haunt you, and the gentle, loving words from the “upper room” shall occur to your heart with a force you had little dreamt of. It is natural. Our earthly friends die, and we treasure up their memories; the arm-chair—the chimney corner—the summer arbour—the walk through the wood—loved by them in life; all testify to us now how replete they are with something, still living as it were, of those who are gone. And may we not treasure up the footprints on our earth of the great Son of God, who humbled himself to take our nature, that he might exalt us to be like unto himself?

Tier below tier beneath my terrace the shabby picturesque

streets and buildings of Jerusalem descend. Here and there among the housetops a minaret; here and there a dome: lower and lower, till the great enclosure of the Haram, wherein stood Solomon's temple in the old time, brings them to a stand, and the hilly ways terminate at the sacred wall, through whose many portals, Moslem-guarded, the unbeliever may wistfully gaze into the green space beyond, but may not enter.

Green with the blades of grass between its flagstones is this wide, open place, silent and desolate, though perchance the silence may be broken by the harsh sound of Arab voice, either in merriment or quarrel; while from the midst, encompassed with cypress and olive, rises the graceful dome of the mosque of Omar, overhanging the unhewn rock, the rock of the most holy place.

On that sacred spot the destroying angel stood, with his drawn sword stretched out over Jeruaalem, when the Lord said, "It is enough: stay now thy hand." (1 Chron. xxi. 15; 2 Sam. xxiv. 16.) Repentant David afterwards purchased the ground of Araunah the Jebusite, and later, his son Solomon built the temple there. (2 Chron. iii. 1.) Here, they say, still pent up in their stony fastness waiting for the time appointed, dwell the living waters (Zech. xiv. 8; Joel iii. 18; Ezek. xlvii. 1—12) that shall burst forth and flow eastward, watering the valleys and fertilizing the desert of the Salt Sea. And here, yes verily, (how strange to feel the certainty!) rested the visible appearance, the awful presence overshadowing the mercy-seat, to which yearly the high priest came, with offering for the sins of all the people. How typical of Him, our great High Priest, the brightness of that presence, who, in later years, near the same spot, stood and, as they poured forth the water from Siloam in libation, cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." In that last great day of the feast of tabernacles the crowds stood listening, but came not at his call. Where are they now? That temple square is desolate: will that

loving voice be heard there again? When shall the abomination that maketh desolate cease?

The ravine of Jehoshaphat, scarred with the traces of the brook Kidron, is hidden from my terrace—hidden both the headlong descent into it and its more gradual rise, where the evening shadows of the holy city creep up over the Jewish graves. I look across this valley on to the sunny bank of Olivet, terraced here and there, and still dotted over with trees, so near in the clear air you would think a pistol ball might reach it. Gethsemane is there still; its weird olive-trees just peep above the left corner of the temple wall, and the direct road to Bethany passes by it in rugged ascent up and over the brow of the mountain. Here and there I see an Arab sauntering along in the blazing sun, or stopping to rest under the shadow of an olive-tree. When the day's teaching in the temple was over, this was the evening's walk of Jesus Christ. Wearied by taunting Pharisee or mocking scribe, he sought the quiet of this pathway leading to lowly and lovely Bethany, the home of those he loved. But there is another road I see on the face of that venerable hill, a road more adapted for a company or caravan. It runs for some distance along the valley, and, gently rising, skirts the Hebrew cemetery, where the thousand tombs tell of sleepers within, who, from age to age, have reached this their last resting place, this the goal for which, perhaps, they had toiled and watched through many a long year. What Hebrew would not toil that he might rest with his fathers where the evening shadows of the temple sleep. On and upward the path leads by a gentle acclivity till it passes over the southern shoulder of the mountain on its way to Jericho. There is a point in that pathway well marked. One would say nature had formed it for the great occasion. The watchman in Jerusalem would first espy the coming traveller there as his steps surmounted the last ledge which hides from his sight the journey's end. Along the path and over that

ridge, in short-lived triumph, he came, the great Master of all, when on his view suddenly flashed the brilliant vision of the beloved city. He comes to be its King! There is the holy mountain, the Zion that he loved. (Psa. lxxviii. 68.) Make way for the King! and the exulting crowd before strew their garments at his feet, while those around, waving their palms, shout, Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! But the King weeps; he knows what welcome awaits him, in the city he had chosen for himself, from the people who were his especial care, and in terrible prescience he exclaims, "If thou hadst known . . . in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid . . . for the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall . . . lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; . . . because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." (Luke xix. 42—44.)

It would fatigue the reader to speak of many other places, some of certain, some of doubtful interest, that I looked on from my seat that summer afternoon; but the little streak of purple hill in the far distance must not be passed over in silence. There must have been Pisgah, where

"Moses stood,
And view'd the landscape o'er."

The effect is singular. The mountains round about Jerusalem closely and jealously hide, as it were, the sacred city from observation from afar, as well as protect her wall, by their loving embrace; but between the two hills of Olives and Evil Council is a small interval, a sort of loophole, through which a portion of the Moab hills may be seen to the dwellers in Zion. This little section of what may be called the enemy's country, beyond Jordan and the Dead Sea, remote yet so distinctly and even brilliantly visible from here, must have perpetually reminded the Israelite of the miraculous entry of his fathers into the promised land, when

the waters that ran through the plain at the mountain foot rose and stood on a heap while the multitudes passed over dry shod. "Jordan was driven back," and they from the long dreary desert, with all that pertained to them, entered the land flowing with milk and honey. The vision must have been to his eye what the often repeated sentence, "The Lord who brought you out of the land of Egypt," was to his ear—an incentive to faith in that mighty God who, by his strong arm, through toils and wanderings, by deserts and mountains, bearing with murmurings, forgiving sins, had at last established him on his holy hill in the city of peace.

In these localities, to the Christian who feels that all his hopes are bound up in Him who lived and died here, the various narratives of the gospel, sometimes minutely painted as they are, and the glowing descriptions of the grand Hebrew book, assume a reality, and strike with a force not ordinarily belonging to things of the past. Perhaps the reason may be that every action described, however apparently insignificant, seems pregnant with some great principle, a vehicle for the exposition of some truth—at least so I thought on that sabbath afternoon as I watched the slanting shadow of the city creeping gently up past Gethsemane, on over the graves, up past tree and pathway, over terrace and ruin, up to the brow of the Mount of Olives; and the sunshine lingered awhile on the Church of the Ascension, then fell lovingly into the halo of rosy light which, like a glory, came up from beyond, while in the evening air rung out the call of the muezzin, the Moslem call to prayer.

In the morning I had joined in the service of the Protestant church, and listened to the eloquent discourse of a good man, one of our fellow travellers in the Holy Land, who had come from his tent on Olivet to tell that ever fresh tale of love to us on Mount Zion which he had told so often to his own people in a far-off

land. It was a memorable day to both of us, that first sabbath in Jerusalem; and as he discoursed so earnestly on the Saviour's compassion to man, he dreamt not that very soon the command would go forth, "Come up hither;" and he would stand before the Master in obedience to that call. For a little more than a week we parted company. We had visited together many a spot of pleasant memory around, and that afternoon had loitered in the quiet fields and walks of Bethany till nearly sundown, and then we parted on the hill top, in view of the city—I bound for home, he for the Lebanon country. We were to meet again in London; but his pilgrimage was brought early to an end. His journey was nearly done. And when we meet, it will be, I trust, where the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick. But to return. Connected with the Protestant church to which allusion has been made, and which is supported partly by the English, partly by the Prussian government, is a schoolroom where boys and girls are taught. Though not distant from the former building, it does not adjoin, but both stand high on Mount Zion, and to reach either the traveller will have to climb stoutly up through oddly constructed streets, stony courtways, and alleys, by a road inconvenient as must have been Bunyan's Hill Difficulty, but not by any means so straight. Along this untoward pathway myself and a friend wended our way in the fast closing twilight; for we had tidings that a good man, a member of the Scotch church, would preach that evening in the schoolroom, and were anxious to listen to the word, as those who in travelling were very frequently debarred that privilege. At no time, I think, do the truth and beauty of the 84th Psalm present themselves, with greater force to the godly man than when travelling far from home—"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts." I have noticed, too, that he clings to the company of his fellow Christian; also, his tongue is more loosed on good matters than it generally is at home.

We entered rather early, and took our seats. Some few, perhaps a dozen, were there before us, so I had time to look round. It was a neat whitewashed room, longer than wide, capable of seating some ninety or a hundred persons. A number of forms without backs (a contrivance such as I have often seen in our vestries) were placed crossways from the doorway up to the desk, leaving a little path in the midst. Hymn-books, the Psalms of David, were left here and there for the use of worshippers, and the walls were adorned here and there with coloured English prints, framed, "Christ at the well of Samaria," "Joseph and his Brethren," "Rebecca and Camels," and so on. A casement or two, had it been day, would have been the means of light; but now the oil lamps, suspended from the ceiling, served that end. Behind the desk was a text printed in very large letters, for young learners I suppose. In fact, the place reminded me so much of home that I could have fancied myself to have slept and woke again at a vestry prayer meeting in the old country town. A more devout audience than had now assembled could hardly be; many were evidently Jews, working men; also Germans, men and women; some children, but not many; English travellers, a few. The Bishop of Jerusalem and his curate had come there to worship; also our good consul and his wife, and several ladies who, I hear, kindly devote their time to teaching in different schools.

The service began; a psalm was read by the minister, and all turned round and knelt, while he offered an extempore prayer, beseeching God to bless the little band of his people that still lingered on the hill he had once chosen for himself, but had now left desolate till the appointed time; and the people repeated after him the Lord's prayer, "Our Father," the imperfect English of the German, the lisp of the Jew, the gruff voice of man, the soft voice of woman and child, all blending in that universal petition. It was a mixed company both as to nationality and rank in this

world. Most of us had never met before, and many would never meet again; yet as we knelt low on that boarded floor, and said, "Our Father," a conscious feeling told of some secret relationship, before which all human distinctions fall prostrate. We sang the hymn—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head,"

to a tune I had known from childhood, one of those good old tunes that every one remembers, and all can sing. Apparently all did sing; some I saw whose eyes were dim with tears, but they sang on—

"Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice;
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness."

Our minister read the 8th chapter of Zechariah, concerning the return of the Jews. That chapter, he was persuaded, referred not to what was past, but to what had still to come, and perhaps was near. I know many hold a different opinion on that subject; but to those who believe in a future return, the continual reiteration of the phrase, "Thus saith the Lord," in that beautiful chapter, must be startlingly impressive, seeming as if the prophet laboured under the weight of the blessing he foresaw, and hardly dared to utter it without that solemn prefix.

The text of the preacher was from Jeremiah ii. 13: "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and have hewn them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." It would occupy too much space to follow the preacher through the different heads of his discourse; but I will try to show, as briefly as possible, and in outline, the truth he wished to exhibit through the medium of this figurative verse.

It would be found, he said, that the metaphor of water was used through the whole web of the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, to symbolize the means of satisfying a notorious want spoken of under the figure of thirst. To obtain a knowledge of what that want is several texts were adduced: Psa. xli. 4, "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Psa. cx. 7, "He [the representative man] shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up the head." Ezekiel (xlvii) speaks of the vision of holy waters going out of the sanctuary, which were to fertilize and gladden the valleys and the desert. In the New Testament (John iv. 13), we see Christ at the well of Samaria, saying, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Where John (vii. 37) speaks of Christ at the feast of tabernacles, we have the same contrast again: while the libation from Siloam is being poured forth, he cries to the multitude, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." Again, in the last chapters of the Revelation (xxi. 6; xxii. 1—17) the typical thirst is still spoken of, and the typical water still offered freely: "I will give to him that is athirst freely."—"Let him that is athirst come."

Taking these and many other texts into consideration, the preacher assumed that "water," in this Scriptural connection, signifies happiness—real and true happiness. The raging, unquenched thirst of man in all times had been for happiness; and in all ages the great problem had been how to satisfy this thirst. Emperors, senators, poets, philosophers of every sect, had tried and had failed. But in the Bible we learn that God recognises this want, does not disapprove of this thirst, and that his word is, as it were, a great sign-post to teach where happiness is to be found. And he complained that his people had committed two evils—they had left the right path in their search, and finding a delusive hap-

piness they revelled in it, dug out a cistern for it, little thinking that when the day of thirst came, and the weary one looked for his store, there would be found no supply in that leaky cistern, nothing to slake his thirst for evermore.

After this we were told how all happiness is to be found in Christ. In the Old Testament times they saw more dimly the road, but now there could be no mistaking the way to the fountain—"Let him come unto me." "I will be in him a well of water springing up." "He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of water." "I will give to him that is athirst."

After hearing that this happiness would be eternal—"springing up into everlasting life"—would be copious—not a cistern, but a fountain, we learned in conclusion how free it was, how earnest the invitations were to drink. In the visions of the beloved disciple at Patmos there was shown to him a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, whose gladdening streams, gushing out from the immediate presence of God and the Lamb, flowed through the midst of the streets of that great city, the holy Jerusalem, for the healing and delight of the dwellers there. And he who testified to these things—The First and the Last—as the visions closed, commands that the call should again go forth, "Come." "The Spirit and the bride say, Come: and let him that heareth say, Come: and let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

SUNDAY AT OXFORD.

"SEVEN o'clock, sir: Sunday morning." Such were frequently the sounds which during our academic days awoke us to the consciousness of the beginning of another week. They proceeded from our scout (as college servants are called in Oxford), who was busied in lighting the fire in our adjoining sitting room, and otherwise preparing it for the morning meal. Sleepiness is soon banished by a cold bath, and eight o'clock finds us all assembled in the venerable college chapel, where the service is performed by the dons in rotation, the scholars taking it in turn to read the lessons. Then comes breakfast, which on Sunday morning has rather to be hurried over, that we may be in time to meet our class in the school of one of the adjoining city parishes. Several schools in Oxford are mainly worked by undergraduates, who in thus striving to water others find the promise abundantly fulfilled of being watered also themselves. The only drawback is that during the vacations the clergy are often hard put to it to find teachers for their vacant classes.

At half-past ten we commonly make our way to St. Mary's beautiful church, for the collective University sermon, generally preached by some able man. Oxford men of mark, of all parties and shades of thought, and from all parts of England, are selected to occupy the pulpit in turn, so that considerable diversity of doctrine may there be heard. But the sermon is often admirable, and almost always (in term-time, at least) worth hearing.

Luncheon follows, seasoned probably with a discussion on the sermon; and then a walk with one or two of that inner circle of friends whose society forms one of the chief enjoyments of the

place, and supplies sunny memories in after years. What one learns there is but a small part of the benefit derived from a university residence. A still greater advantage is the formation of character by the close contact and friction of mind with mind among the cream of the rising generation of English gentlemen—perhaps on the whole the most finished product that the human race has yet turned out. Nowhere else are there such opportunities of acquiring friends, and of unshackled intercourse with them, as are supplied by our two great universities. “There is no mirror (says Shakspeare) like an old friend : but before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him. Then you may make him your book, wherein your soul records the history of all your secret thoughts.” Seldom indeed in later years can be enjoyed the same familiar intimacy and frank interchange of sentiment and thought as are within the reach of college chums. But unhappily this cannot last for long. When the degree is once taken, the pleasant circle is broken up never again to be reunited. It is only at long intervals that one has the delight of meeting here and there one or another of the scattered units, and it is hard to keep up the connection for any length of time merely by correspondence. Many a hard working country clergyman looks back with pleasure to his undergraduate Sundays, at Oxford, and feels thankful for the help he then received.

Still on these scenes his memory wakes,
And fondly broods with jealous care :
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

“Iron sharpeneth iron,” says holy writ ; and “as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.” Very helpful to a young Christian is the countenance afforded by the companionship of even a few congenial spirits ; and much easier it is in such

a case to obey the commandment, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

In many colleges there exists a little coterie who are accustomed to meet together in each other's rooms on Saturday or on Sunday evenings for united prayer and study of the Scriptures; and this does much to promote a feeling of fellowship and union among the members. "We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends."

Breakfast and wine parties are still far too common on the Sunday, but it is no longer unusual for men to decline all such invitations on conscientious grounds. In this and in many other respects there is much room for thankfulness and hope in a comparison of the present state of our universities with what they were in the preceding generation.

We have mentioned wine parties, and it may be well here in passing to correct a misconception which prevails somewhat widely among the non-academical public. It is often supposed that an Oxford wine party is a scene of disgraceful riot and excess, and so it was in bygone days. Time was when dinner everywhere was followed by hard drinking, when men were estimated by the number of bottles they could dispose of, and when drunkenness was not thought to be inconsistent with the character of a gentleman. Happily it is otherwise now, and Oxford now (as then) reflects the manners of the age. The wine party now is merely an after-dinner dessert, followed by coffee, and comparatively very little wine is really consumed. Still, an assembly of this kind is not a suitable way of spending Sunday evening: though in the days of the Tractarian movement, one of that school used to defend the practice by urging that "Sunday was appointed by the church as a feast!" thus making the commandment of God of none effect by human tradition, like the Pharisees of old. The approach of one of the many examinations brings with it a temptation of a different

sort; which is to employ the Lord's day in reading to prepare for the schools, and thus in another way to trench on the sanctity of the day.

The afternoon service in chapel, in some colleges, precedes, and in others, follows the public dinner in hall. If it is not accompanied by a sermon, men frequently resort to one of the parish churches, in which accordingly it is common to see (both at morning and evening service) a considerable number of gownsmen entering just before the preacher begins. Others attend the choral services, of which there are several in Oxford; the choir at Magdalene especially being second in excellence to none of our cathedrals.

Here then is attempted a rough sketch of a college Sunday. There are of course many other ways of employing it, and a good deal depends on the habits thus contracted. Some men, for instance, lounge away all the morning at a breakfast party, and rarely enter a church or hear a sermon. But it is idle to expect that a blessing will rest upon the week which has been begun with an ill-spent Sunday: while on the other hand a Sunday well spent is like striking a keynote, with which the varied modulations of the ensuing week are to correspond and keep tune.

"THE TIMES" ON SUNDAY RECREATIONS.

ATTEMPTS are from time to time made to obtain the opening of public exhibitions and places of secular instruction or recreation on Sundays. As this is done under the specious pretext of the benefit of the working classes, we call attention to the deliberate decision of "The Times" on the whole subject, when the late Mr. Joseph Hume brought forward his motion to open the British Museum on Sunday. The arguments are of double force now, as the time for recreation in the week has been much extended.

"Every hour's reflection confirms us in the opinion we advanced, that the success of Mr. Hume's scheme would speedily be attended with most serious mischief to those very classes whose condition it was meant to improve. There is already a strong disposition to grasp at the little privileges of the working classes. As much food as will sustain, and as much rest as will preserve, that strength which is consumed for the gains of others, is less than would be left them by their masters if no law intervened to curb their rapacity. Law, custom, and opinion, at present too strong for the aggressions of avarice, protect the labourer in the enjoyment of his periodical relief from toil. The taskmaster dares not yet deny the pittance of time that is demanded in the name of religion, and for the purposes of rest. But already he grudges this abstraction from his means; and if the barrier which now restrains him is once broken down for another object, he will quickly seize the opportunity for effecting his own. Nor will his task be any longer difficult. The workman will have voluntarily forsaken the usages he could have pleaded in his own behalf. The necessity of excursions and sight-seeing can never be urged like the necessity for worship and rest. That griping spirit which has already encroached

upon the years of infancy and the hours of sleep, will hardly give way to the claims of a museum or a steamboat. They who are so eager for jaunting will be not unreasonably presumed to be brisk enough for working, and the seventh day will soon be swallowed, like the thirteenth hour, in the gorge of commercial cupidity.

"These considerations are not overstrained. The unavoidable necessities of competition soon turn an exception into a rule. We know that the persistence of a single tradesman in extreme or inconvenient hours of trade, compels all his brethren to the same course. The opening of museums on Sundays will preclude the possibility of closing other exhibitions equally innocent and attractive. Why should private collectors be debarred the licence assumed by the nation? If Sunday visitors are able and willing to spend a shilling of their weekly earnings in the purchase of a harmless gratification, why should they not be as free to do so as to avail themselves of a gratuitous exhibition? Why should not Madame Tussaud's be open? Why not Vauxhall? The line of demarcation would grow more and more difficult to draw. Under our present institutions we can very justly close the theatres on the Sunday; but after the proposed infraction of them, we should be in a strange dilemma even on this point. If scenic representations are abstractly innocent, why proscribe them on a Sunday? If abstractly otherwise, why encourage them on the other six days of the week? But each of these exhibitions would entail a proportionate extension of traffic and trade, till at last a closed shop on a Sunday would be a rarity resulting from the circumstances of the district or the position of the individual."

A SUNDAY WITH THE NAVVIES IN PROVENCE.

IN that lovely corner of France, which borders on Italy, there is a jagged mountain range stretching out into the Mediterranean, called the Esterels. For many a sunny league these picturesque hills are a landmark. From their first dawn on the northern traveller's sight, between Toulon and Vidauban, their outline may be distinguished all along the fair Ligurian coast, till at last by the marble rocks of Savona, not far from Genoa, the dim far-away line vanishes in the blue distance.

The name of Esterels comes with familiar sound to many of our country people, for nestling beneath their shadow lies a little town, where English health-seekers have often found a temporary home. The Esterels form the chief beauty of the charming scenery round Cannes—an ever-varying beauty; for when their chain of sharp peaks are watched through many months, the changing seasons, and atmospheric effects seem to adorn them with new colouring and fresh loveliness. In the early morning, fir-green, and yellow with gorse, the beams of the eastern sun dive into their nooks and recesses, and ruined castle and tiny village gleam white and distinct. When evening comes and the sun sinks behind the hills in a golden cloudless glow, they draw on a royal robe of purple, which fades away in the twilight to grey. Varied too are the forms that they assume; sometimes they seem to take the shape of a grim giant reposing, or one can imagine he traces in the outline of the last hill which dips into the sea, the fingers of a hand uplifted to the sky.

Thus much for the Esterels from a distance. Once fairly among them, there is a loss of the peculiar southern vegetation, and re-

collections of northern mountains return at the sight of the pines and the heather which clothe the hill sides. A Scotch traveller might well write of them that, "the spirit of a Highland mountain must dwell in an Esterel." Very lonely and desolate was this region till recently, when the construction of the railway from Marseilles to Nice has collected many hundred labourers to do the heavy tunnelling and cutting requisite before the iron road can traverse this rocky barrier. For a time the valleys are noisy and busy; and railway villages—mushroom erections, soon to pass away—have sprung up. It was to see the navvies, and not the scenery, that I spent a Sunday lately among the Esterels.

On the 7th of April, I started at half-past seven with Mr. E—, an Englishman long resident at Cannes. Bébi, the pony, as if conscious that he was bound on an errand of mercy, set off for once without either jibbing or bolting. The morning was hazy, and he probably enjoyed the absence of the heat, which the sun now pours down. We passed along the hilly "route imperiale" bordered at first by English-looking villas, in one of which one of our own young princes had his winter quarters. Then past strange shaped Mont St. Cassien, across the plain of Laval, till we turned into the Esterels by a stony mountain road, a contrast to the smooth, dusty Toulon highway. At Napoule, the head-quarters of the railway works, we found ourselves in the midst of the bustle and excitement caused by frequent explosions from the mines sunk in making the deep cuttings, and long tunnels in the thirty miles between here and Frejus. Sunday though it was, there was no sign of cessation from labour, or rest for man and beast. I began to wonder where a congregation was to be gathered together, unless in the cuttings during the short space between the explosions. We here entered on the road constructed for the railway works; for permission to traverse this, we were armed with an order from the engineer's office, a paper procured with almost as much trouble

AMONG THE ESTRECHAS.



as a passport of old ; for the pony, the carriage, and our two selves were each minutely described.

On reaching Figarette we found an inspector waiting for us, who had been present at the last service, and who told us that we were too early, as the men would not have finished their dinner till half-past eleven. This individual, a fine specimen of his class, with plenty of French ease and politeness, was evidently in his Sunday best ; consisting of an embroidered shirt, clean white suit, and wide-awake. He was the ganger of twelve men, who would enter on their next term of work at four o'clock the following morning. During the hour and a half we had to wait, we walked up and down the village, giving notice of the preaching. Mr. E— told every one he met, that he came as a servant of Jesus Christ to announce the glad tidings, and begged them to meet him in front of the last house towards the west. Everywhere he was received civilly ; some were old acquaintances, but by far too many of the men were hard at work and unable to come.

One woman, a German married to an Italian, stopped him and asked for a little private talk on religious subjects. We sat down on a rock overlooking the sea, and Mr. E— talked to our German friend and another woman, of the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, expounding it in the simplest language, and giving the plain Bible truth without a word of controversy. At the time appointed we went to the meeting place. The woman to whom the house belonged invited us in, and, on Mr. E— declining, brought out benches for the congregation.

Mr. E— again addressed the passers by, telling them he came to speak of "Jesus Christ, and to tell of good news of which you rarely hear." A group of twenty men, women, and boys collected, clustered together in the shade ; and Mr. E— began by reading part of the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, with a few explanations as he went on, addressing the men as he read the parable of the lost

sheep, and turning to the women as he read of the lost piece of money. Thence he proceeded to an earnest, simple application of the whole passage, emphasizing it by illustrations drawn from the wild nature round us, and occasional appeals to his auditors whether such and such facts were not so; questions always answered by a hearty "oui, oui, c'est bien ainsi," or "ce n'est pas possible." The navvies, tall, dark men, chiefly Italians, very different from their fair-skinned, freckled brothers in England, listened to the discourse, which lasted three quarters of an hour, with great attention. The concluding prayer also was most reverently heard, the women and children, and an intelligent white-haired man, who had been at others of these meetings, knelt on the ground, and all removed their hats. After this there was a distribution of Italian Testaments to some old acquaintances. These books were a present from some Scotch and Dutch ladies, who had been present at a previous meeting. One navvy who had attracted special attention, was called for under the name of the "grand garçon" with the red sash, and duly responded to this description; he received the gift with many grateful expressions. Some tracts also were left for some not present. I left Mr. E—thus engaged and went to harness Bébi, who had been discussing the dinner we had carried for him.

During our hour's drive to Caproux, we fell in again with the inspector, who walked with us part of the way. We took a little girl with us, the daughter of the civil woman before whose house Mr. E—preached, who was going to visit an aunt at Caproux. This aunt was a young widow, whose husband had been killed on the Toulon and Marseilles railway; till recently a Romanist, a tract had been the means of converting her to Protestantism; she was now the centre of the good work in her village. We proceeded to her cottage, and held the "reunion" there. Though exteriorly no better than others, it was by far the most comfortable dwelling

I saw. We sat down in the small room in front, and heard of the prospects of the work, while we ate the provisions we had brought from Cannes, which were spread by Madame A— on a snowy tablecloth for us. She kept a Bible Society depository, and told us she had sold all that had been left, and her report of things in general was encouraging. But even in this out of the way spot there was some opposition, for a “douanier” who had attended the last meeting had been reprimanded by his superior for doing so. Mr. E—’s ministrations were the only ones these poor people had an opportunity of enjoying; no priest ever came among them, which made it seem harder that any should be precluded from attending.

It was rather a bad day as it turned out for Caproux; for one of the navvies had failed for fifty francs, and an execution sale of his furniture was going on upon the spot where the preaching usually took place. However, at Madame A—’s there was a good-sized bed room, and a group of twenty assembled there. The men seated themselves on the three beds, in one of which lay a man who had injured his foot. The women sat two in a chair, in a row on the side, with the children on their knees. The discourse was on “Our Father in Heaven:” allusions were again made to what was passing around, and the wounded man was remembered in the prayer. The auditors were patterns of attention, and expressed in their simple way much gratitude to Mr. E— for thus seeking them out.

We were now at the furthest cape, where the last Esterel dips into the sea; but beyond in the recesses of the mountains lay other railway villages, where it would have been easy to find willing auditors. But the sun was getting low in the west, and it was necessary to return; the more so, as my indefatigable companion was to undertake the service at a little French Protestant chapel at Cannes that evening, the pastor being indisposed. As we re-

turned, the people were waiting to see us pass, and to wish us a friendly "bon soir;" while others who had heard of the tracts the English messieurs were giving away, stopped us to ask for some. One navvy, all sand-coloured from his underground work, who was swinging his little iron lamp by its chain as he walked home, was stopped by Mr. E—, who offered him a tract with the words, "I have good news for you." The man's expressive southern face glowed as he fixed his black eyes on the speaker, "Good news, monsieur? oh! is it good news from Italy?" He was told it was good tidings of a land, with which even his beautiful country could not compare, and that in the little book put into his hand he would find the way thither pointed out.

The view was splendid as we turned homewards. The sea looked like molten gold, and across the bay rose the grand range, flushing rosy red in the sunset, of the Maritime Alps; and at the feet of these hoary mountain monarchs were clusters of numerous smaller hills piled one on the other. Part of this latter district was well known to Mr. E—, who had been accustomed for some time to penetrate into the recesses of these wild hills, and to deliver his Master's message of peace and mercy in the villages and farms. He told me many cheering incidents connected with these evangelizing journeys among a people who are very simple and kindly. At one spot near the river Var, he had been most hospitably entertained for a night by a wealthy farmer, a liberal minded catholic; and was shortly to repeat his visit. Cannes was regained after a twelve hours' most pleasant expedition, which had enabled me to witness one of those unobtrusive attempts to do good in which so many of our countrymen are engaged, and whose blessed fruits will appear in the great day when all hidden things will be revealed.

A SUNNY SABBATH.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

THERE are many sources of consolation and joy, but hardly is there among them all a more grateful cordial to a man's heart, or a steadier friend in helping him through his troubles, than a sunny sabbath. In this observation I allude not so much to the state of the weather as to the state of the affections; not so much to the brightness of the day, as to the buoyancy of the heart. Give a working man plenty to do, and good wages, and let him prosper on every day of the week, only let him misuse, or think lightly of the sabbath, and I promise him his heart's-ease shall be scarce. But, whatever may be his cares, a sunny sabbath will gently soothe his disquietude, and bind up the bones that have been broken.

“A sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And gives peace both to-day and to-morrow;
But a sabbath profaned, what'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.”

To all, a day of rest, and peace, and holy joy is a great advantage, but especially to one who labours through the week. What a shady seat, or a draught of cool water, is to a toil-spent traveller, a sunny sabbath is to a working man. It eases and refreshes him, and recruits his strength and courage. True, it adds nothing to his weekly wages, but it lightens his spirit and makes his heart thankful.

I once had such a sunny sabbath that the very remembrance of it is joyful to me. If, reader, you have never known a season in which the weather, your natural and spiritual affections, and all things around you, have contributed to make your heart, as it

were, dance for joy, hardly shall I be able to make you understand my emotions ; but if you have known such a delightful holiday of the spirit, you will not begrudge the time spent in going with me to Fairlight church.

Fairlight is about two or three miles from Hastings, and the walk is a very agreeable one. After standing a moment or two on Minnis's Rock, to take a brief view of Hastings, the sea, High Wickham, the West Cliff, the Castle Hill, and other heights, I turned my face eastward, and soon gained the higher ground.

As I looked around, all things reminded me of repose and peace. The cattle in the fields and the sheep on the hills were grazing in quietude. The snowy clouds were motionless in the heavens, the leaves of the trees quivered not on the branches ; and when I turned my eyes towards Windmill Hill, the mill, instead of wildly brandishing its arms in the air, according to its usual fashion, stood as still as if it were a picture painted against the sky.

By degrees I grew yet more grateful and happy, so much so that I marvelled at the intensity of my own joy. As the lark rose up on high, I blessed him ; the seacobs, as they waved their lengthy wings above me, bore away with them a kindly wish from me for their welfare ; and the very hawk that was hovering in the air over his prey, had from me no expression of hatred or reproach : all I wished was that, if he must kill his bird or his field-mouse to satisfy his hunger, he would do it in the quickest way possible, and not protract its sufferings.

It was delightful to find my heart going forth towards every creature that God had made, and still more so towards human kind, whether sojourners in the crowded city, or wanderers of the solitary wilderness. I had neither headache nor heartache ; all my cares were forgotten, or swallowed up in my thankfulness. Who was I that such an unbounded measure of delight should be awarded me ?

In that buoyant state of my spirit, I saw and felt nothing but gladness; how bright were the heavens, how blue the sky, and how green the grass beneath my feet! The air was fresh and pure, and as I walked through the fields, my pathway was decked on either side with daisies and dandelions; the hedgerows were adorned with beauty, and the very brambles were covered with blackberries. The sun that was beaming above me seemed to shine into my heart. A sensible presence of God's goodness gladdened my spirit, and every now and then I burst into an audible hallelujah! I felt like one in love with heaven and earth, the "sea and all that in them is." Prayer and praise were alternate on my lips. All nature appeared to rejoice. The hills seemed to "break forth into singing," and the trees of the fields to "clap their hands."

Not only my natural, but my spiritual affections were also called forth. I felt that it was indeed the sabbath day, and that the "sound of the church-going bell" was then inviting me to the sanctuary of the Lord, "to render thanks for the great benefits received at his hands, to set forth his most worthy praise, to hear his most holy word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul." Times without number had I used them without emotion, but now I felt the full import of the words—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way."

As I entered the portal of Fairlight church, my heart was drawn towards my fellow worshippers, and I felt it to be a good thing to wait upon the Lord. The first words spoken by the minister were not only a text, but a sermon in themselves: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but

if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 8, 9. Had I heard nothing more than these words, I should not have returned home empty-hearted.

Pleasant as food to the hungry, are kind words to us when we feel kindly. At the end of the gospel was the following mercy-loving admonition, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. iv. 31, 32. What heart-burnings and unkindness would be prevented among us by a general attention to this advice of the apostle, and what briars and thorns would be removed from our paths!

The sermon followed; and faithfully were we told of the idol that the world is ever setting up before us in its seductions and temptations, and earnestly were we reminded that there was no middle course. We must either bow down to the idol, or worship in sincerity the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

As I returned from Fairlight church, my fellow worshippers, by degrees, turned off along the lanes and fields, till I found myself alone. No, not alone, for I had His presence who had so wondrously lifted up my heart in joy and with thankfulness. My soul truly magnified the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour.

A faithful and affectionate sermon, afterwards heard at St. Mary's, did much to rekindle the fervour of my morning emotions, so that my head was, as it were, anointed with oil, and my cup made to run over. A sunny sabbath of this kind is not often passed: would that it were otherwise; would that every spirit that is bowed down could be frequently lifted up, and every heart that is sorrowful be filled with joy.

Some of my readers may think me too serious, while others may regret that my remarks are not so weighty as they should be. Meekly will I endeavour to bear either, or both of these reproaches. I have faithfully depicted my emotions, with a kind intention, and hope thereby to call forth sunny recollections in other hearts. Hardly can it be out of character in an old man, to encourage his younger friends to gladden their present and brighten their future hours, by faith in that merciful Saviour who died that we might live for ever.

Come sudden death, come flood, or flame,
Who trust in a Redeemer's name
Are still secure, for thrones on high
Await their entrance to the sky ;
And crowns of gold their brows shall wear,
Who thus, through Christ, for death prepare.

Long shall I remember Fairlight, and Fairlight church, and many things shall I forget before my sunny sabbath will be blotted from my memory.

HANS SIEBEL'S DREAM.



HANS SIEBEL'S HOUSE.

IN a quaint, old-fashioned Dutch town lived a merchant named Hans Siebel. He was a good-natured, kind-hearted man, and accounted well to do, and no one was better spoken of by his fellow townsman. Frau Dorothea his wife was a good woman, as well as a good wife; no house was better ordered than Hans Siebel's; his children grew up around him healthy and happy.

Year by year, as time rolled by, Hans increased in wealth; and at the end of each year, as he counted his gains, he said to himself: "All this will benefit my children; it will wear well, it has been honestly earned." And honest he was, very honest towards his fellow men; all over the country Hans Siebel's name was felt to be as good as his bond, and no one ever heard of even the shadow of a suspicion of anything dishonourable on his part.

Frau Dorothea was a pious woman. She loved and honoured her husband; few had a happier lot than hers, and she thanked God for it. But in one thing Hans grieved her: with all his honesty towards his fellow creatures, she felt that he was dishonest towards his God. He carried the work of the week into the Sunday, and robbed God of his due. If any one had said to him, "Hans Siebel, you are a sabbath breaker," he would have started up with an indignant denial. "Do I not go to church every Sunday morning? Is not my family one of the best ordered in the town?"

But Hans thought it nothing that on the Sunday his great pile of letters was brought as usual; he opened and he read them, and then very often these letters (especially if one had vexed him) were in his mind all the day; so that when he was at church, he might just as well have been in his counting house. Very often, if he thought the business urgent, he would ride off on the Sunday evening to some distant town, that he might be ready for business early the next morning.

Now Frau Dorothea felt this to be wrong; it grieved her; and she often told Hans so. If his letters had been pleasant ones, he would look up with a smile and say: "Well, sweet wife, I am not as good as thou art, but in a few years I shall give up business altogether, and then there will be nothing more to vex thee." But if his letters had been vexatious ones he would say: "Mind thine

own business, Dorothea, and leave me to mind mine; women don't understand these things."

One evening Hans sat alone in his counting house. It was Saturday evening, and it was also the last day of the old year. Hans was very busy finishing up his accounts. It had not been so prosperous a year with him as usual. He had made several good speculations, but he had also had heavy losses which had swallowed up his profits; he felt rather gloomy as he sat there alone; he had turned away from his desk, and was looking into the fire. By and by, it seemed as if the table was covered with money, his own: there were bundles of notes, and heaps of gold. Hans thought, "These are the fruits of many years' industry, honest gains—they will wear well." As he turned over a bundle of notes, he fancied some of them had a peculiar appearance; he held them towards the light; the lines became less and less distinct; the paper shrivelled up; and soon he held in his hand nothing but a little heap of black dust. He hastily snatched up another bundle, and another; the same thing happened. Very much excited, he turned to the gold; he counted it over; out of every heap some of the shining pieces became dull and tarnished, and at last resolved themselves into cinders. Hans Siebel was horror-struck: out of every bundle of notes, from every heap of gold, some perished in his sight, until his property was considerably diminished.

As he sat there in mute astonishment and dismay, he became aware that he was not alone; then a grave voice said to him: "Hans Siebel, thou art wondering at thy diminished gold, which thou thoughtest to transmit to thy children; thou wert saying, 'It has been honestly gained, and it will therefore wear well;' but thou hast forgotten that though thou hast been honest towards men, thou hast not been honest towards thy God. The money which thou hast seen perish is all the gains from broken sabbaths, business projects formed on the sabbath: thou saidst to thyself.

‘Business requires this attention,’ and often thou hast congratulated thyself on losses avoided and gains secured by thy promptitude; but thou wert blind, Hans Siebel; no benefit ever came from breaking God’s commandments, from cheating God of his due. All that thou hast gained by these means is not pure gold, but alloy, and it will crumble away.”

Suddenly the bells of the churches rang out a merry peal; they announced the birth of the new year and the sabbath morning; they sounded clear and silvery in the frosty air. Hans Siebel awoke; his books and papers were just as they were on the preceding evening; he had been asleep; he trembled very much, and half expected to see on the table the ashes of the crumbled notes, and to hear the grave, calm voice of his strange visitor; but nothing was to be heard except the bells; and the words of God came into his mind with a force never felt before, “Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.”

From that time Dorothea never had to complain of her husband, bringing his business into the sabbath. Hans lived many years and prospered abundantly. He would often tell to the young, too eager after this world’s success, the story of the crumbling notes, and of his mysterious visitor: he never was quite sure whether it was a dream or a reality. We know, however, that it was the voice of conscience, delivering the message of God’s holy word.

THE SABBATH AS A DAY OF REST FROM LABOUR.

"As a day of rest, I view the sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement. If once this power be lost, the healing office is at an end. Although the night apparently equalizes the circulation, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. The injury of continued diurnal exertion and excitement on the animal system of man is not so immediately apparent as it is in the brute; but, in the long run, he breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life and the vigour of his old age. The sabbatical appointment, therefore, is to be numbered among the natural duties; it is not to be considered as an arbitrary enactment, but as an appointment necessary to man. A human being is so constituted that he needs a day of rest both from mental and bodily labour." So spoke Dr. Farre before a committee of the House of Commons.

The New Haven Medical Association, in America, including the professors of the Yale Medical College, unanimously endorsed these and similar sentiments expressed by Dr. Farre. Professor Warren, of the medical department of Harvard University, concurs entirely in the opinion of Dr. Farre, and adds: "The utility of observing the sabbath as a day of rest, considered in a secular point of view, rests upon one of the most general of the laws of nature, the law of periodicity. So far as my observation has extended, those persons who are in the habit of avoiding worldly cares on the sabbath are those most remarkable for the

perfect performance of their duties during the week. I have a firm belief that such persons are able to do more work, and to do it in a better manner, in six days than if they worked the whole seven." Dr. F. Backus and seven other respectable physicians of Rochester, say: "We fully concur in the opinions expressed by Drs. Farrer and Warren. Having most of us lived on the Erie Canal since its completion, we have uniformly witnessed the deteriorating effects of seven days' working upon the physical constitution both of man and beast." The late eminent Dr. Benj. Rush, of Philadelphia, entertained similar views upon the importance of the sabbath as a day of rest. Not only from other distinguished members of the profession in various parts of our country and the world, but from thoughtful and observing men in every station, may similar testimony be cited.

A minister of the marine in France, on giving directions to suspend sabbath labour in the government dockyards, assigned it as a reason that men who do not rest on the sabbath do not perform as much labour during the week, and of course that the government loses by having work done on that day.

In 1839, a committee of the Legislature of Pennsylvania made a report in regard to the employment of labourers on the canals, in which they are "free to confess that their own experience as business men, farmers, or legislators, corresponds with the assertion of the petitioners, that man and beast can do more work by resting one day in seven, than by working on the whole seven."

A lawyer of distinguished talents, on his deathbed, said to his friend: "Tell all the young lawyers that if they would succeed, they must not take the sabbath for business. It is the way to fail. There is something about it very striking. My sabbath efforts have almost always failed. Something would always occur which would make the result most unsatisfactory." The late distinguished Dr. James P. Wilson commenced professional life as a

lawyer, in the state of Delaware. At one time he was accustomed to make out his briefs for Monday's pleadings on the sabbath. But his Sunday plans so uniformly failed, that on reflection he was led to conclude that he had misappropriated the day of rest, and was suffering the penalty. He abandoned the practice; the difficulty ceased; and his efforts on Monday were as successful as on any other day.

At the last meeting of the British Association held at Dublin, Mr. Bianconi, the well known coach and car proprietor, stated as the result of his great and long experience, that "he could work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, better than he could six miles a day for seven days in the week. By not working on Sundays he effected a saving of twelve per cent."*

In the working man's sphere of action, the value of the weekly day of rest has been abundantly and thoroughly tested by experiment. Master manufacturers have stated that they could perceive an evident deterioration in the quality of the goods produced as the week drew near to a close, just because the fact, alertness, and energy of the workmen began to experience inevitable exhaustion.

But supposing it admitted that continuous labour, with no interruption but that required for sleep, is inconsistent in every way with the interests of the working man; that, it might be argued, is not conclusive evidence of the need of just that proportion of repose allotted in the Christian institution of the sabbath. Why rest once in seven days? Why would not one in ten answer as well? Fortunately for our argument, the experiment has been tried by a great industrial nation—the French; and the result was that it would not work. The decades appointed by the Revolutionists had to be abandoned, and the Divinely appointed intervals once more acknowledged and observed. But how did the French work-

* In the "Leisure Hour," No. 454, will be found an account of Mr. Bianconi's cars, and in No. 477, an interesting communication from Mr. Bianconi himself.

ing men themselves regard the change? The experience of one of them on the subject, preserved in a volume written by a British workman, is emphatic and highly interesting. The author fell in with a French workman of extraordinary industry, who never wasted a minute. One Saturday, the Frenchman was remarking that he could not touch his work again till Monday. This led the Englishmen to ask whether the decades had been found a more satisfactory division of time to the workman. "No," was the response, "quite the reverse. Sunday is the thing, after all said and done. When there was no Sunday, there was no regular time for work or for rest. The tenth day was not obligatory, and the workshops were not shut up. We worked whenever we liked, and sometimes more than we liked. But not one month of the whole time did I ever make so good a bill as I do now and did before. I was glad when the decades went to the dogs, and the weeks came round again. No, sir; Sunday is the right thing."

THE SABBATH AS IT MIGHT BE.

A REALLY sanctified sabbath throughout the world, would exhibit impressive proofs of the Divine benignity, and would present to the devout mind, even in its merely *picturesque* aspects, one of the most interesting spectacles that could be witnessed upon earth. Go forth at early morning, and climb the side of an upland peak, contiguous to some thickly peopled city. Gaze eastward, southward, westward, and northward—through the whole circuit travelled by the sun—and behold the delectable representation of sabbath rest. Every sound breathes softer; every tint gleams brighter; every scene seems fresher. Cast thy glance across the country—pass from field to field, from rill to river, from alp to glen, from hill to valley, from grove to grove, from one cluster of human dwellings to another—and read in every softened feature of nature the sweet tranquillity of sabbath rest.

The flocks are wandering and gambolling in the dells; the cattle are grazing on the hill-sides; and the beasts of burden, freed from their yoke, are feeding on the open plains. The plough stands where it halted in its course across the furrows; but the husbandman is gone home to cultivate his soul. The sound of the axe has ceased from the forest, and the prostrate trees lie as they fell; but the woodman is gone away to ponder on the sudden death-stroke that may lay *him* low, or is on his way to the place where the keen axe of truth will be levelled at the roots of his stubborn sins. The mills are at rest on every hill-top; but their inmates have retired to their habitations, to garner up the corn of heaven. Few men are seen abroad; they are chiefly at home—by the domestic hearth, beside the family altar, teaching groups of children, watch-

ing at the couch of sickness, or smoothing the pillow, and pouring ~~balmy~~ speech into the ear of the dying. Again behold, and rejoice over, the glorious benefits of sabbath rest.

Turn next towards the great city, rearing its roofs, chimneys, steeples, monuments, and huge masses of masonry, in an atmosphere less murky and impure than that which broods over it on the other days of the week. The swarms of industry are now hived. The mingled hum of busy multitudes, the heavy tramp of traffic, the rush of enterprise, the clamour of human passions, the noise of innumerable tools and implements of handicraft, the fierce panting of engines, the ringing of anvils, and the furious racings of machinery; the shouts of crowds, the brawls of drunkenness, and the complaints of mendicant misery, are all sunk into silence, and disturb not with a ripple of agitation the still sabbath air. The huge factories and workshops that girdle the city, and which are the fountains of its prosperity, are empty and dumb; and the swarms that carry on their earthly burrowings in those warrens of industry, are reposing themselves in the companionship of their families. The tall ships at anchor in the harbour have furled their sails, closed down their hatches, and hid from all eyes the merchandise treasured in their holds; whilst the Bethel flag waves amidst a forest of masts, and they that go down to the sea, and do business on the great waters, are below, studying the chart of revelation, tracing the dangers of their life's voyage, and anticipating the glad hour, when, redeemed from every peril, and borne on the bosom of a favouring tide, they shall safely moor their bark in the haven of eternal life. The black and dusty wharfs, usually the Babel scenes of confusion, are cleared of their hordes of porters, and clerks, and captains, and loitering crews, who have cast off their burdens, along with their foul skins and rough garments, and are now lading themselves with the rich freightage of the holy word. The merchant has quitted the desk of his dusky counting

house, and is now, in secret places, turning over the blotted leaves of his own heart. The shopman has left his counter, the weaver his loom, the joiner his bench, the smith his forge, and the broker his stall ; for the new sabbath, in its advent, has published to all its tidings of liberty and rest.

The gates of the temple of Mammon are shut ; and the gods of gold and silver are forsaken by their week-day devotees. The chiming bells, sounding alike across country and town, are calling upon all men to cut the cords of their earth-bound thoughts and low cares, and go up to worship at the footstool of Jehovah. And the tapering spires, like holy fingers, are pointing significantly towards the sky.

And now the minister is descending from his study, his countenance impressed with a solemn sense of his responsibility ; the saint is coming forth refreshed from his closet ; the pardoned penitent is rising from his knees ; the evangelist is on his way to his mission work ; the sabbath school teacher is pleading with his class ; and the Christian matron is gently leading forth her children to the Lord's house.

At length, a new traffic fills the streets ; a growing bustle stirs the air ; a new scene expands before the eye. Religious assemblies are gathering the major part of the population. They come from the spacious squares and the crowded lanes : they are seen issuing alike from the lordly palace and the plebeian hut. Trooping together, are seen gray-haired sires and sprightly youth : the widow in her weeds, and the virgin in her teens : the father in halo manhood, and the mother in her charms : the lofty in their grandeur, and the lowly in their simplicity : the mighty in their pride, and the feeble in their meekness : the healthy in their bloom, and the sickly in their paleness : the saint with his pleasant gravity, and the sinner with his indifference : the coxcomb in his daintiness, and the rustic in his rudeness. They pass along, not with the

swiftfootedness of week-day enterprise, but with a measured step and gait, befitting the solemn associations of the day. Gradually their numbers are diminished, and ere long the throng has disappeared; whilst the silence of the streets is broken only by the footfall of some lonely passenger. They are gone to the places where the rich and poor meet together on terms of equality—where world-made distinctions are effaced—and where one common Father looks down, with impartial benignity and grace, on priest and people, on peer and pauper, on sovereign and slave. The bells grow dumb one by one, and the doors of the sanctuaries shut in their congregated worshippers.

Organs are pealing through the lofty roofs of cathedrals, and along the aisles of churches; anthems are swelling from scores of unseen chapels; the glad outbursts of thanksgiving and the hallelujahs of the happy are mingling in the air, and filling the clear vault of heaven with rich harmony. Then the holy breath of prayer goes up like fragrant incense, ascending to the sky. After which the manna of the word is scattered round the camp, and the doctrines of grace are distilled like reviving dew upon the parched hearts of men. Prayer and praise again succeed; and then, convinced by some eloquent Apollos, or conscience-stricken by some vehement Paul, or comforted by some consoling Barnabas, or melted by some fervent John—the assemblies break up, and return, fervently ejaculating their gratitude for the priceless privileges of sabbath rest.

Alas that the preceding sketch of sabbath sanctification should seem so much like an ideal creation! Its observance in the most favoured spots of our world is but a remote approximation to its destined quietude and purity. The picture is every where blotted and blurred. Clouds of human depravity darken its divine beauty. The greed of covetousness has wrung from its hands some of its noblest blessings; while the natural impiety of man's heart, and

the constraints of his evil habits, complete the awful work of desecration. God has given the day ; and blind selfishness not only wrongs itself of the invaluable boon, but would lay an embargo upon its free blessings in relation to others also. Sloth is seen, foolishly idling away the golden hours. Profaneness is heard, uttering its coarse jests and blasphemies, in the very precincts of the sanctuary. Profligacy comes forth, meretriciously attired, and, heedless of rebuke, tracks the very footsteps of the pious. The "lovers of pleasure," transported by the wild liberty of the day, rush into scenes of sinful excitement—crowd the steamboats, riot in suburban tea-gardens, or promenade the streets, the parks, or the river's banks. Trains rush across the startled country, robbing thousands of railway servants of their heritage of rest, and pouring influxes of dissipated strangers into quiet villages and distant towns ; whence, after roaming and carousing for hours, they are again borne back by the returning train ; but not without having given an additional stimulus to all that was evil, and leaving behind them broad sowings of demoralization, destined to spring up and yield a wild produce of corruption and sorrow in future years.

SABBATH MORNING AND EVENING.

FROM "THE SABBATH," BY THE REV. JAMES GRAHAME.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods
The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree ;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day :
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke ;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots ; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls :
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe :
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground ;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased ;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,

A glow of gladness feel ; with silent praise
They enter in ; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full :
The people rising sing, " with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms ; " harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend ; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a softened stop controls ;
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud rolling, meets
The hallelujahs of the quire. Sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward : afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch :
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still : his heart is cheered
He smiles on death ; but ah ! a wish will rise—
" Would I were now beneath that echoing roof !
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow ;
My heart would sing ; and many a Sabbath day
My steps should thither turn ; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
There would I bless His name who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets—

Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High ;
There is a temple, one not made with hands,
The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air ;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray ;
Where not a flow'ret bends its little stalk,
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon ;
Silence his praise : his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean. * * * *

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath service of the shepherd-boy !
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps : the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learn'd, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless State.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,

Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.
What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame? What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name?—yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death—
These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
To death—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
With them each day was holy; but *that* morn
On which the angel said, "See where the Lord
Was laid," joyous arose—to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled

A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws ;
There, leaning on his spear—one of the array
That in the times of old hath scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,
Yet ranged itself to aid his son dethroned—
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream : then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise ; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint ; the solitary place was glad ;
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed, and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens ; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice : he by the gloam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake : over their souls
His accents soothing came—as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes, when at the close of eve
She gathers in mournful her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings, close nestling 'neath her breast
They cherished cower amid the purple blooms.

* * * * *

O Scotland ! much I love thy tranquil dales ;

But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
 Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
 Wandering and stopping oft, to hear the song
 Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs ;
 Or when the simple service ends, to hear
 The lifted latch, and mark the gray-haired man,
 The father and the priest, walk forth alone
 Into his garden-plat or little field,
 To commune with his God in secret prayer—
 To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
 His children are about him : sweet, meantime,
 The thrush that sings upon the aged thorn,
 Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
 When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
 Nor is the contrast between youth and age
 To him a painful thought ; he joys to think
 His journey near a close ; heaven is his home.

THE SABBATH.

Oh, happy those whose sabbaths seem to be
 "Linked each to each by natural piety ;"
 Smooth stepping stones above the stream of life,
 Which chafes below in all its petty strife ;
 Gems that recur upon the varied chain
 Of our existence, or in joy or pain ;
 Green olive branches, where the soul may rest,
 Like the tired dove that seeks her peaceful nest,
 Shake off the incumbrance of each worldly care,
 And for its last and longest flight prepare.

REMAINS OF MRS. TRENCH.

THE EXILE'S VISION.

THE blue Ægean's countless waves in sabbath sunlight smiled,
And murmuring washed the rocky shore of that lone island wild ;
Where unto him "whom Jesus loved," such views sublime were
given,

That e'en the land of exile shone "the very gate of heaven !"

He saw the radiant form of Him, upon whose sorrowing breast
At the last supper's solemn feast his weary head found rest ;
One "like unto the Son of man," all glorious to behold,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt with purest gold.

His head and hair were white as wool ; his eyes a fiery flame,
Not tearful now, as when he trod this world of sin and shame ;
His countenance was as the sun, his voice was as the sound
Of many waters murmuring deep in harmony profound.

But when before his feet, as dead, the loved disciple fell,
How gently deigned the Prince of life his servant's fears to quell ;
And gave him strength to see his face, whom highest heavens
adore,

The Lord who "liveth, and was dead," and lives for evermore !

Oh, then upon his raptured gaze what floods of glory streamed ;
He saw the land of love and light—the home of the redeemed ;
He stood by life's resplendent stream, whose tide in music rolled
Throughout the holy city's length among its streets of gold.

He heard the mighty new-made song, to angel hosts unknown,
Go up like incense unto Him that sat upon the throne ;
And the pure strains by seraphs sung in that celestial sphere,
In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his listening ear.

Within the flashing walls of heaven, with jewelled splendour bright,
He saw the countless multitude arrayed in saintly white ;
He marked them with their waving palms, in worship bending low
Before the feet of Him who smiled beneath the emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the universal hymn,
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes, which tears may never
dim ;

The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the harpings of the blest,
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the promised rest.

Long since that aged saint hath reached the fair celestial shore,
And gained the martyr's crown, for he the martyr's suffering bore ;
Long since his happy feet have stood within his Father's home,
Yet *still* the mighty voice he heard, with ceaseless cry saith, Come.

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as free and fresh and fair,
As when in Patmos' dreary isle it cheered the exile there :
And hark ! the Spirit and the bride repeat in mercy still,
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, *whosoever* will.

Oh, blessed voices ! be it ours your loving call to hear,
And so obey that when, at last, from yonder radiant sphere
The heavenly Bridegroom shall descend to claim his own again,
We may lift up our heads and say, " Lord, even so, Amen ! "

MRS. SURR.

(From the Sunday at Home.)

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
The couch of time ; cure's balm and bay ;
The week were dark, but for thy light :
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
The working days are the back part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still :
Since there is no place so lone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arch'd lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his ;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did un hinge that day.

The brightness of that day .
We sullied by our foul offence ;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

SUNDAY IN MARYLAND

Thy hand is on the sword,
 And whither thou wilt lead us, follow;
 Thy light is on the way,
 Oh, let us follow thee, and follow
 Leading us to that land, where we
 Will find our souls being saved from death.
 Thy hand is on the sword,

George Thompson.

THE
 CROSS

